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OF


USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS



EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

	No.	Page
THE LIFE OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH, - -	1	1
A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND, - - - - -	2	1
STORY OF COLBERT, - - - - -	3	1
HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS, - - - - -	3	14
THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED, - - - - -	4	1
TIME ENOUGH: AN IRISH TALE. BY MRS S. C. HALL, -	5	1
MY NATIVE BAY: A POEM, - - - - -	5	16
MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS, - - - - -	6	1
PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER, - - - - -	7	1
LIFE IN THE BUSH, - - - - -	8	1
WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND, - - - - -	9	1
THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS, - - - - -	10	1
THE WIDOW'S SON, - - - - -	10	10
SELECT POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS—		
THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, &c. - - - - -	11	1

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LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the late king of the French, and one of the most remarkable men in Europe, was born in Paris, October 6, 1773. He was the eldest son of Louis-Philippe-Joseph, Duke of Orleans—better known under his revolutionary title of Philippe Egalité—and of Marie, only daughter and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, of which Louis-Philippe was the head, originated in Philippe, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duc d'Orleans by his elder brother Louis XIV., and of whom Louis-Philippe was the grandson's great-grandson. Philippe, the first Duke of Orleans, was twice married; his second wife being Elizabeth Charlotte of Bohemia, granddaughter of James I. of England. From this lady the Orleans family are

No. 1. 1

descended, and through her trace a direct relationship to the line of Stuart, and the present royal family of England. While a child, Louis-Philippe was entitled Duke of Valois; but on his father succeeding to the title of Duke of Orleans in 1785, he became Duke of Chartres, which title for a number of years he retained.

Whatever were the personal and political faults of Citizen Egalité, he was a kind father, and beloved by his children, five in number, one of whom, however, a daughter, died young. Desirous of imparting to his family a sound education, in which he himself had had the misfortune to be deficient, he committed them to the superintendence of Madame de Sillery—better known by her later adopted title of Countess de Genlis. Notwithstanding the subsequent errors of this lady, she was eminently qualified, by her talents and dispositions, to be an instructress of youth. The principles on which she based her plans of education were considerably in advance of the age, and such as are only now beginning to be generally understood. She considered that it was of the first importance to surround children almost from their cradle with happy and cheering influences, to the exclusion of everything likely to contaminate their minds or feelings. It was necessary, above all things, to implant in them a universal spirit of love—a love of God and his works, the consciousness that all was from the hand of an Almighty Creator and Preserver, who willed the happiness of his creatures. To excite this feeling in her young charge, she took every opportunity of arousing the sentiment of wonder with respect to natural phenomena, and then of explaining the seeming marvels on principles which an awakening intelligence could be led to comprehend. The other means adopted to form the character of her young pupils—the Duke of Valois, Duke of Montpensier, the Count Beaujolais, and their sister the Princess Adelaide—were equally to be admired. While receiving instructions in different branches of polite learning, and in the Christian doctrines and graces, from properly qualified tutors, they learned, without labour or pain, to speak English, German, and Italian, by being attended by domestics who respectively conversed in these languages. Nor was their physical education neglected. The boys were trained to endure all kinds of bodily fatigue, and taught a variety of useful and amusing industrial exercises. At St Leu, a pleasant country residence near Paris, where the family resided under the charge of Madame de Genlis, the young princes cultivated a small garden under the direction of a German gardener, while they were instructed in botany and the practice of medicine by a medical gentleman, who was the companion of their rambles. They had also *ateliers*, or workshops, in which they were taught turning, basket-making, weaving, and carpentry. The young Duke of Valois took pleasure in these pursuits—as what boy would not, under proper direction, and if allowed scope for his ingenuity? He excelled in

cabinet-making ; and, assisted only by his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, made a handsome cupboard, and a table with drawers, for a poor woman in the village of St Leu.

At this period of his youth, as well as in more advanced years, the subject of our memoir gave many tokens of a benevolent and noble disposition, sacrificing on many occasions his pocket-money to relieve distress, and exerting himself to succour the oppressed. Speaking of his progress and character under her tuition, the Countess de Genlis observes : “ The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the past year ; he was born with good inclinations, and is now become intelligent and virtuous. Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and the desire for novelties. He has no passion for money ; he is disinterested ; despises glare ; and is consequently truly noble. Finally, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities.”

A favourite method of instruction pursued by Madame de Genlis consisted in taking her young pupils on a variety of holiday excursions. Interesting rural scenes, spots consecrated by historical transactions, cabinets of curiosities, manufacturing establishments, &c. were thus visited, and made the subject of useful observation. In the summer of 1787, the Duchess of Orleans and her children, accompanied by their superintendent, visited Spa, the health of the duchess requiring aid from the mineral waters of that celebrated place of resort. A pleasing anecdote is related of the Orleans family on the occasion of this visit. The health of the duchess having been much improved by the waters of the Sauvenière—a spring a few miles from the town in the midst of pleasing scenery—the Duke of Chartres and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk, removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be ornamented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious, was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the wood was raised by the duke and his brothers and sister an altar to “GRATITUDE,” of white marble, on which was the following inscription :—“The waters of the Sauvenière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighbourhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks and cleared the woods with more assi-

duity than the workmen who laboured under their orders." On the *fête* day in question, the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing in it the word "*Gratitude*." The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with pleasurable tears.*

The same authority from whom we have the above anecdote, relates some interesting particulars of a journey which the family made about this period to Eu, in Normandy, whence they proceeded westward by Havre to the bay of Avranches. Here they visited the rocky fortress of St Michael, which, standing within the margin of the sea, is a conspicuous object for a distance of many miles around. Long celebrated for its shrine of St Michael, the convent in this island-fort had for ages been visited by thousands of devotees, and probably this species of celebrity, as well as the natural features of the place, and its historical associations, induced the young princes of Orleans to view it with some degree of interest. Till this period, its dungeons had been employed as a state-prison; and these were viewed with melancholy feelings by the young visitors. While conducted over these gloomy recesses by the monks, to whose charge the prison had been committed, the Duke of Chartres made some inquiries relative to an *iron cage*, which had been used for the close confinement of prisoners. The monks, in reply, told him that the cage was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three and four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention, at some time or other, to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St Michael a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money

* Reminiscences of Men and Things—a series of interesting papers in Fraser's Magazine: 1843.

by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much wit and good humour observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

One of the means by which Madame de Genlis endeavoured to teach her pupils to examine and regulate their own minds and conduct, was the keeping of a journal, in which they were enjoined to enter every occurrence, great and small, in which they were personally concerned. The journal kept by the Duke of Chartres, in consequence of this recommendation, has latterly been given to the public, and makes us acquainted with some interesting particulars of his early life, as well as with the sentiments which he then entertained. The latter are such as might have been expected from a lad reared within the all-prevailing influence of revolutionary doctrines. Of the political movements of 1789, Madame de Genlis and her husband were warm adherents; and they failed not, with the concurrence of the Duke of Orleans, to impress their sentiments on the susceptible mind of their charge. Introduced, and entered a member of the Jacobin Club, the young Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been in almost daily attendance on the sittings of this tumultuary body, as well as the National Assembly. What was much more creditable to his judgment, he seems to have been equally assiduous in acquiring a knowledge of surgery by his visits to the Hôtel-Dieu, or great public hospital of Paris. A few entries in his journal on these and other points, illustrative of his youthful character and pursuits, may here be introduced.

Nov. 2 (1790).—I was yesterday admitted a member of the Jacobins, and much applauded. I returned thanks for the kind reception which they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.

Nov. 26.—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. The next time I shall dress the patients myself. * *

Dec. 2.—I went yesterday morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. I dressed two patients, and gave one six, and the other three livres. * *

Dec. 25.—I went yesterday morning to confession. I dined at the Palais Royal, and then went to the Philanthropic Society, whence I could not get away till eight o'clock. * * I went to the midnight mass at St Eustache, returned at two in the morning, and got to bed at half-past two. I performed my devotions at this mass [Christmas].

Jan. 7 (1791).—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu in a hackney-coach, as my carriage was not come, and it rained hard. I dressed the patients, and bled three women. * *

Jan. 8.—In the morning to the Assembly; at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by Mr Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause, and I foolishly consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter past seven. At night, my father told me that he did not approve of it, and I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday. [We are afterwards informed that he executed the translation, but that it was arranged for the press by his sub-governor or tutor, M. Pieyre, whose name was prefixed to it.]

Jan. 28.—[Describes how he caught cold, and became unwell.] Went to Bellechasse [the residence of Madame de Genlis], where, notwithstanding my headache, and though I had much fever, I wished to remain; but my friend [Madame de G.] sent me away, reminding me that I was to be at the Hôtel-Dieu in the morning." * *

The Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been attached in an extraordinary degree to Madame de Genlis, whose admonitions he always regarded as those of a mother. Referring to his kind instructress, under the date May 22, he proceeds:—"O, my mother, how I bless you for having preserved me from all those vices and misfortunes (too often incident to youth), by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support."

Some years previous to this period, the duke had been appointed to the honorary office of colonel in the 14th regiment of dragoons. Such offices being now abolished, it became necessary for him to assume in his own person the command of his regiment, and for this purpose he proceeded to Vendôme in June 1791, accompanied by M. Pieyre. At this time considerable commotion took place in many parts of France, in consequence of the refusal of a numerous body of clergy to take an oath prescribed by the constitution. The nonjuring clergymen were everywhere ejected from their livings, and in some places treated with indignity. While the Duke of Chartres was in Vendôme, a popular ferment took place, in which two of these unfortunate men would have been murdered by the mob, but for his humane interference. The occurrence is described as follows in his journal:—

"*June 27.*—[Mentions his attendance with his regiment on a religious procession led by a clergyman who had taken the appointed oath.] At noon I had brought back the regiment, but with orders not to unboot or unsaddle. I asked Messrs Dubois, d'Albis, Jacquemin, and Phillippe, to dinner. They brought us word that the people had collected in a mob, and were about to hang two priests. I ran immediately to the place, followed by Pieyre, Dubois, and d'Albis. I came to the door of a tavern,

where I found ten or twelve national guards, the mayor, the town-clerk, and a considerable number of people, crying, 'They have broken the law; they must be hanged—to the lamp-post!' I asked the mayor what all this meant, and what it was all about. He replied, 'It is a nonjuring priest and his father, who have escaped into this house; the people allege that they have insulted M. Buisson, a priest, who has taken the civic oath, and who was carrying the holy sacrament, and I can no longer restrain them. I have sent for a voiture to convey them away. Have the goodness to send for two dragoons to escort them.' I did so immediately. The mayor stood motionless before the door, not opening his mouth. I therefore addressed some of the most violent of the mob, and endeavoured to explain 'how wrong it would be to hang men without trial; that, moreover, they would be doing the work of the executioner, which they considered infamous; that there were judges whose duty it was to deal with these men.' The mob answered that the judges were aristocrats, and that they did not punish the guilty. I replied, 'That's your own fault, as they are elected by yourselves; but you must not take the law into your own hands.' There was now much confusion; at last one voice cried—'We will spare them for the sake of M. de Chartres.' 'Yes, yes, yes,' cried the people; 'he is a good patriot; he edified us all this morning. Bring them out; we shall do them no harm.' I went up to the room where the unhappy men were, and asked them if they would trust themselves to me; they said yes. I preceded them down stairs, and exhorted the people not to forget what they had promised. They cried out again, 'Be easy; they shall receive no harm.' I called to the driver to bring up the carriage; upon which the crowd cried out, 'No voiture—on foot, on foot, that we may have the satisfaction of hooting them, and expelling them ignominiously from the town.' 'Well,' I said, 'on foot; be it so; 'tis the same thing to me, for you are too honest to forfeit your word.' We set out amidst hisses and a torrent of abuse; I gave my arm to one of the men, and the mayor was on the other side. The priest walked between Messrs Dubois and d'Albis. Not thinking at the moment, I unluckily took the direction towards Paris. The mayor asked one of the men where he would wish to go; he answered, 'To Blois.' It was directly the contrary way from that which we were taking. The mayor wished to return, and to pass across the whole town. I opposed this, and we changed our direction, but without going back through the streets. We passed a little wooden bridge of a few planks without rails; there the mob cried to throw them into the river, and endeavoured, by putting sticks across, to make them fall into the water. I again reminded them of their promise, and they became quiet. When we were about a mile out of the town, some of the country people came running down the hill, and threw themselves upon us, calling out, 'Hang or drown the two rascals!'

One of them seized one of the poor wretches by the coat, and the crowd rushing in, forced away the mayor and M. d'Albis. I remained alone with M. Dubois, and we endeavoured to make the peasant loose his hold. I held one of the men by one hand, and by the other endeavoured to free the coat. At last one of the national guard arrived to our assistance, and by force cleared the man. The crowd was still increasing. It is but justice to the people of Vendôme to say that they kept their word, and tried to induce the peasants to do no violence to the men. Seeing, however, that if I continued my march, some misfortune must inevitably occur, I cried we must take them to prison, and then all the people cried, 'To prison! to prison!' Some voices cried, 'They must ask pardon of God, and thank M. de Chartres for their lives.' That was soon done, and we set out for the prison. As we went along, one man came forward with a gun, and said to us, 'Stand out of the way while I fire on them.' Believing that he was really about to fire, I rushed forward in front of my two men, saying, 'You shall kill me first.' As the man was well dressed, M. Pieyre said to him, 'But how can you act so?' 'I was only joking,' says the man; 'my gun is not charged.' We again continued our way, and the two men were lodged in the prison."

The unfortunate priests were afterwards, to the satisfaction of the populace, left to be dealt with in terms of law. On the 1st of July we find the following entry:—"Several of those who the day before had been the most savage, came with tears to ask my pardon, and to thank me for having saved them from the commission of a crime." The feelings of the duke must have been enviable at this moment, but not less so on the following occasion.

"August 3.—Happy day! I have saved a man's life, or rather have contributed to save it. This evening, after having read a little of Pope, Metastasio, and Emile, I went to bathe. Edward and I were dressing ourselves, when I heard cries of '*Help, help, I am drowning!*' I ran immediately to the cry, as did Edward, who was farther. I came first, and could only see the tops of the person's fingers. I laid hold of that hand, which seized mine with indescribable strength, and by the way in which he held me, would have drowned me, if Edward had not come up and seized one of his legs, which deprived him of the power of jumping on me. We then got him ashore. He could scarcely speak, but he nevertheless expressed great gratitude to me as well as to Edward. I think with pleasure on the effect this will produce at Bellechasse. I am born under a happy star! Opportunities offer themselves in every way: I have only to avail myself of them! The man we saved is one M. Siret, an inhabitant of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the office of roads and bridges. I go to bed happy!"

August 11.—Another happy day. I had been invited yester-

day to attend at the Town-House with some non-commissioned officers and privates. I went to-day, and was received with an address; there was then read a letter from M. Siret, who proposed that the municipal body should decree that a civic crown should be given to any citizen who should save the life of a fellow-creature, and that, in course, one should be presented to me. The municipal body adopted the proposition, and I received a crown amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. I was very much ashamed. I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could."

Besides the numerous entries in the journal referring to his military avocations and his epistolary correspondence, he occasionally speaks of the studies in which he was engaged. One extract will suffice to show his diligence in this respect.

"Yesterday morning at exercise. On returning, I undressed, and read some of Hénault, Julius Cæsar, Sternheim, and Mably. Dined, and after dinner read some of Ipsipyle, Metastasio, Heloise, and Pope. At five, to the riding-house; and afterwards read Emile."

In noticing the journal from which we have culled these few extracts, a writer in an English periodical, not usually favourable to Louis-Philippe (the *Quarterly Review*), sums up his criticism in the following candid manner. "There are in it many puerile passages, and a few which, even under all extenuating circumstances, may be called blameable. * * But we think it must be agreed that, on the whole, it is creditable to his [the duke's] good sense, and even to his good nature. Let it be recollected that it was written at the age of seventeen—that his mind, ever since it was capable of receiving a political idea, had been imbued with revolutionary doctrines by the precepts of his instructors, the authority and example of a father, and a general popular enthusiasm, which had not yet assumed the mad and bloody aspect which it soon after bore; and we think we may truly assert, that few young men of that period—if their conduct were reported with equal fidelity and minuteness—would appear in so favourable a light as Louis-Philippe does in this his journal."

About the middle of August 1791, the Duke of Chartres quitted the garrison of Vendôme with his regiment, and went to Valenciennes, in the north of France, where he continued his military avocations. In April 1792, war was declared against Austria, which was observed to be maturing plans for a hostile invasion of France, and now the Duke of Chartres made his first campaign. At the head of troops confided to him by Kellermann, he fought at Valmy (September 20, 1792); and afterwards (November 6), under Dumouriez, distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes.

Here may be said to terminate the first and happy period of the life of Louis-Philippe, and we now have to follow him in the misfortunes which attended his family.

MISFORTUNES AND WANDERINGS.

While the Duke of Chartres was engaged in repelling the foreign armies which menaced the tottering fabric of the French monarchy, the revolution was hastening to its crisis. Monarchy being extinguished, and the king and his family placed in confinement, a decree of banishment was hastily passed against all other members of the Bourbon-Capet race. This act of proscription, which was aimed at the Orleans family by its enemies, was as summarily repealed as it had been passed; but the circumstance was of too alarming a nature to be disregarded, and the Duke of Chartres earnestly besought his father to take advantage of the decree of banishment, and with his family seek a retreat in a foreign country. "You will assuredly," said he, addressing the Duke of Orleans, "find yourself in an appalling situation. Louis XVI. is about to be accused before an assembly of which you are a member. You must sit before the king as his judge. Reject the ungracious duty, withdraw with your family to America, and seek a calm retreat far from the enemies of France, and there await the return of happier days." To these persuasives the Duke of Orleans lent a deaf ear; he either considered it to be inconsistent with his honour and his duty to desert his post at the approach of danger; or, what is as probable, he expected that by a turn of affairs he might be elevated to the first place in the nation, whatever should be its form of government. Nevertheless, moved by the intreaties of his son, Orleans desired him to consult an influential member of the Assembly on the subject, and let him know the result. The deputy, however, declined to express his opinion. "I am incompetent," said he, "to give your father any advice. Our positions are dissimilar. I myself seek redress for personal injuries; your father, the Duke of Orleans, ought to obey the dictates of his conscience as a prince—of his duties as a citizen." This undecided answer neither influenced the judgment of the Duke of Orleans, nor corroborated the arguments of his son. Impressed to the fullest extent with the duties of a citizen, he felt that he could not honourably recede; and that a man, whatever his rank might be, who intentionally abandoned his country, was deserving of the penalties reserved for traitors. Perceiving that his father made his determination a point of honour—a case of political conscientiousness—he desisted from further solicitation, embraced him for the last time, and returned to the army.

Disastrous events now rapidly followed each other. On the 21st of January 1793, the unfortunate Louis XVI. was carried to the scaffold, and a few months thereafter, the Duke of Orleans was seized on the plea of conspiring against the nation. On the 6th of November, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death on a series of charges, of all which he was notoriously guiltless. Viewing the proceed-

ings of his judges with contempt, he begged, as an only favour, that the sentence might be executed without delay. The indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was about failing, from the court to the guillotine. An eye-witness on this tragic occasion mentions, that, prompted by barbarous curiosity, he took his station in the Rue St Honoré, opposite the palace of the duke, in order to observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendour and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its unjust reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavouring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims of revolutionary cruelty in the same vehicle. They were all bent double, pale, and stupified with horror. Orleans alone—a striking contrast—with hair powdered, and otherwise dressed with care in the fashion of the period, stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural colour, with all the firmness of innocence. The cart, for some reason, stopped for a few minutes before the gate of the Palais Royal, and the duke ran his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, as if examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. The courage of this intrepid man faltered not at the place of execution. When the executioner took off his coat, he calmly observed to the assistants who were going to draw off his boots, "It is only loss of time; you will remove them more easily from the lifeless limbs." In a few minutes he was no more. Thus died, in the prime of life—his forty-sixth year—Philippe Egalité, adding, by his death, one to the long list of those who perished from the effects of a political whirlwind which they had contributed to raise. While commiserating the unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans, it is proper to mention that he was far from having been a man of unblemished morals. He was a bad husband, and it is certain that selfish considerations had led him to take a part against Louis XVI. and his family, on whose ruin he expected to rise to the throne.

Seven months previous to the death of his father, the Duke of Chartres, along with his friend General Dumouriez, became assured that the cause of moderation was lost, and looked with apprehension on the reign of terror which had already begun to manifest itself. There was little time for deliberation as to their course. Being summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety, and knowing that citations of this nature were for the most part equivalent to condemnation, both instantly fled towards the French frontier. The fugitives were hotly pursued, but were fortunate in making their escape into the Belgian Netherlands, at that time belonging to Austria. What were the reflections of the Duke of Chartres on this conclusion to his career as a friend of liberty, we should vainly endeavour to imagine.

The duke was courteously received by the Austrian authorities, who invited him to enter their service; but he declined to take up arms against France, and preferred to retire for a time into private life. He now pursued his way as a traveller by Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Coblentz, towards Switzerland, depending on but a small sum of money, and everywhere in danger of being captured. His sister Adelaide—or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as she was now called—fled also to the same country in company with Madame de Genlis, and the two parties joining at Schaffhausen, proceeded to Zurich.

The two younger sons of the Duke of Orleans, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were less fortunate than their brother and sister. At first, confined along with their father in the tower of St Jean at Marseilles, they were in a short time deprived of the consolation of being near a parent, and finally had to mourn his unhappy fate. The two young captives were now exposed to greater insults and severities, and in the tumultuary excesses of the mob, who contrived to force the prison and massacre a large number of its inmates, they were in imminent danger of losing their lives. After the fall of Robespierre, besides being suffered to take an airing daily in a courtyard, they were permitted to correspond with their mother, the widowed Duchess of Orleans, who, suffering from bad health, was permitted by government to reside a prisoner on parole in the house of a physician in Paris. Yet these indulgences served little to assuage the irksomeness of their situation, and on the 18th of November 1795 they attempted to make their escape. Montpensier, in descending from the window of his cell, fell to the ground; and on coming to his senses after the shock, he found that his leg was broken. Beaujolais was more fortunate, and could with ease have escaped on board a vessel leaving the port, but he preferred to remain with his brother, and returned to imprisonment. In consequence of this unfortunate attempt, the two princes were exposed to fresh severities from their inhuman jailer. By the repeated supplications of their mother, and the growing moderation of the governing party, they were finally, after a miserable confinement of three years, liberated, on condition of proceeding to the United States of America, there to join their elder brother, Louis-Philippe, an account of whose wanderings we shall now resume.

Arriving in the town of Zurich, it was the intention of the Duke of Chartres to take up his abode there with his sister and Madame de Genlis; but to this arrangement there were difficulties which had not been foreseen. The French royalist emigrants in Zurich were by no means friendly to the house of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton, by giving refuge to the prince, dreaded embroiling themselves with France. The illustrious exiles needed no explicit order to seek a new retreat. They quietly departed from Zurich, and crossing the mountains

to the town of Zug, procured accommodation in a small house near the borders of the adjoining lake. Their rest in this secluded spot was of no long duration. Their rank and character being discovered, they were once more under the necessity of preparing to seek a place wherein they might be suffered to dwell unobserved and in peace. At this crisis, by the intercession of a kind friend in Switzerland, M. de Montesquiou, admission into the convent of Sainte-Claire, near Bremgarten, was procured for Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her instructress. Relieved of anxiety on account of his beloved sister, the Duke of Chartres commenced a series of wanderings in different countries of Europe, everywhere gaining a knowledge of men and things, and acquiring firmness from the adverse circumstances with which it was his lot to contend. Deprived of rank and fortune, an outlaw and an exile, he now was indebted alone to his own native energies and the excellent education which he had acquired.

The first place visited by the duke was Basle, where he sold all his horses but one, for the sum of sixty louis-d'ors, and with the remaining horse, along with Baudoin, a humble and faithful retainer, who insisted on remaining in his service, set out in prosecution of his journey. The cavalcade was affecting. Baudoin was ill, and could not walk. He was therefore mounted by his kind-hearted master on the back of the horse which had been reserved for his own use, and leading the animal in his hand, the Duke of Chartres issued from the gates of Basle. One can easily fancy the interest which must have been raised in the minds of the Swiss peasantry on witnessing such a manifestation of humane feeling.

An excursion of several months through some of the most picturesque and historically interesting parts of Switzerland, while it gratified the love of travel, and enlarged the mind of the prince, also diminished his resources; and a time came when it was necessary to part with his remaining horse. From this period, with a knapsack on the back of his companion, the ever-attached Baudoin, and with staffs in their hands, the pair of wanderers pursued their journey on foot, often toilworn, and at last nearly penniless. On one occasion, after a toilsome journey, when they reached the hospitium of St Gothard, situated on an inclement Alpine height,* they were churlishly refused accommo-

* "How often," says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the Duke of Chartres was exposed after his escape from France—"How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all sorts of effeminacy—to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!"

dation for the night, and were fain to seek shelter and repose beneath the shed of an adjoining inn. Courageously contending with privations in these mountain regions, the duke was at length reduced to the greatest straits, and it became necessary for him to think of labouring for his support. Yet, as labour is honourable in a prince as well as a peasant, there was not to this intrepid young man anything distressing in the consideration that he must toil for his daily bread. While he reflected on the best means of employing his talents for his support, a letter reached him from his friend M. Montesquiou, stating that he had obtained for him the situation of a teacher in the academy of Reichenau—a village at the junction of the two upper Rhines, in the south-eastern part of Switzerland. Glad of such a prospect of employment, the Duke of Chartres set out on his journey to Reichenau, where he shortly after arrived in the humble equipage of a pedestrian, a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back, along with a letter of introduction to M. Jost, the head master of the establishment. Being examined by the officers of the institution, he was found fully qualified for his proposed duties, and though only twenty years of age, was unanimously admitted. Here, under the feigned name of Chabaud-Latour, and without being recognised by any one save M. Jost, he taught geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for the space of eight months. In this somewhat trying and new situation, he not only gave the highest satisfaction to his employers and pupils, but earned the esteem and friendship of the inhabitants of Reichenau.

It was while here filling the post of a schoolmaster that the Duke of Chartres learned the tragical fate of his father. Some political movements taking place in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans thought it proper to quit the convent at Bremgarten, and to join her aunt, the Princess of Conti, in Hungary. M. Montesquiou believed that he might now give an asylum to the prince, of whom his enemies had for some time lost all trace. The duke consequently resigned his office of teacher at Reichenau, receiving the most honourable testimonials of his behaviour and abilities, and retired to Bremgarten. Here he remained, under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when he thought proper to quit Switzerland, his retreat there being no longer a secret.

We now find the Duke of Orleans, as he was entitled to be called since his father's decease, once more a wanderer, seeking for a place of repose free from the persecution of the French authorities and their emissaries. He resolved to go to America, and Hamburg appeared to him the best place for embarkation. He arrived in that city in 1795. Here his expectation of funds failed him, and he could not collect sufficient pecuniary means to reach the United States; but being tired of a state of inactivity, and provided with a letter of credit for a small sum on a

Copenhagen banker, he resolved to visit the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in obtaining passports for him from the King of Denmark, not as the Duke of Orleans, but as a Swiss traveller, by means of which he was able to proceed in safety. He travelled through Norway and Sweden, seeing everything worthy of curiosity in the way, journeyed on foot with the Laplanders along the mountains, and reached the North Cape in August 1795.* After staying a few days in this region, at eighteen degrees from the pole, he returned through Lapland to Torneo, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Torneo he went to Abo, and traversed Finland; but dreading the vengeful character of Catherine, he did not enter Russia.†

It must be acknowledged that Louis-Philippe was now turning the misfortunes of his family to the most profitable account. By bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognised at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark, and, under an assumed name, withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition, no improvement had taken

* In the month of June 1844, the following paragraph, relative to the visit of Louis-Philippe to Hammerfest, appeared in the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish newspaper:—"On the 2d, vice-consul Burk celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birthday. On the same day he received a letter from the king of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—"Given by King Louis-Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest in August 1795." The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6th, is in these terms:—"It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Müller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections, I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark: and at this moment, when a lapse of forty-nine years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all in your person what grateful feelings I still entertain."

† For much of the account of Louis-Philippe's wanderings in Europe, and afterwards in America, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to "France, its King, Court, and Government, by an American; (New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840;)" and professedly a republication of a paper in the *North American Review*. The work is described as being from a distinguished source; we believe a late ambassador of the United States to the court of Louis-Philippe.

place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects; but no reverses could shake the determination he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

The wandering prince had taken his measures with such prudence, that the French government had lost all traces of him, and the agents of the Directory were instructed to leave no means unemployed to discover his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. But these efforts were baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was given to understand, that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and prevail upon him to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the suffering of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity!"

The government charged itself with the despatch of this letter to the exile, and a new effort was made for his discovery. When other means had failed, their chargé-d'affaires at Hamburg applied to a Mr Westford, a merchant of that city, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the prince. This suspicion was well founded; but Mr Westford received with incredulity the declaration of the chargé-d'affaires, that his object, in opening a communication with the duke, was to convey to him a letter from his mother on the part of the government; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to the duke a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure, in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was actually in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish states, where he had changed his residence from time to time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview between the duke and the French chargé was arranged by Mr Westford at his own house in the evening; and there, after the receipt of his mother's letters, Louis signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. He immediately wrote a letter to his mother, commencing with the declaration—"When my dear mother shall receive

this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The duke, passing for a Dane, applied to the captain, and engaged his passage for the usual amount, at that time thirty-five guineas. He had with him his faithful servant Baudoin, who had rejoined him in his travels, and whom he was solicitous to take with him across the Atlantic. But the captain, for some reason, seemed unwilling to receive this humble attendant, and told his importunate passenger that the services of this man would not only be useless to him upon the voyage, but that when he reached America, he would, like most servants, desert his master. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen and a half guineas.

The duke was anxious to escape observation in Hamburg, and asked permission of the captain to repair on board his ship, and remain a few days before her departure. The captain, with some reluctance, consented to this unusual proposition; though it afterwards appeared that this step, and the mystery which evidently surrounded his young passenger, had produced an unfavourable impression upon his mind.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the duke was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and, not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the duke, his first inquiry was if he spoke French; and perceiving he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, "You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young man, and I am an old one, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the duke assented; and the old gentleman, who was a planter from St Domingo on his way to his native island, commenced the enumeration of his grievances. He had no teeth, and the cook no soft bread, and he said it was impossible to sail in a vessel not provided with the means of baking fresh bread; that such an arrangement existed on board all the French ships; and that he could not eat the American biscuit. The captain coolly told him, "There is my beef, and there is my bread; and if you are not satisfied with my fare, you can leave the ship." The impatient planter, unwilling to relinquish the chance of revisiting his native country, thought

it better to risk his teeth rather than disembark, and continued on board. There were many steerage passengers, Germans and Alsatians, emigrating to the United States. The ship left the Elbe on the 24th of September 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the duke, unwilling that the captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated, that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impression upon his mind unfavourable to his young passenger; that in striving to conjecture what could be his true position, he had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gambling speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the new world. The chances of luck had indeed been against his new acquaintance, and he had lost a great prize in the lottery of life; but he had preserved those better prizes—an approving conscience, and an unblemished reputation. The other passenger, the St Domingo planter, remained in ignorance of the name of his cabin companion, till he learned it in Philadelphia, when he called to make known his surprise, and to tender his compliments.

RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The Duke of Orleans, having arrived in the United States in the November following, was joined by his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, after they had encountered a stormy passage of ninety-three days from Marseilles. The reunited princes now took up their residence together in Philadelphia, and there they passed the winter, mingling in the society of the place, and forming many agreeable acquaintances. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the federal government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service. The duke was present at the last address delivered by General Washington to Congress, and also at the inauguration of Mr Adams, when his venerable predecessor joyfully took his leave of public life.

During the season, the Duke of Orleans and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith; and crossing the *site* of the present city of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr Law, and where he met the present General Mason of Georgetown. This most respectable man is well remembered by the king, who loves to speak of the hospitality of his house, and

of his personal kindness—evinced, among other circumstances, by his accompanying his three young guests in a visit to the falls of the Potomac. From Georgetown the party passed through Alexandria, and thence went to Mount Vernon, where they were most kindly received, and where they resided some days.

While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the western country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. The travelling-map of the three princes is still preserved, and furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travellers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction, they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers to acquire a just knowledge of the country, at a time when the difficulties of travelling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American. Louis-Philippe, in not long since showing this map to an American gentleman, mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States. It is an example of business habits worthy of all praise and imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington; and both of these celebrated men were, no doubt, penetrated with the conviction that punctuality is essential to success.

At the period in which the journey of the princes was performed, the back settlements of the United States were in a comparatively rude condition, and could not be traversed without undergoing many hardships. The inns, in particular, were few and far distant from each other, and their keepers, in many cases, churlishly independent and overbearing. Taking the road by Leesburg and Harper's Ferry to Winchester, the duke and his brothers dismounted at a house kept by a Mr Bush, where they experienced an unpleasing instance of incivility. Mr Bush was from Manheim on the Rhine, and the Duke of Chartres having recently visited that city, and speaking German fluently, a bond of communication was established between them, and the landlord and the traveller were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. This took place while the necessary arrangements were making to provide a substantial meal for the hungry guests, and probably, also, for others who were waiting for the same indispensable attention. One of the younger brothers was indisposed, and the elder suggested to his landlord a wish that his party might be permitted to eat by

themselves. But oh the vanity of human expectations! Such a proposition had never been heard in the whole valley of Shenandoah, and least of all in the mansion of Mr Bush. The rules of his house had been attacked, and his professional pride wounded; the recollections of Manheim, and the pleasure of hearing his native language, and the modest conversation of the young strangers, were all thrown to the wind, and the offended dignitary exclaimed, "If you are too good to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house—begone!" And notwithstanding the deprecatory tone which the duke immediately took, his disavowal of any intention to offend, and his offer to eat where it would be agreeable to this governor of hungry appetites that these should be assuaged, the young men were compelled to leave the house, and to seek refuge elsewhere.

Our adventurers turned their backs on Mr Bush and Winchester, and proceeded on their journey. When traversing a district called the *Barrens*, in Kentucky, the duke and his brothers stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "entertainment for man and horse," and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers—not apparently from any idle curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, the duke protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any view to purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey, was beyond the circle of the settler's observation or experience. In the night, all the travellers were disposed upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet towards a prodigious fire, the landlord and his wife occupying a puncheon bedstead, pinned to the logs forming the side of the mansion. The duke, in a moment of wakefulness, was amused to overhear the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men should be running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

At Chillicothe the duke found a public-house kept by a Mr M'Donald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one in that place, or, indeed, throughout the well-regulated state of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house, in which the former would have suffered, if the duke had not interfered to separate the combatants.

Arriving at Pittsburg, a town rising into importance at the head of the Ohio, the travellers rested several days, and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. From Pittsburg they travelled to Erie, and thence down the shore of the lake to Buffalo. On this journey they lighted on a band of Seneca

Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations but Indian wigwams upon the borders of the American lakes, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many a long year before, and now habituated to her fate, and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and yet retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding feeling which connected her present with her past condition, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers who talked to her in that language and of that country, and she exerted herself to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The chief assured the travellers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people unless this precaution was used. Accordingly, everything was deposited with the chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon their route, when they missed a favourite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left it at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the castle of St Jean, they were much attached to him. The duke immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog; and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations, "If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning; but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board, and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

Scarcely resting at Buffalo, they crossed to Fort Erie on the British side, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara. This grand natural object, as may be supposed, engaged the careful examination of the princes, and one of them, the Duke of Montpensier, who excelled in drawing, made a sketch of the cataract for his sister. The party then proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads, they met Mr Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the duke had known in Philadelphia.

Continuing their route to Geneva, they procured a boat, and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from hence they made their way to Tioga Point, upon the Susquehannah—each of the travellers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

While residing in this city, the Duke of Montpensier wrote a letter to his sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans (dated August 14, 1797), from which the following extract has been published, giving an account of the journey which the writer and his brothers had lately performed:—

“I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We travelled during that time a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly by the stage or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high; and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole river St Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a picture in water colours from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work. To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef, and corn bread.”

During the residence of the Duke of Orleans and his brothers in Philadelphia, the city was visited by yellow fever—a fatal epidemic, but from which the unfortunate princes found it impossible to fly, on account of a lack of funds. From this unpleasant and perilous dilemma they were happily relieved in the course of September, by a remittance from their mother. With a purse thus opportunely reinforced, they now undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States, finally arriving in New York. Here the brothers learned that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country; and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but, owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pitts-

burg on the 10th of December 1797; and upon the road, fatigued with travelling on horseback, they purchased a wagon, and, harnessing their horses to it, and placing their luggage within, they continued their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country appeared to have entered the town for some purpose of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public-house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travellers might be disposed to give their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party, and poured into the trough; and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The duke took his position in the wagon, looking round him; when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the wagon, which, passing over a stump, was upset and broken. The duke was thrown out, and somewhat injured. In early life, as we have seen, he had learned to perform the operation of bleeding. Immediately perceiving that his situation required depletion, and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with everything he required; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveller, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of self-bleeding; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. It is probable the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor going to the west to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and drugs. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the stranger had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favourable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. They purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice, and with much labour and difficulty transported it to the point where the two rivers meet and form the Ohio. There the party embarked on that river, which they descended along with three persons to aid them in the navigation. Before arriving at Wheeling, the river became entirely obstructed by the ice, and they were compelled to land and remain some days. They found Major F., an officer of the United States army, charged with despatches for the posts below, detained at the same place. On examining the river from the neighbouring hills, they ascertained that the region of ice extended only about three miles, and kept themselves prepared to take advantage of

the first opening which should appear. This soon came, and they passed through, and continued their voyage; but Major F., who had not been equally alert, missed the opportunity, and remained blockaded. He did not reach the lower part of the river till three weeks after our travellers.

At Marietta the party stopped and landed, and a circumstance connected with this event shows the extraordinary memory which Louis-Philippe possesses. A few years ago he asked an American gentleman if he was ever in Marietta. As it happened, this gentleman had spent some years in the early part of his life there, and was able to answer in the affirmative. "And do you know," said the king, "a French baker there named Thierry?" The gentleman knew him perfectly well, and so answered the inquiry. "Well," said the king, "I once ran away with him"—and then proceeded to explain, that, in descending the Ohio, he had stopped at Marietta, and gone into the town in search of bread. He was referred to this same Mr Thierry; and the baker not having a stock on hand, set himself to work to heat his oven in order to supply the applicant. While this process was going on, the prince walked over the town, and visited the interesting ancient remains which are to be found in the western part of it, near the banks of the Muskingam, and whose history and purposes have given rise to such various and unsatisfactory speculations. The prince took a sketch of some of these works, which are indeed among the most extensive of their class that are to be found in the vast basin of the Mississippi. On his return he found the ice in the Muskingam on the point of breaking up, and Mr Thierry so late in his operations, that he had barely time to leap into the boat with his bread, before they were compelled to leave the shore, that they might precede the mass of ice which was entering the Ohio. The baker thus carried off bore his misfortune like a philosopher; and though he mourned over the supposed grief of his faithful wife, he still urged the rowers to exert themselves, in order to place his young countrymen beyond the chance of injury. They were finally successful; and after some time, Mr Thierry was taken ashore by a canoe which they hailed, well satisfied with his expedition. The travellers continued their voyage, and met with but one accident. By the inattention of the helmsman, the boat struck a tree, and stove in her bows. All the crew, princes and hired men, went to work; and after twenty-four hours, the damages were repaired, and they reached New Orleans in safety on the 17th of February 1798.

From this city they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana in the island of Cuba; and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colours. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that

the visitor was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the house of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

The residence of the wandering princes in Cuba was of no long duration. By the Spanish authorities they were treated with marked disrespect, and ordered to return to New Orleans. This, however, they declined to do, and proceeded to the Bahama islands, expecting thence to find their way to England. At this period the Duke of Kent was in the Bahamas, and kindly received the illustrious strangers, though he did not feel himself authorised to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They were not discouraged, but sailed in a small vessel to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth.

ARRIVAL IN EUROPE—MARRIAGE.

The Duke of Orleans and his brothers arrived at Falmouth early in February 1800, and readily obtaining the permission of government to land in the country, they proceeded to London, and shortly afterwards took up their residence on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. Here the exiles had at length an opportunity of enjoying some repose in the midst of the best English society; nor was the well-known hospitality of England lacking on this, as on all other occasions. The young princes were treated with the greatest kindness by all classes, from royalty downwards, and, by their unaffected manners, gained universal esteem. Neither the polite attentions of the English people, nor the splendours of London fashionable life, however, could obliterate the recollections of his mother from the heart of the Duke of Orleans; and the English government having allowed him and his brothers a free passage in a frigate to Minorca, they proceeded thither with the expectation of finding a means of passing over to Spain, in which country their parent was an exile and captive. This troublesome expedition, from the convulsed state of Spain at the period, proved fruitless, and they returned to England, again retiring to Twickenham.

At their pleasant retreat here, the Duke of Orleans engaged with zeal in the study of political economy and the institutions of Great Britain; at times making excursions with his brothers to the seats of the nobility and interesting parts of the country, and from taste and habit, becoming almost an Englishman. The only pressing subject of concern was the infirm health of the Duke of Montpensier. With a somewhat weakly constitution, deranged by long and cruel confinement in prison, he had, since his first arrival in England, experienced a gradual sinking in bodily strength. Notwithstanding every effort of medicine to

save him, this amiable and accomplished prince died, May 18, 1807. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is marked by an elegant Latin epitaph, the joint composition of the Duke of Orleans and General Dumouriez. To aggravate the loss, the health of Count Beaujolais, affected by the same treatment as that of his brother, began also to decline. Ordered by his physicians to visit a warmer climate, the duke accompanied him to Malta, and there he died in 1808. His body was consigned to the dust in the church of St John at Valetta.

Bereaved, and almost broken-hearted with his losses, the Duke of Orleans passed from Malta to Messina in Sicily, and by a kind invitation from King Ferdinand (of Naples), visited the royal family at Palermo. The accomplishments and misfortunes of the duke did not fail to make a due impression on the Neapolitan family, while he was equally delighted with the manner in which he was received by them. During his residence at Palermo, he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the king, and with the consent of Ferdinand and the Duchess of Orleans, who fortunately was released from her thralldom in Spain, and permitted to come to Sicily, their marriage took place in November 1809. Restored to a long-lost mother, and at the same time endowed with an estimable wife, need we doubt that the happiness of the Duke of Orleans was complete. Certainly it deserved to be so.

In about six months after this event, the Duke of Orleans was invited by the regency of Spain to take a military command in that country, in order to assist in expelling the French imperial invaders. Desirous of pursuing an active and useful life, he obeyed the invitation; but, to the disgrace of the Cortes, they refused to fulfil their deceitful promises, and after spending three months in attempting to gain redress, the duke returned to Palermo, where, on his landing, he had the pleasure to learn that the Duchess of Orleans had given birth to a son (September 2, 1810).

POLITICAL CAREER—BECOMES KING.

We have, in the preceding pages, briefly traced our hero from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. We have seen him in adversity, with scarcely bread to eat, or a house wherein to lay his head. We have seen him emerge from this period of misfortune, till he arrived in a country where his claims were recognised, and he not only found a home, but a companion, amiable, accomplished, and in every other way calculated to insure his happiness. We have now the pleasing duty of following this remarkable man from his comparative obscurity in a foreign land, to the country and home of his fathers, and of seeing him, by the force of uncontrollable circumstances, reach a station the highest which any earthly power can confer.

The domestic tranquillity which the Duke of Orleans was

enjoying in Palermo was, in 1814, suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the arrival of intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the Bourbons were to be restored to France. Being now enabled to return to the country of his birth, and the inheritance of which civil discord had deprived him, the duke sailed from Sicily in a vessel placed at his disposal by Lord William Bentinck. On the 18th of May he arrived in Paris, where in a short time he was in the enjoyment of the honours due to his rank and talents. His first visit to the Palais Royal, which he had not seen since he parted with his father, and now his own by inheritance, is mentioned as having been marked by strong emotion; nor were his feelings less excited on beholding other scenes from which he had been banished since childhood.

The return of Napoleon in 1815 broke up his arrangements for settling in his newly-recovered home. He sent his family to England, and was ordered by the king, Louis XVIII., to take command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March 1815, when he gave up the command to the Duke of Treviso, and went to join his family in England, where he again fixed his residence at Twickenham. On the return of Louis XVIII. after the Hundred Days, an ordinance was issued, authorising, according to the charter as it then stood, all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers; and the duke returned to France in September 1815, for the purpose of being present at the session. Here he distinguished himself by a display of liberal sentiments, which were so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned again to England, where he remained till 1817. He now returned to France, but was not again summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers, and remained therefore in private life, in which he displayed all the virtues of a good father, a good husband, and a good citizen.

The education of his family now deeply engaged his attention. His eldest son was instructed, like his ancestor Henry IV., in the public institutions of the country, and distinguished himself by the success of his studies. His family has ever been a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues. Personally simple in his tastes, order and economy were combined with a magnificence becoming his rank and wealth; for the restoration of his patrimony had placed him in a state of opulence. The protector of the fine arts, and the patron of letters, his superb palace in Paris, and his delightful seat at Neuilly, were ornamented with the productions of the former, and frequented by the distinguished men of the age.

While the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly changeful life. We here allude to the Revolution of 1830, the intelligence of which struck every nation

in Europe with surprise. Yet such an event was not altogether unlooked for. The elder family of the Bourbons, who had been restored by force of foreign arms to the throne of their ancestors, are allowed by their best friends to have conducted themselves in a manner little calculated to insure the attachment of the French people. The final blow levelled at the constitution by Charles X., and the Prince de Polignac, with the rest of his ministers, was unquestionably one of the maddest acts of which history presents any account. The facts of the case were as follows :—

The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in May (1830), and a new election ordered to take place in the latter part of June and in July. All the returns of the new elections indicated a strong majority against the ministry, who were not by any means popular. It is the sound and well-known practice in constitutional governments, that in such cases as this the king changes his ministers, in order to bring the executive into harmony with the legislature. Charles X. ventured on reversing this practice. Instigated by advisers and followers, who afterwards deserted him, he resolved to retain his ministers, and hazard a new election on principles of voting different from what the existing law prescribed, and by which he hoped to gain a majority in the Chamber. The newspapers generally having denounced these and other projects as a violation of the charter or compact of the king with his people, they became an object of attack, and it was resolved to place the press under such laws as would effectually prevent all free discussion. Three ordinances were forthwith issued by royal authority. One dissolved the Chambers; another arbitrarily prescribed a new law of election; and the third suspended the liberty of the periodical press. These acts of aggression served as a signal for revolt and revolution. In the night of the 27th July, the streets and boulevards were barricaded, and the pavements were torn up to serve as missiles. On the morning of the 28th all Paris was in arms; the national guard appeared in their old uniform, and the tri-coloured flag, which had been that of the Republic and Empire, was displayed. By a singular infatuation, the government had taken no precaution to support its measures by a competent armed force. There were at most 12,000 soldiers in Paris, the garrison of which had just been diminished: the minister of war, instead of bringing an army to bear on the capital, was occupied with unimportant administrative details.

On the 28th, the fighting was considerable, the infuriated populace firing from behind barricades, from house-tops, and from windows: many of the troops were disarmed; some were unwilling to fire on their countrymen, and some went openly over to the citizens. On the 29th, General Lafayette was appointed commander-in-chief of the national guard by the liberal deputies, and was received with enthusiasm. The fighting was

still greater this day ; and on the 30th, the Parisians gained the victory. From 7000 to 8000 persons were killed and wounded. It now became necessary to determine what form of government should be substituted for that which had been vanquished. The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was pronounced hopeless. The king was in effect discrowned, and the throne was vacant. In this emergency, the provisional government which had risen out of the struggle, and in which Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians had taken the lead, turned towards the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterwards, in a more regular manner, to become king. The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at Neuilly, a country-seat near Paris.

M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke was, however, absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and the Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the dangers with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of a new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable violences." The substance of the communication being made known to the duke, on a day's consideration, he acceded to the request, and at noon of the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned him. On the 2d of August the abdication of Charles X., and of his son, was placed in the hands of the lieutenant-general ; the abdication, however, being in favour of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant ; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans, and offered him the crown, on terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. At his inauguration he adopted the style and title of *Louis-Philippe I., King of the French*. The act of abdication of Charles X. was unheeded by the Chambers ; and with a moderation surprising in the French character, Charles and his family, including his young grandchild, Henry, Duke of Bourdeaux, were tranquilly conducted out of the kingdom.

ABDICATION—REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Louis-Philippe became king of the French on the 9th of August 1830, and the happiest consequences to the nation were expected from the event. There was an unbounded confidence in the king's talents for government ; and it was believed that the extraordinary privations he had endured in early life, and

his knowledge of the world, would lead him on all occasions to sympathise with the people. For some years these hopes were not disappointed. Under his steady constitutional government France found repose, and everywhere might be observed evidences of improvement and prosperity. A fault laid to the king's charge was parsimony: by family inheritance he was one of the wealthiest men in Europe; and it was alleged that his habits of economy, and schemes as a capitalist, were unworthy of his rank. This accusation, however, is to be received with caution; for it is certain he expended vast sums, from his private fortune, in embellishing Versailles and other places of public show, as well as in the encouragement of the arts. In his domestic relations he was most exemplary; in personal intercourse affable; and, aided by his amiable consort, his court was a pattern for royalty.

Possessing many excellent qualities, and tried in the school of adversity, it is to be regretted that Louis-Philippe did not adopt means for insuring the affectionate regard of the people over whom he was called to reign. The fundamental error in his career seems to have been a love of family aggrandisement, to the neglect of public interests. Apparently distrustful of his position, he endeavoured to fortify it by allying his children with the reigning families of Europe. He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (born 1810), to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of Nemours (born 1814), to the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818), to the Princess Frances-Caroline of Brazil; his son the Duke of Aumale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline of Salerno; and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824), to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning queen of Spain. This latter marriage greatly damaged the reputation of Louis-Philippe; for it obviously aimed at the preponderating influence of his dynasty over the Spanish monarchy. With feelings bound up in his family, the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who was killed in leaping from his carriage, July 13, 1842, was a severe blow. The duke possessed an amiable disposition and joyous temperament, which endeared him to the French, and his death therefore led to distressing anticipations. He left two children, Louis-Philippe-Albert, Count of Paris (born 1838), and Robert-Philippe, Duke of Chartres (born 1840). The Count of Paris was now heir-apparent of the French throne. Louis-Philippe's sister, the Princess Adelaide, who had resided with his family since his accession, died in December 1847, and her loss was acutely felt by her much-attached brother, as well as by the poor of Paris, to whom she had been a kind benefactor.

As a king, Louis-Philippe was alleged to interfere unduly in

state affairs, in place of leaving the executive entirely in the hands of his ministry, who were alone responsible under the law. Perhaps this offence—supposing it to be well founded—would have called forth no very severe remark, had the king suited his policy to the awakening principles of constitutional freedom. Unfortunately, from whatever cause, and with M. Guizot as prime minister, his government took no means to redress abuses. An odious law preventing public meetings for religious or political discussion, was suffered to remain unrepealed; and the election of members of the Chamber of Deputies was carefully kept in the hands of a limited constituency, most of whom were officers of government. As Louis-Philippe had taken an oath to reign according to the charter, and had got the throne on at least an implied promise of favouring constitutional freedom, his conduct in withstanding reform is inexcusable: if circumstances showed the inexpediency of abiding by his promise, it was clearly his duty to resign. Misled in all probability by those about him, and relying too confidently on the efficacy of a large military force, this unfortunate prince may be said to have fallen into errors similar to those of Charles X., and to have expiated them by a similar reverse of fortune.

The remarkable events of February 1848 are too well known to require minute recapitulation here. A proposed banquet of a large body of reformers in Paris, with a preliminary procession through the streets, on Tuesday the 22d of February, was denounced by the ministry as illegal, and the banquet was accordingly abandoned. Great excitement, however, prevailed, and some disturbances, with cries for "reform," ensued. In the course of Wednesday the 23d the insurrection became more menacing, though it as yet aimed only at a change of ministry. To appease discontent, Guizot was this day dismissed, and Count Molé appointed to form a new administration. On Wednesday evening the crowd was fired on by the soldiers, and various persons being killed, a cry arose for vengeance, and during the night the people were busily engaged in erecting barricades. Molé having been unable to form a ministry, the duty of doing so was assigned to Thiers and Barrot on the morning of Thursday the 24th. The time, however, was passed for concession; the national guard had already fraternised with the people, and from this circumstance, or a wish to save the effusion of blood, the army was withdrawn. The palace of the Tuileries now lies at the mercy of an infuriated mob—in the terror of the moment the king abdicates in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris, and takes to flight with his family—the Count of Paris, a child in his tenth year (his mother being proposed as regent), is rejected as king by a remnant of the Chamber of the Deputies mingled with an armed rabble—a Republic is proclaimed, and a provisional government appointed. Such were the circumstances of this extraordinary affair. The monarchy was swept away without a

struggle, and with scarcely a voice lifted in its favour; from which it is to be inferred that a deep-rooted hatred, or at least contempt, of government measures had long prevailed, and only waited an opportunity for explosion. Guizot, as chief minister of Louis-Philippe, was proscribed by the new authorities, and, lacking the courage to face his accusers, fled from the country.

Precipitated by a sudden and unforeseen event from the summit of human greatness, and fearful of falling into the hands of the excited populace, Louis-Philippe found it necessary to assume various disguises, and to attempt an escape from France. In this he was fortunately successful: adding new adventures to his already chequered career, on the 3d of March he reached England, on whose hospitable shores the scattered members of his family had already taken refuge: his faithful and sorely-tried wife was the companion of his flight. On his arrival in England, Louis-Philippe took up his residence at Clermont, in Surrey, and here he spent the conclusion of his days in peaceful retirement. At this place he expired, on Monday, the 26th of August, 1850. Early on the preceding day, the physicians warned him of his approaching end. He received the tidings with perfect composure; and having dictated the concluding page of those memoirs of his life which had at various times occupied much of his attention, he summoned his family and his chaplain, and performed the last rites of his religion with tranquil resignation. Towards sunset fever came upon him, and continued with violence during the night; but his intellect was not disturbed, and at eight o'clock on Monday morning there was an end of his suffering. His affectionate consort stood by his side; and their children and grand-children were also present at the last melancholy scene. He died in the 78th year of his age, leaving behind him a character not untarnished with serious faults, but at the same time distinguished for many virtues. With all his failings as a constitutional monarch, it may be doubted whether France has not had serious cause for regretting the circumstances of his expulsion.

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.



FAR distant from the many other islands with which the Southern Pacific Ocean is studded, one stands alone, rich in natural beauty, and with a climate almost unrivalled. Constantly fanned by cool breezes from the sea, its green hills and deep ravines abound in graceful pines and shady fern-trees. The wild jasmine and convolvuli climb the stems, and reach from tree to tree, forming bowers and walls of exquisite beauty. The rich soil maintains a perpetually luxuriant vegetation, and birds of brightest plumage rejoice in groves of the abundant guava, or amid the delicate blossoms of the golden lemon.

This lovely island was visited by Captain Cook in 1774, and named by him Norfolk Island; it was then uninhabited, and the party who landed were probably the first human beings who had ever set foot on it. Neither the vegetable nor the animal world had been disturbed. For about two hundred yards from the shore, the ground was covered so thickly with shrubs and plants as scarcely to be penetrable farther inland. The sea-fowl bred unmolested on the shores and cliffs. The account given by Cook led to an attempt at settlement on Norfolk Island; but this was attended with difficulty. The island is small, being only about six miles in length by four in breadth; and was therefore unavailable for a large or increasing population. Lying nine hundred miles from Port Jackson, in Australia, it was inconveniently remote from that country; and, worst of all, its clifly and rocky shores presented serious dangers to mariners attempting a landing. There are, indeed, only three places at which boats can effect a safe landing, and at these only with certain winds, and never in gales, which are frequent in this part of the globe. Its general unsuitableness, however, for ordinary colonisation was considered to adapt it as a penal settlement, subordinate to New South Wales, and to which convicts could be sent who merited fresh punishment while in course of servitude. Thus, one of the loveliest of earthly paradises was doomed to be a receptacle for the very worst—or shall we call them the most unfortunate and most wretched—of malefactors. It might be imagined that the beauty of Norfolk Island, and the fineness of its climate, would greatly tend to soothe the depraved minds of its unhappy tenants, and reconcile them, if anything could, to compulsory expatriation. That such effects may be produced by considerate treatment, is not improbable; but hitherto, or at least till a late period, one sentiment has overruled all others in the minds of the Norfolk Island convicts, and that has been a

desire for restoration to liberty. Impatient of control, and regardless of all consequences, they eagerly seize upon every opportunity of making their escape—with what fatal consequences let the following narrative bear witness. Written by a gentleman for some time resident in Norfolk Island, and handed to us for publication, as a warning to “those who go astray,” the whole may be relied upon as a true relation of facts.

“On the northern side of Norfolk Island the cliffs rise high, and are crowned by woods, in which the elegant whitewood and gigantic pine predominate. A slight indentation of the land affords a somewhat sheltered anchorage ground, and an opening in the cliffs has supplied a way to the beach by a winding road at the foot of the dividing hills. A stream of water, collected from many ravines, finds its way by a similar opening to a ledge of rock in the neighbourhood, and, falling over in feathery spray, has given the name of Cascade to this part of the island. Off this bay, on the morning of the 21st of June 1842, the brig *Governor Philip* was sailing, having brought stores for the use of the penal establishment. It was one of those bright mornings which this hemisphere alone knows, when the air is so elastic that its buoyancy is irresistibly communicated to the spirits. At the foot of the cliff, near a group of huge fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs, a prisoner was sitting close to the sea preparing food for his companions, who had gone off to the brig the previous evening with ballast, and who were expected to return at daylight with a load of stores. The surface of the sea was smooth, and the brig slowly moved on upon its soft blue waters. Everything was calm and still, when suddenly a sharp but distant sound as of a gun was heard. The man, who was stooping over the fire, started on his feet, and looked above and around him, unable to distinguish the quarter from whence the report came. Almost immediately he heard the sound repeated, and then distinctly perceived smoke curling from the vessel’s side. His fears were at once excited. Again he listened; but all was hushed, and the brig still stood steadily in towards the shore. Nearer and nearer she approached; until, alarmed for her safety, the man ran to summon the nearest officer. By the time they returned, the vessel had wore, and was standing off from the land; but while they remained in anxious speculation as to the cause of all this, the firing was renewed on board, and it was evident that some deadly fray was going on. At length a boat was seen to put off from the brig, and upon its reaching the shore, the worst fears of the party were realised. The misguided prisoners on board had attempted to seize the vessel. They were but twelve in number, unarmed, and guarded by twelve soldiers and a crew of eighteen men; yet they had succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel, had held it for a time, but had been finally overpowered, and immediate help was required for the wounded and dying.

June 21, 1842.—My duty as a clergyman called me to the scene of blood. When I arrived on the deck of the brig, it exhibited a frightful spectacle. One man, whose head was blown to atoms, was lying near the forecastle. Close by his side a body was stretched, the face of which was covered by a cloth, as if a sight too ghastly to be looked upon; for the upper half of the head had been blown off. Not far from these, a man badly wounded was lying on the deck, with others securely handcuffed. Forward, by the companion-hatch, one of the mutineers was placed, bleeding most profusely from a wound which had shattered his thigh; yet his look was more dreadful than all—hate, passion, and disappointed rage rioted in his breast, and were deeply marked in his countenance. I turned away from the wretched man, and my eye shrunk from the sight which again met it. Lying on his back in a pool of blood, the muscular frame of a man whom I well knew was stretched, horribly mutilated. A ball had entered his mouth, and passing through his skull, had scattered his brains around. My heart sickened at the extent of carnage, and I was almost sinking with the faintness it produced, when I was roused by a groan so full of anguish and pain, that for a long time afterwards its echo seemed to reach me. I found that it came from a man lying farther forward, on whose face the death-dew was standing; yet I could perceive no wound. Upon questioning him, he moved his hand from his breast, and I then perceived that a ball had pierced his chest, and could distinctly hear the air rushing from his lungs through the orifice it had left. I tore away the shirt, and endeavoured to hold together the edges of the wound until it was bandaged. I spoke to him of prayer, but he soon grew insensible, and within a short time died in frightful agony. In every part of the vessel evidences of the attempt which had ended so fatally presented themselves, and the passions of the combatants were still warm. After attending those who required immediate assistance, I received the following account of the affair:—

The prisoners had slept the previous night in a part of the vessel appropriated for this purpose; but it was without fastening, or other means of securing them below. Two sentries were, however, placed over the hatchway. The prisoners occasionally came on deck during the night, for their launch was towing astern, and the brig was standing off and on until the morning. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning the men were called to work. Two of them were up some time before the rest. They were struck by the air of negligence which was evident on deck, and instantly communicated the fact to one or two others. The possibility of capturing the brig had often been discussed by the prisoners, among their many other wild plans for escaping from the island, and recently had been often proposed by them. The thought was told by their looks, and

soon spread from man to man. A few moments were enough; one or two were roused from sleep, and the intention was hurriedly communicated to them. It was variously received. One of them distrusted the leader, and intreated his companions to desist from so mad an attempt. It was useless; the frenzied thirst for liberty had seized them, and they were maddened by it. Within a few minutes they were all on deck; and one of the leaders rushing at the sentry nearest to him, endeavoured to wrest from him his pistols, one of which had flashed in the pan as he rapidly presented it, and threw him overboard; but he was subsequently saved. The arms of the other sentry were demanded, and obtained from him without resistance. A scuffle now took place with two other soldiers who were also on the deck, but not on duty, during which one of them jumped over the vessel's side, and remained for some time in the main chains; but upon the launch being brought alongside, he went down into it. The other endeavoured to swim ashore (for by this time the vessel was within a gun-shot of the rocks); but, encumbered by his greatcoat, he was seen, when within a few strokes of the rock, to raise his hands, and uttering a faint cry to Heaven for mercy, he instantly sunk. In the meanwhile, the sergeant in charge of the guard hearing the scuffling overhead, ran upon deck, and seeing some of the mutineers struggling with the sentry, shot the nearest of them dead on the spot. He had no sooner done so than he received a blow on the head, which rendered him for some time insensible. Little or no resistance was offered by the sailors; they ran into the forecabin, and the vessel was in the hands of the mutineers. All the hatches were instantly fastened down, and every available thing at hand piled upon them. But now, having secured their opponents, the mutineers were unable to work the brig; they therefore summoned two of the sailors from below, and placed one of them at the wheel, while the other was directed to assist in getting the vessel off. The coxswain, a free man in charge of the prisoners, had at the first onset taken to the rigging, and remained in the maintop with one of the men who refused to join in the attack. At this moment a soldier who had gone overboard, and endeavoured to reach the shore, had turned back, and was seen swimming near the vessel. Woolfe, one of the convicts, immediately jumped into the boat alongside, and saved him. Whilst this was the state of things above, the soldiers had forced their way into the captain's cabin, and continued to fire through the gratings overhead as often as any of the mutineers passed. In this manner several of them received wounds. To prevent a continuance of this, a kettle of hot water was poured from above, and shortly afterwards a proposal was made to the captain from the prisoners to leave the vessel in the launch, provided he handed up to them the necessary supplies. This he refused, and then all the sailors were ordered from below into the launch, with the intention of

sending them ashore. Continuing to watch for the ringleaders, the captain caught a glimpse of one of them standing aft, and, as he supposed, out of reach. He mounted the cabin table, and almost at a venture fired through the woodwork in the direction he supposed the man to be standing. The shot was fatal; the ball struck him in the mouth, and passed through his brain. Terrified at the death of their comrades, the remainder were panic-struck, and instantly ran below. One of the leaders sprang over the taffarel, and eventually reached the launch. The sailor at the wheel, now seeing the deck almost cleared, beckoned up the captain, and without an effort the vessel was again in their possession. In the confusion, a soldier who had been in the boat, and was at this moment with the sailors returning on deck, was mistaken for one of the mutineers, and shot by the sergeant. The prisoners were now summoned from their place of concealment. They begged hard for mercy; and upon condition of their quietly surrendering, it was promised to them. As the first of them, in reliance upon this assurance, was gaining the deck, by some unhappy error he received a ball in his thigh, and fell back again. The rest refused to stir; but after a few moments' hesitation, another of them ventured up, was taken aft by the captain, and secured. A third followed, and as he came up, he extended his arms, and cried, 'I surrender; spare me.' Either this motion was mistaken by the soldiers, or some of them were unable to restrain their passion, for at this instant the man's head was literally blown off. The captain hastened to the spot and received the others, who were secured without further injury.

When we reached the vessel, the dying, dead, and wounded were lying in every direction. In the launch astern, we saw the body of one wretched man who had leaped over the taffarel, and reached the boat badly wounded; he was seen lying in it when the deck was regained, and was then pierced through with many balls. Nothing could be more horrible than his appearance; the distortion of every feature, his clenched hands, and the limbs which had stiffened in the forms of agony into which pain had twisted them, were appalling. The countenance of every man on board bore evidence of the nature of the deadly conflict in which he had been engaged. In some, sullenness had succeeded to reckless daring, and exultation to alarm in others.

Nothing could have been more desperate than such an attempt to seize the vessel. The most culpable neglect could alone have encouraged it; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have succeeded, if anything like a proper stand had been made by those in charge of her when it commenced.

The wounded were immediately landed, and conveyed to the hospital, and the dead bodies were afterwards brought on shore.

The burial-ground is close to the beach. A heavy surf rolls mournfully over the reef. The moon had just risen, when, in

deep and solemn silence, the bodies of these misguided men were lowered into the graves prepared for them. Away from home and country, they had found a fearful termination of a miserable existence. Perhaps ties had still bound them to the world; friends whom they loved were looking for their return, and, prodigals though they had been, would have blessed them, and forgiven their offences. Perhaps even at that sad moment mothers were praying for their lost ones, whom in all their infamy they had still fondly loved. Such thoughts filled my mind; and when a few drops of rain at that moment descended, I could not help thinking that they fell as tears from heaven over the guilt and misery of its children.

On the morning following the fatal occurrence, I visited the jail in which the mutineers were confined. The cells are small, but clean and light. In the first of them I found George Beavers, Nicholas Lewis, and Henry Sears. Beavers was crouching in one corner of the cell, and looking sullen, and in despair. Lewis, who was walking the scanty space of the cell, seemed to glory in the rattle of his heavy chains; while Sears was stretched apparently asleep upon a grass mat. They were all heavily ironed, and every precaution had evidently been taken to prevent escape.

The jail is small, and by no means a secure one. It was once a public-house; and notwithstanding every effort to adapt it to its present purpose, it is not a safe or proper place of confinement. It is little calculated to resist any attempt to rescue the men, whose daring conduct was the subject of high encomium among their fellow-prisoners, by whom any attempt to escape is considered a meritorious act. In the other cell I found Woolfe and Barry, the latter in much agony from an old wound in the leg, the pain of which had been aggravated by the heavy irons which galled it. All the prisoners, except Barry and Woolfe, readily acknowledged their participation in the attempt to seize the brig; but most solemnly denied any knowledge of a preconcerted plan to take her; or that they, at least, had attempted to throw the soldiers overboard. They were unwilling to be interrupted, and inveighed in the bitterest manner against some of their companions who had, they seemed to think, betrayed them, or at least had led them on, and at the moment of danger had flinched.

The names of the surviving mutineers were John Jones, Nicholas Lewis, Henry Sears, George Beavers, James Woolfe, Thomas Whelan, and Patrick Barry.

The depositions against them having been taken, all the men I have mentioned, with the exception of Jones and Whelan, who were wounded, were brought out to hear them read. They listened with calm attention, but none of them appeared to be much excited. Once only during the reading, Beavers passionately denied the statements made by one of the witnesses present, and was with difficulty silenced. His countenance at that

moment was terribly agitated; every bad feeling seemed to mingle in its passionate expression. They were all young, powerful, and, with one or two exceptions, not at all ill-looking men.

From the jail I proceeded to the hospital, where the wounded men were lying. They had each received severe wounds in the thigh, and were in great agony. The violence of Jones was excessive. Weakened in some degree by an immense loss of blood, the bitterness of his spirit, nevertheless, exhibited itself in passionate bursts of impatience. He was occasionally convulsed with excessive pain; for the nerves of the thigh had been much lacerated, and the bone terribly shattered. His features were distorted with pain and anger, and occasionally bitter curses broke from his lips; yet there was something about his appearance which powerfully arrested my attention—an evident marking of intellect and character, repulsive in its present development, yet in many respects remarkable. His history had been a melancholy one, and, as illustrative of many thousand others, I give it as I afterwards received it from his lips.

At eleven years of age he was employed in a warehouse in Liverpool as an errand-boy. While following this occupation, from which by good conduct he might have risen to something better, he was met in the street one day by the lad whom he had succeeded in this employment, and was told by him how he might obtain money by robbing the warehouse, and then go with him to the theatre. He accordingly took an opportunity of stealing some articles which had been pointed out, and gave them to his companion, who, in disposing of them, was detected, and of course criminated Jones. After remaining some weeks in jail, Jones was tried and acquitted; but his character being now gone, he became reckless, and commenced a regular career of depredation. In attempting another warehouse robbery, he was detected, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. By the time he was released from this, he was well tutored in crime, and believed that he could now adroitly perform the same robbery in which he had previously failed. He made the attempt the very night of his release from jail, and with temporary success. Subsequently, however, he was detected, and received sentence of transportation for seven years. He underwent this sentence, and an additional one in Van Diemen's Land, chiefly at Port Arthur, the most severe of the penal stations there. From this place he, with Lewis, Moss (who was shot on board the brig), and Woolfe, having seized a whale-boat, effected their escape. During three months they underwent the most extreme hardships from hunger and exposure. Once they had been without food for several days, and their last hook was over the boat's side; they were anxiously watching for a fish. A small blue shark took the bait, and in despair one of them dashed over the boat's side to seize the fish; his leg was caught by one

of the others, and they succeeded in saving both man and hook. They eventually reached Twofold Bay, on the coast of New South Wales, and were then apprehended, conveyed to Sydney, and thence sent back to Van Diemen's Land; tried, and received sentence of death; but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island.

Jones often described to me the intense misery he had undergone during his career. He had never known what freedom was, and yet incessantly longed for it. All alike confessed the unhappiness of their career. Having made the first false step into crime, they acknowledged that their minds became polluted by the associations they formed during imprisonment. Then they were further demoralised by thinking of the *glory*—such miserable glory!—attending a trial; and the hulks and the voyage out gave them a finished criminal training. The extent of punishment many of them have undergone during the period of transportation is almost incredible. I have known men whose original sentence of seven years has been extended over three times that period, and who, in addition to other punishment, have received five thousand or six thousand lashes!

After many solemn interviews with the mutineers, I found them gradually softening. They became more communicative, and extremely anxious to receive instruction. I think I shall never forget one of the earliest of these visits to them. I first saw Sears, Beavers, and Jones. After a long and interesting conversation with them, we joined in that touching confession of sin with which the liturgy of the Church of England commences. As we knelt together, I heard them repeat with great earnestness—'We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep,' &c. When we arose, I perceived that each of them had been shedding tears. It was the first time I had seen them betray any such emotion, and I cannot tell how glad I felt; but when I proceeded afterwards to read to them the first chapter of Isaiah, I had scarcely uttered that most exquisite passage in the second verse—'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me'—when the claims of God, and *their* violation and rejection of them; His forbearance, and *their* ingratitude, appeared to overwhelm them; they sobbed aloud, and were thoroughly overpowered.

For a considerable time we talked together of the past, the wretched years they had endured, the punishments, and the crimes which had led to them, until they seemed to feel most keenly the folly of their sad career. We passed on to contrast the manner in which their lives had been spent, with what God and society required from them; their miserable perversion of God's gifts, with the design for which He gave them, until we were led on to speak of hope and of faith; of Him who 'willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;' and then the Saviour's remonstrance

seemed to arrest them—‘Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;’ until at length the influences of the Holy Spirit were supplicated with earnestness and solemnity. These instructions, and such conversation, were daily repeated; and henceforth each time I saw them I perceived a gradual but distinct unfolding of the affections and the understanding.

August.—The wounded men are much recovered, and the whole of the mutineers are now confined together in a large ward of the jail. They have long received extreme kindness from the commandant, and are literally bewildered at finding that even this last act has not diminished the exercise of his benevolence. That anybody should care for them, or take such pains about them after their violent conduct, excited surprise—at first almost amounting to suspicion; but this at length gave place to the warmest gratitude. They were, in fact, subdued by it. They read very much, are extremely submissive, and carefully avoid the slightest infringement of the prison regulations. At first, all this was confined to the three men I have mentioned; but their steady consistency of conduct, and the strange transformation of character so evident in them, gradually arrested the attention of the others, and eventually led to a similar result.

They will be detained here until the case has been decided by the authorities in Sydney. They will probably be tried by a commission sent from thence to the island for the purpose. Formerly, however, prisoners charged with capital offences here were sent up for trial; but (it is a horrible fact) this was found to lead to so much crime, that, at much inconvenience and expense, it was found absolutely necessary to send down a judicial commission on each important occasion, in order to prevent it. The mere excitement of a voyage, with the chances connected with it, nay, merely a wish to get off the island even for a time, led many men to commit crimes of the deepest dye in order to be sent to Sydney for trial.

Two months, therefore, at least must intervene between the perpetration of the offence and their trial; and this interval is usually employed in similar cases in arranging a defence but too commonly supported by perjury. In the present instance, I found not the slightest attempt to follow such a course. They declare that they expect death, and will gladly welcome it. Of their life, which has been a course of almost constant warfare with society, ending in remorseful feelings, they are all thoroughly weary, although only one of them exceeds thirty years of age.

In addition to the ordinary services, Captain Maconochie each Sunday afternoon has read prayers to them, and has given permission to a few of their friends to be present. Singular good has resulted from it, both to the men and those who join in their devotions. At the conclusion of one of these services Sears stood up, and with his heart so full as scarcely to allow

him utterance, to the surprise of every person there he addressed most impressively the men who were present. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'the words of one of yourselves, unhappily circumstanced as I am, may have some weight with you. You all know the life I have led; it has, believe me, been a most unhappy one; and I have, I hope not too late, discovered the cause of this. I solemnly tell you that it is because I have broken God's laws. I am almost ashamed to speak, but I dare not be silent. I am going to tell you a strange thing. I never before was happy; I begin now, for the first time in my life, to *hope*. I am an ignorant man, or at least I was so; but I thank God I begin to see things in their right light now. I have been unhappily placed from my childhood, and have endured many hardships. I do not mention this to excuse my errors; yet if I had years since received the kindness I have done here, it might have been otherwise. My poor fellows, do turn over a new leaf; try to serve God, and you, too, will be happier for it.' The effect was most thrilling; there was a death-like silence; tears rolled down many cheeks, which I verily believe never before felt them; and without a word more, all slowly withdrew.

This man's story is also a common, but painful one. At fifteen years of age he was transported for life as an accomplice in an assault and alleged robbery, of which, from circumstances which have since transpired, I have little doubt he was entirely innocent. During a long imprisonment in Horsham jail, he received an initiation in crime, which was finished during the outward voyage. Upon his arrival in New South Wales, he was assigned to a settler in the interior, a notoriously hard and severe man, who gave him but a scanty supply of food and clothing, and whose aim seemed to be to take the utmost out of him at the least possible expense. Driven at length to desperation, he, with three fellow-servants, absconded; and when taken, made a complaint to the magistrate before whom they were brought almost without clothes. Their statements were found to be literally correct; but for absconding they were sent to Newcastle, one of the penal stations of New South Wales, where Sears remained nearly two years. At the expiration of that time he was again assigned, but unfortunately to a man, if possible, worse than his former employer, and again absconded. For this offence he was sent to Moreton Bay, another penal settlement, and endured three years of horrible severity, starvation, and misery of every kind. His temper was by this time much soured; and, roused by the conduct of the overseers, he became brutalised by constant punishment for resisting them. After this he was sent to Sydney, as one of the crew in the police-boat, of which he was soon made assistant coxswain. For not reporting a theft committed by one of the men under his charge, he was sentenced to a road party; and attempting to escape from it, he was apprehended, and again ordered to Moreton Bay for

four years more. There he was again repeatedly flogged for disobedience and resistance of overseers, as well as attempting to escape; but having most courageously rendered assistance to a vessel wrecked off the harbour, he attracted the attention of the commandant, who afterwards showed him a little favour. This was the first approach to kindness he had known since when, years before, he had left his home; and it had its usual influence. He never was again in a scrape there. His good conduct induced the commandant to recommend him for a mitigation of sentence, which he received, and he was again employed in the police-boat. The free coxswain of the boat was, however, a drunkard, and intrusted much to Sears. Oftentimes he roused the men by his violence, but Sears contrived to subdue his passion. At length, one night returning to the hut drunk, the man struck at one of the crew with his cutlass, and the rest resisted and disarmed him. But the morning came; the case was heard; their story was disbelieved; and upon the charge and evidence of the aggressor, they were sent to an ironed gang, to work on the public roads. When Sears again became eligible for assignment, a person whom he had known in Sydney applied for him. The man must be removed within a fixed period after the authority is given. In this case, application was made a day beyond the prescribed time, and churlishly refused. The disappointment roused a spirit so untutored as his, and once again he absconded; was of course apprehended, tried, and being found with a man who had committed a robbery, and had a musket in his possession, was sent to Norfolk Island for life. This sentence has, however, for meritorious conduct, been reduced to fourteen years; and his ready assistance during a fire which recently broke out in the military garrison here, might possibly have helped to obtain a still further reduction. He never, during those abscondings, was absent for any long period, and never committed any act of violence. His constant attempt seems to have been to reach Sydney, in order to effect his escape from the scene of so much misery.

For some time past I have noticed his quiet and orderly conduct, and was really sorry when I found him concerned in this unhappy affair. His desire for freedom was, however, most ardent, and a chance of obtaining it was almost irresistible. He has since told me that a few words kindly spoken to himself and others by Captain Maconochie when they landed, sounded so pleasantly to him—such are his own words—that he determined from that moment he would endeavour to do well. He assures me that he was perfectly unconscious of a design to take the brig, until awoke from his sleep a few minutes before the attack commenced; that he then remonstrated with the men; but finding it useless, he considered it a point of honour not to fail them. His anxiety for instruction is intense; he listens like a child; and his gratitude is most touching. He, together with

Jones, Woolfe, and Barry, were chosen by the commandant as a police-boat's crew; and had, up to this period, acted with great steadiness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties required from them. Nor do I think they would even now, tempting as the occasion was, have thought of seizing it, had it not been currently reported that they were shortly to be placed under a system of severity such as they had already suffered so much from.

Woolfe's story of himself is most affecting. He entered upon evil courses when very young; was concerned in burglaries when only eleven years of age. Yet this was from no natural love of crime. Enticed from his home by boys older than himself, he soon wearied of the life he led, and longed to return to his home and his kind mother. Oftentimes he lingered near the street she lived in. Once he had been very unhappy, for he had seen his brother and sister that day pass near him, and it had rekindled all his love for them. They appeared happy in their innocence; he was miserable in his crime. He now determined to go home and pray to be forgiven. The evening was dark and wet, and as he entered the court in which his friends lived, his heart failed him, and he turned back; but, unable to resist the impulse, he again returned, and stole under the window of the room. A rent in the narrow curtain enabled him to see within. His mother sat by the fire, and her countenance was so sad, that he was sure she thought of him; but the room looked so comfortable, and the whole scene was so unlike the place in which he had lately lived, that he could no longer hesitate. He approached the door; the latch was almost in his hand, when shame and fear, and a thousand other vile and foolish notions, held him back; and the boy who in another moment might have been happy—*was lost*. He turned away, and I believe has never seen them since. Going on in crime, he in due course of time was transported for robbery. His term of seven years expired in Van Diemen's Land. Released from forced servitude, he went a whaling voyage, and was free nearly two years. Unhappily, he was then charged with aiding in a robbery, and again received a sentence of transportation. He was sent to Port Arthur, there employed as one of the boat's crew, and crossing the bay one day with a commissariat officer, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. In attempting to save the life of the officer, he was seized by his dying grasp, and almost perished with him; but extricating himself, he swam back to the boat. Seeing the drowning man exhausted, and sinking, he dashed forward again, diving after him, and happily succeeded in saving his life. For this honourable act he would have received a remission of sentence; but ere it could arrive, he and five others made their escape. He had engaged with these men in the plan to seize the boat, and although sure of the success of the application in his favour, he could not now draw back. The result I have already shown. There were two more men concerned in

the mutiny, who, with those I have mentioned, and those killed on board the brig, made up the number of the boat's crew. But neither of these men came under my charge, being both Roman Catholics.

At length the brig, which had been despatched with an account of the affair, returned, and brought the decision of the governor of New South Wales. He had found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to obtain fitting members for the commission, who would be willing to accept the terms proposed by the government, or trust themselves in this dreadful place, and therefore he had determined that the prisoners should be sent up for trial. The men were sadly disappointed at this arrangement. They wished much to end their days here, and they dreaded both the voyage and the distracting effect of new scenes. They cling, too, with grateful attachment to the commandant's family, and the persons who, during their long imprisonment, had taken so strong an interest in their welfare. I determined to accompany them, and watch for their perseverance in well-doing; that I might counsel and strengthen them under the fearful ordeal I could not doubt they would have to pass.

The same steady consistency marked the conduct of these men to the moment of their embarkation. There was a total absence of all excitement; one deep serious feeling appeared to possess them, and its solemnity was communicated to all of us. They spoke and acted as men standing on the confines of the unseen world, and who not only thought of its wonders, but, better still, who seemed to have caught something of its spirit and purity.

November.—The voyage up was a weary, and, to the prisoners, a very trying one. In a prison on the lower deck of a brig of one hundred and eighty-two tons, fifty-two men were confined. The place itself was about twenty feet square, of course low, and badly ventilated. The men were all ironed, and fastened to a heavy chain rove through iron rings let into the deck, so that they were unable, for any purpose, to move from the spot they occupied; scarcely, indeed, to lie down. The weather was also unfavourable. The vessel tossed and pitched most fearfully during a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning. I cannot describe the wretchedness of these unhappy convicts: sick, and surrounded by filth, they were huddled together in the most disgusting manner. The heat was at times unbearable. There were men of sixty—quiet and inoffensive old men—placed with others who were as accomplished villains as the world could produce. These were either proceeding to Sydney, their sentences on the island having expired, or as witnesses in another case (a bold and wicked murder) sent there also for trial. The sailors on board the brig were for the most part the cowardly fellows who had so disgracefully allowed the brig to be taken from them; and they, as well as the soldiers on guard (some of them formed a part of the former one), had no very kindly feel-

ing towards the mutineers. It may be imagined, therefore, that such feelings occasioned no alleviation of their condition. In truth, although there was no actual cruelty exhibited, they suffered many oppressive annoyances; yet I never saw more patient endurance. It was hard to bear, but their better principles prevailed. Upon the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, we learned that the case had excited an unusual interest. Crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the men as they landed; and while some applauded their daring, the great majority very loudly expressed their horror at the crime of which they stood accused.

I do not think it necessary to describe the trial, which took place in a few days after landing. All were arraigned except Barry. The prisoners' counsel addressed the jurors with powerful eloquence; but it was in vain: the crime was substantiated; and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners, recommending Woolfe to mercy.

During the whole trial, the prisoners' conduct was admirable; so much so, indeed, as to excite the astonishment of the immense crowd collected by curiosity to see men who had made so mad an attempt for liberty. They scarcely spoke, except once to request that the wounded man, who yet suffered much pain, might be allowed to sit down. Judgment was deferred until the following day. When they were then placed at the bar, the judge, in the usual manner, asked whether they had any reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced upon them? It was a moment of deep solemnity; every breath was held; and the eyes of the whole court were directed towards the dock. Jones spoke in a deep clear voice, and in a deliberate harangue pointed out some defects in the evidence, though without the slightest hope, he said, of mitigating the sentence now to be pronounced on himself and fellows. Three of the others also spoke. Whelan said, 'that he was not one of the men properly belonging to the boat's crew, but had been called upon to fill the place of another man, and had no knowledge of any intention to take the vessel, and the part he took on board was forced upon him. He was compelled to act as he had done; he had used no violence, nor was he in any way a participator in any that had been committed.' At the conclusion of the address to them, Jones, amidst the deep silence of the court, pronounced a most emphatic prayer for mercy on his own soul and those of his fellow-prisoners, for the judge and jury, and finally for the witnesses. Sentence of death was then solemnly pronounced upon them all; but the judge informed Woolfe that he might hold out to him expectations that his life would be spared. They were then removed from the bar, and sent back to the condemned cells.

I cannot say how much I dreaded my interview with them that day; for although I had all along endeavoured to prepare their minds for the worst result, and they had themselves never for a moment appeared to expect any other than this, I feared

that the realisation of their sad expectation would break them down. Hitherto there might have been some secret hope sustaining them. The convulsive clinging to life, so common to all of us, would now perhaps be more palpably exhibited.

Entering their cells, I found them, as I feared, stunned by the blow which had now fallen on them, and almost overpowered by mental and bodily exhaustion. A few remarks about the trial were at length made by them; and from that moment I never heard them refer to it again. There was no bitterness of spirit against the witnesses, no expression of hostility towards the soldiers, no equivocation in any explanation they gave. They solemnly denied many of the statements made against them; but, nevertheless, the broad fact remained, that they were guilty of an attempt to violently seize the vessel, and it was useless debating on minor considerations.

In the meantime, without their knowledge, petitions were prepared and forwarded to the judges, the governor, and executive council. In them were stated various mitigatory facts in their favour; and the meliorated character of the criminal code at home was also strongly urged. Every attention was paid to these addresses, following each other to the last moment. But all was in vain. The council sat, and determined that five of the men should be hanged on the following Tuesday. Whelan, who could have no previous knowledge of a plan to seize the vessel, together with Woolfe, was spared. The remaining four were to suffer. The painful office of communicating this final intelligence to these men was intrusted to me, and they listened to the announcement not without deep feeling, but still with composure.

It would be very painful for me to dwell on the closing scene. The unhappy and guilty men were attended by the zealous chaplain of the jail, whose earnest exhortations and instructions they most gratefully received. The light of truth shone clearly on the past, and they felt that their manifold lapses from the path of virtue had been the original cause of the complicated misery they had endured. They intreated forgiveness of all against whom they had offended, and in the last words to their friends were uttered grateful remembrances to Captain Macnochie, his family, and others. At the place of execution, they behaved with fortitude and a composure befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Having retired from attendance upon them in their last moments, I was startled from the painful stupor which succeeded in my own mind, by the loud and heavy bound of the drop as it fell, and told me that their spirits had gone to God who gave them."

Our reverend informant, in closing his narrative, adds some reflections on the painful nature of the tragedy in which he was called to lend his professional assistance. He laments the

general harshness of penal discipline, and attributes the last fatal crime of these men to the recent arrival of orders which shut out all hope of any improvement being effected in their circumstances, however well they might behave. Previously, he says, while hope was permitted to them, they had conducted themselves well. While agreeing in his humane views, we would, at the same time, avoid appearing as the apologists of crime under any circumstances. Our main object in laying the foregoing narrative before the world in its present shape, is to impress those who may be tottering on the verge of crime with the danger of their situation—to show them that a course of error is a course of misery, ending in consequences the most afflicting.

It may be seen from the history of the unhappy men before us, that transportation is at the best equivalent to going into slavery—that the convict loses, for the time, his civil rights. Torn from his family, his home, and his country, he is placed at the disposal of the crown and its functionaries; can be put to any kind of labour, however repugnant to his feelings; dressed in the most degrading apparel; chained like a wild beast if refractory; and on the commission of any new offence while in this state of servitude, he is liable to fresh punishment by transportation to such penal settlements as Norfolk Island. It might almost be said that no man in his senses would voluntarily commit crimes which would expose him to the risk of so terrible an infliction as that of transportation even for the limited period of seven years. But, alas! men who have entered on a course of error, forgetful of every duty which they owe to themselves and society, can scarcely be said to be in possession of a sound mind; and they go on floundering from one degree of vice to another, till brought into the condition of transported and personally enslaved convicts. Should the present narrative fall accidentally into the hands of individuals who are in danger of falling into a course of vice, we would hope that it will help to restrain them. The unfortunate men whose death has been recorded were once as they are: they went over the golden line of honour and duty—and behold the consequences; a short life of hardship, misery, and a violent and ignominious death.





STORY OF COLBERT.*

IN the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

"What day of the month is this?" asked M. Certain, a thin withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the farther extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

"The 30th of October 1632," replied the youth.

"Not altogether correct," cried the old woollen-draper briskly; "you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly."

"And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was——"

"Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?"

"Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency."

"The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to

* This truthful and graphic account of the rise of the distinguished Colbert has been translated and partly adapted from the French for the present work. A more suitable gift could not be offered to British youth.

him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril."

"Castlehill, godfather; the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat of arms."

"Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth."

"I am quite aware of that, sir," modestly answered the young man; "I will do my best, I am sure."

"Oh, I daresay you will by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for?"

"You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat——"

"I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together," said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl.

"Well, godfather," continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, "when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Casal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua; when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castlenaudery, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632."

"There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues and machinations,"* observed the old

* Cardinal de Richelieu (born 1585—died 1642) was prime minister of Louis XIII., and although a revengeful, cruel, and unprincipled man, has been reckoned by historians one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin, who is noticed in the present story.

woollen-draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

"Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic," replied Baptiste with animation; "and if ever I am prime minister——"

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

"There are no longer any children! There are no longer any children!" cried Moline laughing.

"If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er," repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawing out each syllable; "if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er! Do me the favour, sir," added he, abruptly changing his tone, "first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood."

"Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me."

"Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris. Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time show him those cloths, to make hangings for a country house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a-yard, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony."

"Am I to make any abatement, godfather?" asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

"Abatement!" cried the woollen-draper; "not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember."

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

"You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1 three crowns, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns; that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? One would think you were looking for pins."

"To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if that is to be my destiny; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession."

"Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad; but I am afraid you are

a little too much given to forgetfulness; but no doubt you will do well in time. Come, cheer up; here is the hotel."

"I wish to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red.

"I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing.

"Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from," added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said, "Let me see," at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened. And scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. "I like this best; what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a-yard," answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

"Very well," said the latter; "it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir——"

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns makes four hundred and fifty crowns; here they are." And going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

"Do you know how to write, my little friend?" said he to him.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth: both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

"Well?" said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—"well?"

"Here we are at last," said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. "You have made no mistake, I hope," said he.

"I don't think I have," said Baptiste quietly.

"But I think you have," said Moline with a smothered laugh.

"Do you think so, Moline? do you think so?" cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets; "but indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled."

"Eight crowns! eight crowns!" cried Baptiste, astounded; "are you sure of that, godfather?"

"Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six."

"On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but——"

"Fifteen! fifteen!" interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed. "Fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. Oh, happy day!"

"How, godfather; would you take advantage?" said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

"Oh, perhaps you want to go shares," said the dishonest shopkeeper. "Certainly; I agree to let you have something."

"Godfather," interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, "I cannot agree to any such thing——"

"Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me."

"And I will go," continued Baptiste, "to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me."

And with these words Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

"Can I see M. Cenani?" asked the breathless Baptiste of the valet-de-chambre who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet; "my master is dressing."

"I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; "it is absolutely necessary I should see him."

"I will go and inquire," said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois?" asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

"It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now," said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"Oh! pray, sir, one word," said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

"What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?" asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. "I am engaged. Go."

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

"Sir," said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, "I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged." Then, taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still farther into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added, "Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a-yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns makes only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir; will you see if it is right?"

"Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?" said the banker, quickly changing his tone; "are you certain there is no mistake?"

"You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?"

"It is," said Comtois, going to examine. "The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good morning."

"Stay a moment, one moment!" cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door; "do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?"

"I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns."

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued, "And you might have easily kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of that, sir," replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

"But if you had thought of it?" again inquired the elegant Parisian.

"It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here." And a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?"

"What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir," said Baptiste without hesitation.

"You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand; "you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," repeated he. "What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service," replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

"And how old are you, Baptiste?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory; "is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir."

"And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

"Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity! what a pity!"

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet-de-chambre, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret. He seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet child-like beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying, "We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again." And with gestures and looks of kindness he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful

and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

"Get from my sight and from my employment," said he, in answer to Baptiste's explanations. "Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you."

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather's rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head; nevertheless, he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor's unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour door opened and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. "What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—speak—what is the matter?"

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. "I have been dismissed by M. Certain," said Baptiste.

"You have been about some folly then, sir?" said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

"I will leave it to you to decide, father," replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

"What do you mean?" demanded M. Colbert.

"With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong: but I do not think I have; for notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done."

"Go on," said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers. He did so simply and candidly; without a word of exaggeration or of reproach. Nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. "My godfather is so

fond of money," said he; "and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him perhaps; if one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is."

"Come and embrace me, my son," said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them; "come, you are indeed my son; you have behaved well, and have my full approbation."

"Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste," added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; "you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you."

"I cannot remain a burden to you, however," observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

"We will think of that to-morrow," replied M. Colbert; "to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us."

"Sir," said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, "a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you."

"His name, Janon?"

"He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you."

"And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be; let him walk in, Janon," said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

"Sir," said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, "I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris."

"In what can I serve you, sir?" asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

"This youth is your son, is he not, sir?" inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

"Yes, sir, thank God."

"You have cause to thank God, sir; this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble."

"Only as he ought, sir; only as he ought," said Madame Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

"Nobly, madam. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madam, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth."

"Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! Oh, my dear, dear boy!" said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

"It would not have been honest."

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father's delighted approval.

"You are aware, sir," said he, addressing the banker, "that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father's heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume's."

"I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madam, your child will make his fortune."

"God bless you, sir," said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cenani's intention, cried suddenly, "If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir."

"But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste," said his father tenderly but seriously; "we are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh! in that great city whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart."

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste's young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender

association. Even down to old Janon there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-draper climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law Letellier, then secretary of state, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-counsellor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He

acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal ; and when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son ; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-counsellor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments ; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second ; caused the third to be appointed director of sea prizes ; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth 6000 livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, showed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours :—

"I intreat," he says, "that your highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make."

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV., "I owe everything to you, sire ; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert."

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merits so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era France carried on no regular trade but that of some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and the mine of wealth that national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable ; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded had before been proposed under Louis XIII. ; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgoyne, and established a general insurance office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity ; and not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St Malo, and Bourdeaux, are still inhabited by merchants who

belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English; he redeemed it in 1662 from Charles II. at an expense of five millions. The two India companies were established; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec; a third settled in Madagascar; the same month sixty-five large ships sailed from St Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established; and more than a hundred ships of the line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667 he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelin manufactory—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Le Nôtre, the triumphal arch of St Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hotel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which I forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV.; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—“Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state”—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664 he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house,

for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, "I owe all my renown to myself," terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant. He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-drapeer's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

IN walking through London, we may occasionally observe a crowd of persons collected round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who exhibit these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the perfectly good temper and joyous happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such a harmony among different natures? *Kindness*. The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their proprietors, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia; he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously

to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, it was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons. Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still, all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; and never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep: the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little

heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called *Rosoletta*, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, *Rosoletta*, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden trees towards home. *Rosoletta* led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed! some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco showed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as *Rosoletta*. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

SPEAKERS.—MR JAMES SMITH, a factory mill-owner, and MR RICHARD JACKSON, a cotton-spinner.

Smith.—I am glad to see you, Mr Jackson; step into my house, and let us have a little conversation on the present unhappy differences on the subject of wages. Perhaps I may show you that the ideas entertained respecting employers are not, by any means, just. At all events, let us hear what each has got to say—you on the part of the operative class generally, and I on the part of the mill-owners, and others, who are in the habit of giving employment.

Jackson.—Thank you, sir; I am a plain-spoken man, and have no objections to say what I and others think about our condition as workmen, so I very willingly accept your invitation.

Smith.—Now, Mr Jackson, sit down; and if you please, begin by telling me exactly what the workmen want.

Jackson.—Why, sir, the great matter is this—our condition is much less comfortable than we think, in justice, it should be. We are poor, and not getting any richer. Few among us can get more than 22s. a-week for our labour. The average wage is about 14s. or 15s., and we do think it a hard case that a man, with a wife and family, should have to live on any sum of that kind, when we see the masters so well off, and they, as one may say, living by our hard and continued labour. What we want is “a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work.”

Smith.—The statement apparently is—that the employers give lower wages generally than they ought to give. Is not that the substance of your charge?

Jackson.—Yes; we think you should give at least 25 per cent. more. If a man now gets 20s., he should get 25s., and so on.

Smith.—Very well. Now, be so good as tell me on what ground you rest this demand.

Jackson.—Because you are making large profits, and can afford to pay more than you do. The profits should be more equally divided.

Smith.—Now, I believe, we understand each other. I like your candour; and I think I shall answer you. You claim more wages on the score of your contributing to the production of profits. Let us take my own establishment as an example, and let us suppose you are a workman in it. I wish to know how much you put into the concern.

Jackson.—Me! why, I give you my labour from Monday morning till Saturday night.

Smith.—This labour, then, is your contribution of means. You receive 20s. for the week's labour; and therefore it is just the same thing as if you were to give me 20s. every week, so that I might lay it out in hiring somebody to do your work.

Jackson.—I think much the same thing.

Smith.—It is then allowed that you contribute to the extent of 20s. weekly to my concern. May I now ask if you think every one should be paid according to the extent of his input and risk?

Jackson.—That certainly would be fair.

Smith.—I shall then explain to you what I have put in, and how I have been enabled to do so. The cost of the buildings, the ground, the machinery, and other things required to begin the manufactory, was £80,000; and the money necessary for buying raw material, and giving credit till sales could be effected, and also for paying wages, came to £10,000 more. You understand I did not start till I had £90,000 ready to be laid out and risked on the undertaking. If I had begun with less, the concern would have been unsuccessful. It could not have gone on. To raise this large sum of £90,000 was a very serious matter. My father was a working-man, like yourself. His wages were never above 18s. a-week. On this sum he brought up his family, for my mother was very economical. I got a little schooling; was taught to read, write, and cipher. At fourteen years of age I was sent into a cotton factory, where for several years I had no higher wage than 5s. a-week. I afterwards, by dint of some degree of skill and perseverance, rose to be a spinner, and received 25s. a-week; but off this I had to pay a boy-assistant 5s.; and therefore my real wage was only 20s. a-week. I was at this employment four years and a half, during which time I saved £30, which I deposited in a bank for security. One day, when I was at work, a party of foreigners visited the factory; they were in want of a few steady and skilful hands to go to St Petersburg, to work in a factory there. I volunteered for one, and being chosen, I went to that distant city, which you know is in Russia, and there I received for a time about double my former wages. In three years the overseer died; I was promoted to his situation, and now received as much as £250 yearly. I still made a point of economising my gains; and on reckoning up, found that when I was twenty-eight years of age I had saved £700. At the recommendation of a friend, I laid out this money on a mercantile speculation—in short, I risked its entire loss. I was successful, and made my £700 as much as £1000. Again I risked this sum, for it seemed a sure trade; and so on I went for several years, increasing my capital both by profits and savings. When I married, which was not till thirty-five years of age, I had realised one way and another £20,000. I now returned to England, was for several years a partner in a concern where I again risked my earnings, and at the end of fifteen years retired with £90,000.

With this large sum I built my present factory, and entered into the hazardous business in which I am now engaged. I ask any man if I did not earn my money by hard industry, by self-denial, by serious risks, by a long course of pains and anxieties. For, having done all this, I consider I am entitled yearly—*first*, to an interest on my money equal to what I could have obtained by lending it; *second*, to a profit that will cover any losses which I may incur by bad debts; *third*, a per-centage to pay the tear and wear of machinery and deterioration of property; and, *fourth*, to a salary for my personal trouble—in other words, my wages; and all this over and above the ordinary expenses of the concern. You, Richard Jackson, as a straightforward man, answer me, if I, by these risks and obligations and personal attentions, be not justly entitled to take a vast deal more out of the business than you, who put in only 20s. in the shape of weekly labour?

Jackson.—Why, nobody doubts that, sir. But still it seems somehow as if the working-classes did not get their due. You and others, no doubt, risk your money; but we give our time, health, strength, our all, to assist in your undertakings. We may not be the bees who build the hive, but we have some reason to say that we are the bees who make the honey. And the great question is, do we get our fair share of the proceeds?

Smith.—My friend, you appear to be labouring under some kind of delusion. You speak of dividing proceeds as if manufacturers had entered into a partnership with their men. Now, they have done no such thing. The employer is the individual who plans, risks, manages. If his plans do not succeed, he alone is accountable, and alone pays the penalty of his miscalculations. To carry out his intentions, he offers a wage to this one, and a wage to that one, and it is voluntary on his part to do so or not. This wage is the equivalent for which the operative sells his labour; and when he gets the full value of the commodity he has disposed of, he has surely no farther claim. To admit that he is to be a sharer of his master's profits, would be to constitute him a partner of a very extraordinary kind; because, without risking anything himself, he would be entitled to participate in the gains, and yet be exempt from the losses, of trade. This is a principle of partnership that neither law nor reason recognises; in fact, is at variance with common sense. Besides, the workman is really better off with having nothing to do with his master's risks. In all circumstances, he is certain to receive his wages. When ruin follows the speculations of the employer, the operative is unscathed, and has only to carry his services to a new and more fortunate master. Are you now satisfied that the workman receives his full dues in the mutual arrangements of employer and employed?

Jackson.—I cannot exactly say that I am. I may admit that the workman has no claim of partnership in his employer's con-

cern: still, he must be acknowledged to be indispensable as an agent of labour, and on that ground he feels—though perhaps he cannot put his feelings into words—that he should be handsomely paid for his services.

Smith.—Mr Jackson, you speak almost as if employers generally were a set of wretches who tried to rob workmen of their labour. I will not say that there are not shabby employers, who would resort to mean tricks for the purpose of screwing down wages, and for these I beg to express my contempt. But we are now talking of universal principles, not of paltry and special cases of injustice. Let me, then, assure you, that nothing is more certain than that, taking the working-classes in the entire mass, they get a fair share of the proceeds of the national industry. We may take a few facts. To begin with my own mill. I spent, as I have said, £80,000 on the building and the apparatus. Now, nearly the whole of this was dispersed in wages to working-people. The clay from which the bricks were made; the limestone rock from which the lime was prepared by burning; the timber growing in its native forest; the iron in its condition of ore in the mines—all were of small value till labour was employed upon them, and that labour paid for in money. See what a number of men must have been employed in fashioning the raw materials into the house and its machinery—brickmakers, limeburners, coal-miners, wagoners, woodcutters, sailors, carpenters, builders, slaters, plasterers, glass-makers, glaziers, iron-smelters, engineers; and not only these, but the persons who supplied them with food and clothing. In short, if we were to go into a minute calculation, we should probably discover, that out of my £80,000 as much as £75,000 went to the working-classes, the remaining £5000 going to the proprietors of the raw materials, and to intermediate dealers. If people would reflect a little on such matters, they would perceive what an enormous share of the cost of almost every article goes to operatives. It is ascertained by careful calculations, that out of £100 worth of fine scissors, the workmen have £96 as wages; of £100 worth of razors, they have £90; of £100 worth of table-knives and forks, they have £65; of £100 worth of fine woollen cloth, they have £60; of £100 worth of linen yarn, they have £48; of £100 worth of ordinary earthenware, they have £40; and so on with most articles of manufacture. In the making of needles, pins, trinkets, watches, and other delicate articles in metal, the proportion of wages rises to within a trifle of the price of the article. In the working of collieries, the expenses are almost entirely resolvable into labour; there being few cases in which the coal-miners receive less than £90 out of every £100 of the current expenditure. I trust it is not necessary to dwell longer on the notion, that working-men do not get their fair share of the proceeds of the labour on which they are engaged. They get by far the largest

share of all the money laid out on the fabrication of raw materials. Are you still unsatisfied?

Jackson.—The facts you have stated are certainly very remarkable; yet the broad truth remains, that we are hard wrought, and have little to cheer us in our lot, while employers take things very easily.

Smith.—Easily, you say; you are forgetting what sort of a life I led to make my money. When other young men were enjoying themselves of an evening, or at a wake, or a race, I was at home, and always keeping little company. I gave up my native country for a number of years, and lived among a half-barbarous people. Once I was very nearly being shot, and twice I was nearly drowned. You married, as I am told, and had the comforts of a wife and family when you were twenty years of age. I did not marry till I was thirty-five. Suppose you had done all that I had done, would you not consider yourself entitled to have dressed better and lived better in the end of your days?

Jackson.—Surely I should; but you are only one. There are hundreds of employers, and all cannot have gone through such a deal of troubles.

Smith.—I am not acquainted with the history of all the manufacturers in Britain; but this I know, that a large proportion of the manufacturing and mercantile classes—ordinarily called the middle classes—were originally working or poor men, who, by savings, diligence, and skill, have come to be what they are. The bulk of this wealthy order of individuals, then, are nothing more than working-men who have shot ahead of their fellows, and now give employment instead of receiving it. A higher compliment could not be paid the working-classes of England than to tell them, that from their body the higher classes are constantly recruited, and that nothing prevents their children from taking a place alongside the most honoured in the realm. Let such explanations disabuse your mind of any enmity to the middle class capitalists. Their capital, whatever it may amount to, has not been got without labour, and very hard and thoughtful, ay, and honourable labour too.

Jackson.—There you have got on that plaguy subject *capital*. But it is always so. When the workmen make any sort of complaints, they are always told about capital, and capital, and what are the rights of capital.

Smith.—Since you imagine that there is some kind of mystery under this term capital, I will explain the meaning of it in a very few words. Capital is anything which is of value. It may consist of labour, of houses and lands so far as they are productive, of machinery, manufactured goods, or money. Everything is capital which possesses an exchangeable value, and can be made directly available either to the support of human existence, or to the facilitating of production. All these things are possessed as property; they belong either to the individuals who have made

or produced them, or to the representatives of these individuals. You can perceive that capital, or property, is a sheer result of labour, if not labour itself; and that it is the accumulated savings of years, nay, in some cases, of centuries. Had mankind never saved anything—every man from the beginning of the world consuming daily what he laboured for daily—there would have been scarcely anything like capital or savings at all. By a course of saving, however, a wonderful amount of capital in cultivated lands, houses, roads, money, and other things, have been stored up. The stores of capital are not lost. They are alike the grand results and the grand causes of industry. He who possesses capital in the form of a large sum of money, for instance, can give employment to others. You know quite well that, before I planted my factory here, there was little work in the town. Now, see how many workmen and their families are supported. I was not, mark you, obliged to come here to set up a factory. I could have gone somewhere else. Then look at the sum which I distribute weekly in wages. I give employment to 100 men, 146 women and girls, and 70 boys—altogether, 316 individuals; and the entire sum paid on an average weekly for wages amounts to £290. I say I pay £290 to my workpeople weekly in exchange for their labour. Surely you must now see that capital is a good thing; good for the working-classes. It is capital which hires and employs them; it is capital which pays their wages; it is capital which keeps them busy when often the market is glutted with goods; it gives them work till better times. Why has England larger and more numerous manufactories than any other country? Because it possesses a greater amount of capital—greater accumulations of savings—than any other country. What is one of the main causes of so much poverty in Ireland? The smallness of its capital in proportion to its population. There are few wealthy men in it who will risk their money to set up factories; and the people, increasing beyond the means of subsistence, are in a state of deplorable wretchedness. The bulk of the people in England would be as badly off, if the capitalists were to withdraw their support. And yet there are workmen so short-sighted as to wage war on the very thing which supports them. They attack capital as an enemy. It is their best friend.

Jackson.—I must allow there is reason in what you say. I know very well that if you did not give employment, and that others, also, did not give employment, the working-classes would be poorly off. I am obliged to you for your explanations, so far as they have gone. I see that the working-classes, in the mass, receive a large share of all ordinary outlays in manufactures; but I am still at a loss to discover why employers, taking them in the mass also, give the present rate of wages, and no more.

Smith.—Have a little patience. I am coming to that point. You know what the article is I produce?

Jackson.—Yes; it is cotton twist.

Smith.—Right. This article, produced by a course of manufacture from raw cotton, I send abroad. You have seen the bales going off, I daresay. They are sent to foreign countries, chiefly Germany, where the twist is made into cloth. There are cotton-spinning establishments in these countries as well as in England, but they cannot produce the yarn so cheaply. We beat them by our superior skill and machinery; but this may not always be the case, and at present there is a great competition in the trade of supplying them. Besides myself, perhaps five hundred English and Scotch manufacturers are making cotton twist for the foreign market. Each is struggling to have as much of the trade to himself as possible, by offering his goods at a low price. Some persons have said—why not combine to keep up the prices to the foreigner? But this is impossible, for two reasons. First, each manufacturer is impelled by his necessities to secure as much of the trade as he can; he has bills and accounts to pay, and he must try to get returns at all hazards. There may be a few who could unite to refuse selling their goods unless at a higher price; but there are many others, less scrupulous or more necessitous, who would break through all such regulations. In every trade there are undersellers. Second, if, by any contrivance, the whole cotton-yarn manufacturers of Great Britain could be brought to unite to keep up prices, it would be useless, for our foreign customers would immediately draw their supplies from Switzerland, the United States of America, or perhaps be able to supply themselves. You see we are placed in a very ticklish position. We are all, both in England and abroad, competing against each other. And this is not true alone of the cotton trade: it is the same in every branch of business. The iron trade, the silk trade, and all other large trades, are each pushed to their utmost in competing with the same trades abroad. And so much have foreigners improved lately in their manufactures, that they are now only a shade behind us in certain articles. The cutlery of Belgium, for example, is gradually taking the place of the cutlery of Sheffield in the continental market.

Jackson.—Well, I see there is a competition among you, and all fair too. When I wish to buy a pair of shoes, of course I get them where they are cheapest; and let every man do the same. But you have not shown what the competition among you masters has to do with the rate of wages.

Smith.—I will come to that. What I have wished to show you is, that there is a vast competition to produce goods cheaply; that this competition cannot, in the present state of things, be avoided; and that, therefore, it is every man's interest to manufacture at the lowest possible cost. Now, a manufacturer can only do so by buying on advantageous terms, by using the best kinds of machinery, and by giving his workmen the common rate of wages. Upon the whole, the manufacturer's

chief reliance is on his machinery and his labourers. Let us first speak of machinery. As long as all factory owners have much the same kind of machinery, they may be said to be on a level; but if one gets machines which will do more work at less expense, he has a great advantage over his neighbours, and in self-defence they must all get machines like his. Improvements are thus constantly going on, and therefore the buying of new machines causes a great outlay. You formerly spoke of manufacturers leading an easy life; you see only the outside; if you could look into their minds, you would observe anxieties without number. Next as to wages. The obligation to keep his place in the market, causes the manufacturer to give as little as he can. His feelings probably would induce him to give every one a high wage; but this is a matter of business, not of feeling. He can only give the wages which his neighbours—that is, his competitors—give. If all other manufacturers offer a workman, such as yourself, 20s. a-week, then I cannot give more. If I were to give you more, and another more, and so on, I could not manufacture so cheaply. My profits, and probably more than my profits, would be all given away. No man in his senses will do such a thing.

Jackson.—But why may not all masters give more?

Smith.—Don't you see they are all competing against each other. They try to save off every item of expenditure, and wages among the rest.

Jackson.—And how have they all come to an understanding on the subject? What is it that regulates their offer to me of 20s. weekly?

Smith.—The thing which governs them is the general supply of hands—the supply according to the demand. There is a certain quantity of work to be done here and elsewhere, and a certain quantity of hands to do it. If there be much work, and comparatively few hands, wages will rise; if little work, and an excess of hands, wages will fall. Without any mutual arrangement, the manufacturers come to a uniformity of wages. Indeed, it is not the masters, but the labourers, who settle the rate of wages. They settle it by competing against each other. In the same way that manufacturers compete against one another, so do the labouring classes compete against one another. All find it necessary to work, in order to live; and to get work, they accept of what wages are to be had. If they, however, hear that higher wages are going elsewhere, they carry their labour thither. They there compete with those who are already settled, and perhaps bring down wages to a lower level. Thus, without any mutual understanding among either masters or men, but just by a universal competition, wages get settled down at particular rates.

Jackson.—But is it not dreadful that in many instances wages should be so low that people cannot live on them?

Smith.—That wages should ever be so low that they cannot procure the ordinary necessities of life, is truly deplorable; but I have already told you that the payment of wages by employers is not a matter of feeling, but of business; they can give no more than others are giving, and that which is given is regulated by the number of hands in proportion to the demand for their services. Let me, if possible, bring this home to your own case. As far as I am aware, neither you nor your fellow-workmen ever give wages or prices merely on the score of compassion, when employing people to do jobs for you or when purchasing articles—to use your own words, in the case of buying shoes, you always go to the cheapest market. Now, have you ever seriously reflected, that by doing so you are helping to press down the wages of labour—the shoemaker in this instance being the employed, and you the employer—just like all ordinary purchasers or wage-payers. First, the public, workmen included, press on the shopkeepers to give their things cheap, then the shopkeepers press in the same way on the manufacturers, and lastly, the manufacturers press on the means of preparation, the wages of their workmen included. You see it all goes in a circle, one pressing on another throughout society; everybody trying to get everything as cheap as they can. If there be any evil in this, the factory or large employers are not the only parties to be blamed. Like you, in making your purchases, or paying for the services you receive, they go to the cheapest market, and only give what is sought; and what that is, is determined, as I have said before, by the competition for employment in proportion to the demand. In a word, it is *the unemployed who determine the rate of wages*. Whether these unemployed be men dismissed in consequence of a slackness of trade, or be new hands, the same result follows. Suppose, for example, in a body of 1000 workmen, there are fifty, equally good with the rest, who cannot find employment; in this instance the rate of wages will not be determined by the 950 employed, but by the fifty unemployed. As a matter of course, masters will employ those whom they can hire at the lowest wages: if the fifty unemployed offer to work for 20s. in place of 25s., they will discharge that number of their present workmen to make room for them. But the surplus of labourers continuing undiminished, the workmen discharged, urged by necessity, gladly offer to work for 20s. a-week also, and thereby supplant fifty more who are getting 25s. In this manner the reduction of wages will extend through the entire trade; the trifling redundancy of fifty workmen, like a trifling excess of commodities in the market, reducing the wages of the entire body of operatives.*

Jackson.—I think you are forgetting the power of combination among workmen to keep up or to raise wages. We can

associate in trades' unions—each trade its own union—and all helping and encouraging each other to stand out for a higher rate of wages.

Smith.—You can do so undoubtedly, but, as everybody knows, with no good to yourselves. The history of every trades' union is a history of folly, ending in repentance or misery. Got up, for the most part, by a few designing individuals, they are a vain effort to browbeat employers into the terms which they dictate, and, in doing so, tyrannise over the multitudes who would willingly take the current rate of wages. If you will permit me, I will read from a pamphlet in my hand* the particulars of two of the most powerful *strikes* for wages on record; the first, that at Preston, in Lancashire, in the winter of 1836-7: and the second a few months later at Glasgow, in Lanarkshire.

"The strike at Preston began by the workmen employed in the cotton manufacture of the place becoming discontented with the rate of wages allowed, which averaged for each man, after all deductions, 22s. 6d. per week. The main reason for the discontent was, that the spinners of Bolton had higher wages; but this higher rate, it seems, was more ideal than real, for the Bolton prices rose and fell with the times, whereas the Preston prices were fixed, and were in the aggregate, or long-run, as advantageous for the regular workman. Be this as it may, a union, which had formerly existed, commenced operations for raising the wages of the spinners.

Great excitement was produced, and nearly the whole of the spinners, not previously members of the union, were induced, or coerced by threats and intimidating means, to join the union; and under this semblance of strength, they, on the 13th of October, appointed a council, which commenced sitting at a public-house in the town.

The first act of the council was to wait on one of the most extensive houses in the town, who were known to be very strict in requiring from their hands an engagement not to belong to any trades' union, and demand an advance in the spinners' wages; to which request the house refused to accede. Immediately after this, six spinners in the employment of this house became insubordinate, and were discharged, the remaining spinners threatening thereupon to leave their work, unless the six men were restored to work. The house then ascertained from their hands that they were in reality seeking, by advice of the spinners' council, to obtain the Bolton list of prices for spinning, the like demands being made simultaneously by the spinners of all the other masters in the town. The masters showed no disposition to give way to these demands made on them; and the result was, that all the spinners throughout the town united

* A paper read before the British Association at Liverpool, and printed in the Working Man's Companion for 1838.

THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

in giving notice to their masters of their intention to quit their work.

The masters now held a meeting, at which it was determined to offer the spinners an advance of ten per cent. on their gross earnings, or about 3s. 4d. per week, on the condition that they would detach themselves from the union. This offer was in many instances accepted by individual spinners; but the council of the union assuming the right to return an answer in the name of the whole body, rejected the offer of the masters, and renewed their demand of the 'Bolton List of Prices,' unaccompanied by any condition relative to the union.

To these terms the masters refused to accede, and on Monday morning, the 7th November, the spinners discontinued their attendance, and the factories were closed. At this time the operatives amounted to 8500 persons.

Of these 660 were spinners.

1320 were piecers, children employed by the spinners.

6100 were card-room hands, reelers, and power-loom weavers.

420 were overlookers, packers, engineers, &c.

Making 8500 persons.

Of this number, it may be said that only 660 (that is, the whole of the spinners) voluntarily left their work, the greater part of the remaining 7840 being thereby thrown out of employment.

During the first fortnight of the turn-out, no change was apparent in the condition of the workpeople; some meetings were held both by masters and men, but nothing resulted from them. At the commencement of the second fortnight, complaints began to be heard from the card-room hands, and from the shop-keepers of the town.

Early in December, when the mills had been closed for a month, the streets began to be crowded with beggars, and the offices of the overseer were besieged with applicants for relief. The inmates of the workhouse began to increase rapidly, and scenes of the greatest misery and wretchedness were of constant occurrence. At this period the spinners were receiving from the funds of the union five shillings a-week each, and the piecers, some two, and others three shillings a-week; the card-room hands and power-loom weavers [forming, be it observed, nearly three-fourths of the whole number out of employment] were destitute of all means of support, receiving no assistance except such as the masters afforded them, which (except in the cases of eighteen or twenty individuals who had not joined the union) extended only to one meal a-day for each person.

In December, £100 was granted by the corporation towards relieving the general distress, and a meeting was convened for the purpose of raising a further sum, and of considering the most effectual means of putting an end to the turn-out; but nothing resulted from it. Towards the middle of December, when the

turn-out had lasted six weeks, it was evident that the funds of the union were nearly exhausted.

By the end of December the distress had become universal and intense, and the masters came to the resolution of opening their mills, in order to give those who wished for it an opportunity of resuming their work. In doing so, they announced their determination to abide by their former offer of an increase of ten per cent. on the rate of wages; but to require from all those who should enter the mills a written declaration to the effect, that they would not, at any future time, whilst in their service, become members of any union or combination of workmen.

Immediately on the re-opening of the mills, which took place on the 9th of January, all the card-room hands rushed anxiously to their work; but the continued absence of the spinners rendered it impossible to give them employment.

At the end of the first week after the mills had been opened, forty spinners were at work, of whom eighteen were those who, as before stated, had not joined the union, and the remaining twenty-two had never before been regularly employed in that kind of work.

In the course of the second week the number had increased to 100, of whom some were entirely new to the work, and three were seceders from the union; and at the end of the third week there were 140 spinners at work, some of the additional forty having been procured from neighbouring towns. Besides this, in two of the factories a few self-acting mules, or spinning-machines, were substituted for common mules, thereby dispensing with the services of the spinners. As the number of the spinners increased, of course a corresponding increase took place in the number of persons employed in the other departments.

Towards the middle of the fourth week the supplies from the funds of the union suddenly stopped, and those who had depended on this resource had no alternative left but to endeavour to obtain readmission to the factories. On the 5th of February, exactly three months from the day on which the mills were first closed, work was resumed in all the mills to its usual extent; but about 200 of the spinners who had been most active in the turn-out, were replaced by new hands, and have since either left the town, or remain there without employment. No systematic acts of violence, or violations of the law, took place during the turn-out. Detachments of military were stationed in the town to preserve order, but their services were not required. Some inflammatory handbills appeared on the walls, but without creating much sensation.

While the turn-out lasted, the operatives generally wandered about the streets without any definite object: seventy-five persons were brought before the magistrates, and convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct; twelve were imprisoned or held to bail for assaults or intimidation; about twenty young females became prostitutes, of whom more than one-half are still so, and

THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

of whom two have since been transported for theft; three persons are believed to have died of starvation; and not less than 5000 must have suffered long and severely from hunger and cold. In almost every family the greater part of the wearing apparel and household furniture was pawned. In nine houses out of ten, considerable arrears of rent were due; and out of the sum of £1600 deposited in the Savings' Bank by about sixty spinners or overlookers, £900 was withdrawn in the course of the three months; most of those who could obtain credit got into debt with the shopkeepers. The trade of the town suffered severely; many of the small shopkeepers were nearly ruined, and a few completely so.

The following estimate may be made of the direct pecuniary loss to all classes of operatives in consequence of the turn-out:—

The wages of the 660 spinners for 13 weeks at 22s. 6d.	£9,652	10	0
1320 piecers for 13 weeks, at 5s. 6d.	4,719	0	0
6520 weavers, card-room hands, overlookers, engineers, &c. &c. for 13			
8500 weeks, averaging 9s.	38,142	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by hand-loom weavers in consequence of the turn-out,	9,500	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by clerks, wagoners, carters, mechanics, dressers, sizers, &c. in consequence of the turn-out,	8,000	0	0
Total,	£70,013	10	0
From which must be deducted—			
Estimated amount of wages earned during the partial resumption of work between the 9th January and the 5th February,	5,013	0	0
Estimated value of relief given by the masters,	1,000	0	0
Other private charity and parish relief,	2,500	0	0
Allowance to the spinners and piecers from the funds of the union,	4,290	0	0
	£12,803	0	0
Leaving a net pecuniary loss to the whole body of the Preston operatives of,	£57,210	10	0
(But to the town at large it may be said the loss was that of the whole sum of £70,013, 10s., as the amount of the deductions are mostly of a charitable nature.)			
Loss to the Preston operatives,	£57,210	10	0
The loss to the masters being three months' interest of £800,000, some of which being sunk capital was not only unproductive, but was taking harm from being rendered useless, has been estimated at,	45,000	0	0
And the loss sustained by the shopkeepers from loss of business, bad debts, &c. &c.	4,986	0	0
Making the total loss to the town and trade of Preston, in this unavailing struggle,	£107,196	10	0

The strike of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, which took place in the summer of 1837, lasted from the 8th of April till the 1st of August, being a period of seventeen weeks and five days. The

THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

following is the statement of the loss to the operatives alone, independent of the loss of the masters, merchants, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others:—

700 spinners struck work ; their average wages were 32s. per week ; they had sometimes been higher ; this makes,	£19,040 0 0
2100 piecers, and 2100 card and picking-room hands, employed at the factories under the spinners, were, in consequence of that strike, thrown out of employment ; their average wage was 8s. per week,	28,560 0 0
Loss to the operatives themselves by wages,	£47,600 0 0

From a speech made by Mr Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, at a late trial of a cotton-spinner for violent intimidation, it appears that this amount of loss is by far the least part of the injury sustained. Speaking of the strike, he says, 'Its ruinous consequences upon the industry and prosperity of the manufacturing classes are already frightfully apparent. The return of the commitments for the county of Lanark exhibits a melancholy increase of crime during the last year, and which will forcibly attract the attention of the legislature. At the Christmas jail delivery last year, only seven prisoners remained in custody for trial in Glasgow. By the schedule I hold in my hand, there are at this moment sixty-eight, almost all committed during the last two months ! Nor is this result surprising. During the disastrous strikes of the last summer, twenty or thirty thousand young persons of both sexes were thrown idle for many months in Glasgow and its immediate neighbourhood, almost all accustomed to high wages, and too often to habitual intemperance. Nine-and-twenty thousand persons in Glasgow are directly or indirectly employed in the manufacture of cotton goods, the great majority of whom were thrown idle by the spinners' strike ; and this calamitous event took place at a period of unexampled distress from the general commercial embarrassments of the country, and hardly any means of absorbing the helpless multitudes in other trades existed. For the skilled workmen who arranged their strikes, the cotton-spinners, iron-moulders, colliers, or sawyers, funds were provided from the resources of the associations to which they severally belonged ; but for the unhappy persons whom they employed in their labour, the piecers, pickers, drawers, &c. no provision whatever existed, and they were thrown, in vast and appalling numbers, far beyond the reach either of public or private charity, on the streets, or into public-houses, to while away the weary hours of compulsory idleness. The results may easily be anticipated. The wretched victims of this tyranny all got deeply into debt if they had any credit, and if they had none, sunk into such habits of idleness, profligacy, and intemperance, that great numbers of them have been permanently rendered mere nuisances and burdens to society. The cotton-spinners' strike alone instantly threw six or seven thousand women and children out of employment for a long

period; eight thousand human beings were retained in a state of destitution and wretchedness for four months, merely at the pleasure of fifteen men.

Nor have the effects of this unhappy and unnatural system upon society been less disastrous. The cotton-spinners' strike cost the persons who were employed in that trade—spinners, piecers, and others—above £50,000! The loss to the masters was at least as great: that to the persons whom they employed or dealt with for provisions or other articles probably still greater. £200,000 were lost to Glasgow and its vicinity in four months, without a shilling being gained by any human being, by the strike of this trade alone! The total loss sustained by Lanarkshire between the strikes of the colliers, the iron-moulders, sawyers, and spinners, last year, was at least £500,000. Society cannot long go on under a repetition of such shocks: capital will migrate from the country where it is subject to such calamities. And what is most remarkable, these grievous blows were inflicted by the working-classes on themselves at the very time when commercial credit was reeling under the effects of the convulsion of last year, and the most respectable establishments with difficulty sustained themselves against the accumulated pressure of diminished orders and increased embarrassments. The principle of the operatives has too often been by combination and violence to force up their wages during prosperity, and by combination and violence to prevent them from falling in adversity; hoping thus to avert from themselves the law of nature, and build up on the foundation of intimidation a durable prosperity amidst the fleeting changes of human affairs.'"

Jackson.—These were certainly very badly managed affairs; but trades' unions are not always so unsuccessful. There are many instances of their keeping up wages without loss, stoppage, or violence.

Smith.—I do not doubt they may sometimes cause a feverish rise of wages; but in the main, they are productive of great misery to the working-classes themselves. Supposing them to be successful, they defeat their own ends. Trade is a most delicate plant; it cannot endure being tampered with—

"You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

The raising of wages at one place to an unnatural level sends the trade to another place, or quenches the trade altogether. Combinations, when of frequent occurrence, or when the demands of the workmen are exorbitant, cause the removal of factories to other situations where the proprietors may be free from the improper control of their men. Of this it would be easy to give many instances. The combinations in Nottinghamshire of persons under the name of Luddites, drove a great number of lace frames from that district, and caused establishments to be formed in Devonshire. The increase of the silk trade at Manchester is

partly owing to its migration from Macclesfield, which for some time suffered considerably from the restrictions placed on labour by the unions. Norwich has suffered the same evil. "The business of calico-printing," says a gentleman conversant with the subject, "which had been long carried on in Belfast, was taken from it in consequence of the combination of the men engaged in it. The party who had embarked his capital in the trade sold off his materials; and the result was, that one hundred and seven families were thrown out of bread. In the town of Bandon, a cotton factory was established, which was like to give employment to many persons in that neighbourhood. The proprietor fitted up his machinery, and had received several orders; when that was known to the workmen, they turned out for higher wages. The proprietor remained long enough to complete the orders he had got, but then gave up the business; and thus that neighbourhood lost an outlay in wages of £11,000 or £12,000. With respect to the city of Dublin, he was sure he did not overstate the matter, when he said that wages to the amount of £500,000 a-year were withdrawn from it in the manufacture of almost every article of consumption. In the foundry trade alone, not less than £10,000 a-year was sent out of Dublin, which would have been retained if the system of combination did not exist. Not very long ago there were four ship-builders in extensive business in Dublin; there was at present not one—the trade had been removed to Drogheda and to Belfast; and if a vessel coming into the port required repairs, she was cobbled up in such a way as to enable her to get across the Channel, or to get down to Belfast, where she could be thoroughly repaired. What was the cause of this? It was, that, when there was any business, so as to give employment to the workmen, they at once turned out for higher wages." Other instances have occurred where still greater injury has been produced by the removal of a portion of the skill and capital of the country to a foreign land. Such was the case at Glasgow, as stated in the Fourth Parliamentary Report respecting artisans and machinery. One of the partners in an extensive cotton factory, fettered and annoyed by the constant interference of his workmen, removed to the state of New York, where he re-established his machinery, and thus afforded to a rival community, already formidable to our trade, at once a pattern of our best machinery, and an example of the best methods of using it.*

Strikes also lead to the superseding of hand labour by machines. In 1831, on the occasion of a strike at Manchester, several of the capitalists, afraid of their business being driven to other countries, had recourse to the celebrated machinists, Messrs Sharp and Co. of Manchester, requesting them to direct the inventive talents of their partner, Mr Roberts, to the construction of a self-acting

* Babbage on Machinery and Manufactures.

mule, in order to emancipate the trade from galling slavery and impending ruin. Under assurances of the most liberal encouragement in the adoption of his invention, Mr Roberts suspended his professional pursuits as an engineer, and set his fertile genius to construct a spinning automaton. In the course of a few months he produced a machine, called the "Self-acting Mule," which, in 1834, was in operation in upwards of sixty factories; doing the work of the head spinners so much better than they could do it themselves, as to leave them no chance against it.

In his work, the "Philosophy of Manufactures," Dr Ure observes on the same subject—"The elegant art of calico-printing, which embodies in its operations the most elegant problems of chemistry, as well as mechanics, had been for a long period the sport of foolish journeymen, who turned the liberal means of comfort it furnished them into weapons of warfare against their employers and the trade itself. They were, in fact, by their delirious combinations, plotting to kill the goose which laid the golden eggs of their industry, or to force it to fly off to a foreign land, where it might live without molestation. In the spirit of Egyptian task-masters, the operative printers dictated to the manufacturers the number and quality of the apprentices to be admitted into the trade, the hours of their own labour, and the wages to be paid them. At length capitalists sought deliverance from this intolerable bondage in the resources of science, and were speedily reinstated in their legitimate dominion of the head over the inferior members. The four-colour and five-colour machines, which now render calico-printing an unerring and expeditious process, are mounted in all great establishments. It was under the high-pressure of the same despotic confederacies that self-acting apparatus for executing the dyeing and rinsing operations has been devised."

The croppers of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the hecklers or flax-dressers, can unfold "a tale of wo" on this subject. Their earnings exceeded those of most mechanics; but the frequency of strikes among them, and the irregularities in their hours and times of working, compelled masters to substitute machinery for their manual labour. Their trades, in consequence, have been in a great measure superseded.* I might easily multiply examples of the injuries suffered by unionists from strikes, for they are very numerous; but I think I have said enough to convince any reasonable man that trades' unions, as generally conducted, have a most pernicious result. They are got up for the most part with a singular disregard of justice and benevolence. Their promoters too frequently forget that others less fortunate and skilful require to live beside themselves. Working-men in full employment, for instance, sometimes combine to deter masters from receiving more than a certain number of apprentices. This may

* Wade's History of the Working-Classes.

serve the purpose of combinatorians at the time, but it is clearly oppressive to the young persons who wish to be employed. It is equivalent to saying to these persons—"We shall keep all the work to ourselves, on our own terms; you shall have none of it, even although you should starve." I have heard instances of journeymen tailors combining to prevent women from being employed in their profession, and what was this but condemning women to idleness and starvation, in order that the tailor-unionists might maintain their prices? It is somewhat remarkable that working-men, who manifest so keen a sense of injury on their own persons, should care so little for oppressing and grievously injuring others. In all the strikes which I have heard of, the welfare of the head workers seems alone to be consulted; no one appears to care for throwing idle and starving the many thousands of inferior workers, such as boys, women, and girls. Your own common sense must perceive that such conduct is dictated by a spirit of selfishness, and has for its aim the most complete monopoly. I need say no more on trades' unions as they have been too commonly managed. Many a well-meaning man has lived to lament he ever had anything to do with them.

Jackson.—Sir, I have listened patiently to your account of trades' unions. I think, with you, that they may be carried much too far. Still, it does not seem unreasonable for men to unite to make the most of their labour—to prevent the oppression of masters disposed to do them injustice.

Smith.—It is certainly quite reasonable for men to sell their labour at as high a rate as possible, whether as individuals or as masses; but they commit a prodigious error, and also a crime punishable by law, when they proceed the length of preventing others from underselling them—when they threaten, bully, and actually inflict bodily injuries on those who are inclined or necessitated to work at wages somewhat lower than what the union dictates. You talk of oppression. There is no oppression on the face of the earth so great as this.

Jackson.—But surely there is nothing criminal in a union laying down rules for a uniform rate of wages; I mean, that a master shall not pay some one wage and some another?

Smith.—Nothing criminal, but something very wrong and very foolish. Combinations to enforce a uniform rate of wages is an evil most detrimental to the workmen themselves. Such rules can mean only—that the *least* skilful shall be paid as high wages as the *most* skilful; the idle and dull as much as the most expert. According to this preposterous arrangement—concocted, no doubt, by the dunces of the profession—no inducement is held out to a man to distinguish himself. If such a system had prevailed forty years ago, we should never have heard of Telford, or Rennie, or a hundred other men who raised themselves above their fellows. I wonder such a shrewd fellow as you, Jackson, should not see this.

Jackson.—Why, I confess I never saw it in that light before. There is such a deal of stuff talked, that it is long before one gets at the truth. One thing, however, still seems a little puzzling. How is it that men are paid so differently? Some persons, who live a very genteel and easy sort of life, get large payments, while we working-men are pushed off with a pound a-week or so.

Smith.—That is a very reasonable question, and I will answer it, I hope, to your satisfaction. The recompense of labour depends on what the labour is. If the labour is of a simple kind, which any able-bodied man may perform with little training, so many will resort to it in comparison to the demand, that their wages will be comparatively small. The labour may be dangerous, or it may be painful, but these circumstances do not affect the rate of payment. An abundance of men can always be obtained to fight and run the risk of being shot, for a shilling a-day; and plenty of men can always be procured to work in a ditch at about the same recompense. It is different with professions requiring long and expensive study, as that of medical men. No person can be fully educated as a practising surgeon at a less cost than £800, independently of six or seven years of study. Comparatively few men, therefore, follow this profession; and, their services being in demand, they receive correspondingly high payments. An unthinking person would perhaps consider that, as a medical man gives only a word or two of advice when called upon in a case of illness, he should be paid only an insignificant fee; but a moment's thought will show you, that before he was able to give this advice, he expended years in study, as well as large sums of money; and that, therefore, he is entitled to be paid accordingly. Society might indeed refuse to make such payments to men belonging to the learned professions; but the consequence would be, that no one would consider it worth his while to follow them. We should have no physicians or surgeons, for example; and when any person became affected with disease, or met with an accident, such as a fractured limb, he would be left to his fate, or committed to the charge of ignorant pretenders. Thus, all things considered, it is better to pay such men a fitting sum for their labours than to treat them indifferently. Another thing very materially affects the rate of remuneration—the precariousness of employment. Porters, hackney-coachmen, and others who are employed only by fits and starts, must be paid accordingly. A porter may consider a shilling little enough for going an errand, because, perhaps, he may have only one such job in the day. Attorneys, whose employment is very irregular, are usually paid on this principle. You will give one of them 6s. 8d. for writing a letter, which seems a high payment; but, laying the expense of his preliminary education out of the question, he has not perhaps more than one or two such letters to write per day; therefore he

must charge for his idle as well as his employed time. The payments in some businesses are governed by the disreputability of the employment; while, on the other hand, you will find men of education, ability, and leisure, engaging in pursuits attended with vast trouble, merely for the sake of doing what is held in popular estimation. You know, I daresay, many men who eagerly seek to be members of parliament, members of town-councils, and of other public bodies, without any pecuniary remuneration at all. They are willing to put themselves to a vast deal of trouble for the mere honour of the office.

Jackson.—I confess it is rather strange I never heard such explanations before. Another question occurs to me. I wish to know if the amount of wages does not depend on the price of the common necessities and luxuries of life? I have heard it confidently asserted that they do.

Smith.—That is a department of the wage-question on which there have been great differences of opinion. My own conviction is, that the lowering of prices would not make the slightest difference in the rate of wages, as long as the number of hands seeking employment remained the same, and there was the same amount of labour to give them. Some persons have argued, that if bread and beef, and some other articles, were to fall in price, the working-man, by being able to buy his usual quantity of provisions for less money, would accept a wage proportionally lower. This seems to me a fallacy, unless we can suppose a very material change taking place in the tastes, habits, and desires of the labouring classes. The working-man, as you know, always tries to get as high a price as possible for his labour, without regard to what he can buy with the money. When an operative applies for work at a factory, and seeks 3s. a-day, the employer does not say to him, "Bread has now fallen, and you must take only 2s. 9d. a-day." If he said so foolish a thing, the man would reply, "What does it signify to you what I can buy with my money? I seek 3s. a-day for my labour, because that is what everybody else is paying; and if you will not give so much, I will hire myself to some other master. If the employer, therefore, wanted hands, he would be compelled to take the man at his own terms of 3s. daily. I have supposed this case, but it admits of proof by comparing the wages of operatives, domestic servants, and others, during the last thirty years, with the average price of grain in each year. The weekly wages of stone masons, carpenters, and similar artisans, have generally, during the past thirty years, varied from 14s. to 22s., while the average price of a quarter of wheat, barley, and oats, has varied from 84s. 6d. to 178s.; the highest wages, in some instances, being given in the cheapest years. In some parts of Lancashire, weavers and spinners received 20s. per week in 1826-7, and 14s. in 1839-40. In 1815, the average daily wage of a slubber [operative who

attends a spinning-machine] was 2s. 6d. or 2s. 8d.; it is now 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. The daily wage of a carder in 1815 was 1s. 2d.; it is now 1s. 6d. Piecers, who are young boys or girls, got 7d. a-day in 1815, and they now have 9d. It is needless to multiply examples. From all evidence, it appears that prices of food are no way concerned in the payment of wages.

Jackson.—Well, you have said enough on that point; and I now come to a question more intimately concerning the subject of wages. Would it not serve a good purpose to settle the rate of wages by law? You have said that workmen cannot force wages *up*, nor employers force them *down*, by combinations. Now, might not a law be made to compel certain wages to be paid according to the work done?

Smith.—No such law could ever be founded in justice. Wages are paid out of the profits of trade, and as these profits are constantly fluctuating, it might happen that a manufacturer would be called on to pay more than he could afford, or what was warranted by the state of the labour market. If more than he could afford, manufacturers would of course cease giving employment, and many of them would probably go to other countries. If the wages were higher than were warranted by the state of the labour market, then the obligation to pay them would be to tyrannise not only over the employers, but over a large number of unemployed working-people, who would gladly labour for wages of lower amount. I will not deny that in some very steady trades a fixed tariff of wages, as, for example, that each man should receive 5s. a-day, would perhaps for a time answer pretty well; but, unless you could insure that the quantity of labour would keep pace with the number of hands, a time would come when the system would be deranged; in short, the time would arrive when one portion of workmen would be employed at the standard wages, and another portion would be left unemployed, and reduced to beggary.

Jackson.—You are reasoning, I think, on a supposition that all should be paid 5s. a-day. But suppose the law to enforce a much lower rate?

Smith.—That would produce an evil of a different kind. It might be giving less than ought to be given, and that would be a tyranny over the workmen. Besides, by wages being fixed unalterably at a low rate, all who were employed would be on a dead level. The most idle and most industrious, the most stupid and the most skilful, would be paid alike. I have already pointed out the evil of such a regulation.

Jackson.—As far as I can understand your doctrines, you mean to establish, that if wages be left to themselves, they will find their level. How, then, does it occur that one employer will sometimes be found paying higher wages than another?

Smith.—No rule is without exceptions. As a general rule, employers seldom speak to each other about their affairs. The

spirit of rivalry keeps them apart. Each tries to have the best machinery and the best men. For the most part, employers are anxious to keep good hands whom they have had for some time, and in whom they can repose confidence. Some, however, are much more considerate than others on this point, and will make a sacrifice in order to keep men to whom they are attached. I have myself often kept my hands on when I was really working at a loss; not only from motives of personal esteem, but because, if I had paid off these men, it might have been difficult to re-engage them: they would have dispersed themselves to seek employment elsewhere. In this way steady men may be said at all times to command the support of their employers, and will in many cases receive wages considerably higher than what are paid generally in the trade. Good character, in short, always commands its price; and to reach this stamp of superiority ought to be every working-man's aim.

Jackson.—Well, although I agree in the truth of many of your remarks, I remain satisfied that the labouring-classes have much to complain of. Their condition does not seem to be improving, or keeping pace with the increasing wealth of the country. Can you suggest no means for its practical improvement?

Smith.—That is a question different from that on which we started. The object of our conversation was to clear up differences between employers and employed, and I have done my best to show you that if the working-classes are badly off, it is not the employers as a class who are to blame. When you ask if no means can be suggested to improve the condition of operatives, we get into a quite new question; we get into a discussion, I apprehend, on the general condition of society—a subject of a very difficult kind, on which there are a variety of opinions. However, since you have asked the question, I will try to answer it. I acknowledge, with great pain, there is a considerable amount of destitution demanding compassion and alleviation. By a concurrence of causes, general and particular, large numbers of the labouring population have got into a condition of considerable embarrassment and suffering—from want of education, abandonment to bad habits, and loss of self-respect, perhaps natural incapacity to compete with more skilful neighbours, also by fluctuations constantly increasing the mass of destitution in our large towns. The misfortunes and imprudences of the higher order of workmen and the mercantile classes also cause much destitution, and swell the numbers of the unemployed.

Jackson.—You are describing what seems an incurable evil. Surely there must be some remedy for this state of things?

Smith.—Of course there is; but time is required to digest and point out what shall be the proper remedy. In the meanwhile, viewing the destitute with compassion for their poverty and misfortunes, it is the duty of the more fortunate classes to relieve them by every means in their power; and the wish to do

so is amply testified in the establishment of hospitals, infirmaries, charitable institutions, and poor laws. I am not without hopes, also, that education—that is, a more perfect fitting out the poorer classes for the difficulties they have to encounter—would considerably assuage the evil; but this must be a matter of time and consideration. Passing therefore from the condition of the actually pauperised classes, let us turn to the state and prospects of the working-man. I would divide plans for his improvement in circumstances into two kinds—1. Those which he may carry out himself; and, 2. Those which may be executed by the state.

Beginning with the former kind, I should say that the working-man should *avoid an early and imprudent marriage*. Many of the manual labouring-classes seem to entertain loose notions on this subject; they generally marry when young—some even before they are out of their apprenticeships, at all events before they are able to maintain a wife and family comfortably. A man of honourable feelings should be startled at the idea of marrying and bringing children into the world to drag out a half-starved existence, or be cut down in their early years by the effects of misery. He will not multiply competitors for his own and his neighbour's labour, or do that which will subdivide a morsel already too small, and make all, himself included, the more wretched. He will not do this if he *have* good feelings and just views; but he will do it if he want these great distinctive features of an estimable character.

Jackson.—These be hard words on poor men, sir. Surely it is natural and right to marry when one has a mind to it; and I am strongly of opinion that a country must be in a very bad state when men and women are prevented from marrying in their young days; because, if they have to wait till they are up in years, they cannot expect to live to rear and look after a family. A pretty pass things have come to when the working-classes are told not to marry till they are old men!

Smith.—I think you are stating the case too strongly, Mr Jackson. I do not advocate the postponement of marriage till old age. What I want to recommend is, *prudence in waiting for a few years, till the man has saved a little money, and the woman perhaps saved something also*. Then they may marry prudently. Marriage is a sacred and proper institution. No other state of life is so productive of happiness, or length of days, provided the parties are well matched, and desirous of assisting and comforting each other. I am well aware that it might be better if marriage could be entered upon earlier than it is; and I fully agree with you in saying that things cannot be in a good state when marriage, at a reasonable age, is reckoned imprudent. But you know in this, as in many other matters, we must take things as we find them. We must temporise till means be devised for improving our existing situation. I therefore assert

that, according to all principles of justice, propriety, and expediency, a man ought to pause before he rushes into matrimony, and not only plunges a confiding female into irretrievable ruin, but brings beings into the world whom he has not the means of supporting.

Jackson.—I certainly don't think any well-meaning man would do so.

Smith.—Well-meaning! He must be something more than well-meaning. Half the errors in society are done by well-meaning people. I say a man ought to think seriously, and with foresight, when he undertakes to maintain a family; but let me continue my observations as to what means the working-classes should adopt for their own benefit. I have said that one great cause of distress in circumstances is *early or imprudent marriage*. A second cause of misery is *the general want of economy, along with intemperance*. You complain of low wages. I have told you they cannot at present be raised. May you, then, not try to economise what you actually receive? My belief is, that, properly expended, wages, as now paid, are not insufficient to the respectable support of the employed in towns. Taking, for instance, the skilled operatives occupied in the building and furnishing of houses, in making clothing, and in working in mines and manufactories, I should think their average incomes, in good and bad times, afford the means of comfortable subsistence. But the misfortune is, that their earnings in brisk times are often wastefully expended. I could produce numberless instances of working-men realising from £2, 10s. to £2, 18s. weekly, for years, and yet they are always as poor as ever—poorer than many who do not realise above 15s. weekly. I shall give you a few examples. Some time ago I visited a large manufacturing establishment in London, where as many as three hundred persons are employed. Of these a hundred men receive each on an average £1, 15s. for working five days in the week. They decline coming to labour on Monday, which they habitually make a holiday, and, I was told, thus regularly lose 7s. each weekly. Besides this loss, I was informed that each expends not less than 7s. weekly for beer. The establishment, in fact, supports a public-house. Now, are not such facts deplorable? Here are a hundred men voluntarily losing 7s. every week by leaving off work on Monday, and losing 7s. by intemperance—making a loss of 14s. weekly, or £36 per annum. Among the whole hundred, as much as £3600 are annually wasted, or worse than wasted; for the expenditure leads to loss of health, and lasting degradation of habits. Not one of them saves a penny. When any slackness of trade takes place, and they are paid off, they actually beg; for what is going round with subscription papers but begging? Such men ought not only to be comfortable in circumstances, but to have money saved. But the truth is, the working-classes know little about saving. Few of them,

in comparison to their numbers, put money into savings' banks. For example, it was lately found that out of 14,937 deposit accounts in the savings' bank in the great manufacturing town of Manchester, only 4181 were the deposits of working-people. A similar result is shown by returns from the savings' banks of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee; and it may now be taken as a well-ascertained fact, that the working-classes do not save money according to their means. So common, indeed, is it to see men with moderate wages saving, and men with large wages extravagant, that many persons have come to the conclusion, that high wages prove a curse more than a blessing. The curse, however, is brought on the workmen entirely by themselves.

I observe from a pamphlet lately issued in Manchester, that the foreman of a cotton factory had been employed to inquire into the condition of the workmen in the mill in relation to their earnings, and he discloses the following facts:—"Carder and manager, with £1, 15s. a-week, ten years in work—extremely poor. Carder, with family earnings, £3 a-week, seven years in work—in great poverty. Dresser, with family earnings, £3, 10s. a-week, ten years in work—in great poverty. Mule-spinner, with family earnings, £1, 15s. a-week, five years in work—in poverty. Another mule-spinner, with family earnings, £1, 18s. a-week, five years in work—in poverty. Spinner and manager, with family earnings, £2, 10s. a-week, twelve years in work—died in great poverty. Mechanic, with family earnings, £2, 5s. a-week, seven years in work—in poverty. Overlooker, with family earnings, £3, 10s. a-week, seven years in work—in poverty." The reasons given for these deplorable exhibitions of poverty are—"extravagance, improvidence, want of domestic management, intemperance, immorality."

The writer of the account goes on to say, "It is not unusual for the week's earnings of many operatives to be consumed in luxury and drunkenness on the evening of Saturday and on Sunday. The consequence is, their families drag out the remainder of the week amidst privations extending even to the common necessities of life. To obtain food, an article of furniture or of dress is taken to the pawnbroker, and a few shillings are borrowed on its security. This money has to be so minutely subdivided, that domestic articles are necessarily purchased in almost the smallest possible quantities; consequently, 30 and even 60 per cent. are not unfrequently paid over and above the prices for which these articles might have been procured. Improvidence is by no means confined to the labouring population of the manufacturing districts. A friend informs us that a similar social evil prevails amongst the fishermen on the coast of Yorkshire. Three men and a boy have been known to take in one night, under favourable circumstances, fish which they sold the following morning for £20. Instead of carefully husbanding their respective shares of this sum, they with their families

immediately resorted to over-feeding and drinking; and, between waste and extravagance, contrived to spend every farthing of the money before the end of the week. Where such improvidence prevails, home soon presents no attraction for its inmates. Within its walls mutual recriminations are chiefly heard. Destitute of comfort, it is shunned. The beer-house, the gin-shop, debating clubs, infidel meeting-houses, or seditious assemblies, are the places frequented in its stead.”*

On the want of economy among the working-classes generally, I have observed some striking particulars in a “Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of England,” which was laid before parliament in 1842. Be so good as peruse the following passages, including a contrast in the economy of families. “It is unquestionably true that the deplorable state of destitution and wretchedness, the existence of which is too notorious to be denied, might in most cases have been averted by common prudence and economy. The disgusting habits of self-indulgence, in both males and females, at the beer and spirit-shops, with their want of economy in expending their weekly income, keeps them in a continued state of destitution and filth, and explains the reason why some families of the labouring-classes support themselves in cleanliness and comparative comfort with limited means, whilst others, with the largest amount of income, are always to be found in a state of want and wretchedness. The following cases will serve as examples:—

1.

Cellar in Wellington-Court, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man, his wife, and seven children; income per week £1, 11s.; rent 1s. 6d. per week; three beds for seven, in a dark unventilated back-room, bed covering of the meanest and scantiest kind—the man and wife occupying the front-room as a sleeping-room for themselves, in which the whole family take their food and spend their leisure time. Here the family is in a filthy destitute state, with an income averaging 3s. 5½d. each per week, four being children under 11 years of age.

2.

Cellar in York Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man, a hand-loom weaver, his wife and family (one daughter married, with her husband, forms part of the family), comprising altogether seven persons; income £2, 7s., or 6s. 8½d. per head; rent 2s. Here, with the largest amount of income, the family occupy two filthy, damp, unwholesome cellars, one of which is a back place without pavement or flooring of any kind, occupied by the loom of the family, and used as a sleeping-room for the married couple and single daughter.

1.

In a dwelling-house in Chorlton union, containing one sitting-room and two bedrooms; a man, his wife, and three children; rent 2s. 6d. per week; income per week 12s. 6d., being an average of 2s. 6d. per week for each person. Here, with a sickly man, the house presented an appearance of comfort in every part, as also the bedding was in good order.

2.

In a dwelling-house, Stove Street, one sitting-room, one kitchen, and two bedrooms; rent 4s. per week; a poor widow, with a daughter also a widow, with ten children, making together thirteen in family; income £1, 6s. per week, averaging 2s. per head per week. Here there is every appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

* Pamphlet published by Benjamin Love. Manchester: 1843.

THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

3.

John Salt, of Carr Bank (labourer); wages 12s. per week; a wife, and one child aged 15; he is a drunken disorderly fellow, and very much in debt.

4.

William Haynes, of Oakamoore (wire-drawer); wages £1 per week; he has a wife and five children; he is in debt, and his family is shamefully neglected.

5.

George Locket, of Kingsley (boatman); wages 18s. per week, with a wife and seven children; his family is in a miserable condition.

6.

John Banks, of Cheadle (collier); wages 18s. per week; wife and three children; his house is in a filthy state, and the furniture not worth 10s.

7.

William Weaver, of Kingsley (boatman); wages 12s. per week; wife and three children; he is a drunken disorderly fellow, and his family entirely destitute.

8.

Richard Barlow, of Cheadle (labourer); wages 12s. per week; wife and five children; in miserable circumstances; not a bed to lie on.

3.

George Hall, of Carr Bank (labourer); wages 10s. per week; has reared ten children; he is in comfortable circumstances.

4.

John Hammonds, of Woodhead (collier); wages 18s. per week; has six children to support; he is a steady man, and saving money.

5.

George Mosley, of Kingsley (collier); wages 18s. per week; he has a wife and seven children; he is saving money.

6.

William Faulkner, of Tean (tape-weaver); wages 18s. per week; supports his wife and seven children without assistance.

7.

Charles Rushton, of Lightwood-fields; wages 14s. per week; he supports his wife and five children in credit.

8.

William Sargeant, of Lightwood-fields (labourer); wages 13s. per week; he has a wife and six children, whom he supports comfortably."

So much for a general want of economy, arising, I believe, from a sheer heedlessness of consequences. With respect to *intemperance* as a cause in itself for depressed circumstances, a very fearful tale can be told. A few facts on this subject will be sufficient to give you an idea of the enormous expenditure on liquors of an intoxicating nature. According to returns issued by the Excise, the following quantity of spirits was entered for home consumption in 1843:—British spirits, 20,642,333 gallons; foreign spirits, 3,464,074 gallons; total, 24,106,407 gallons, which would cost the public at least £30,000,000. So much for spirits; now for malt liquor. It appears that the brewers in 1841 used 3,686,063 quarters of malt, which, I learn from a person skilled in those matters, would produce 10,765,352 barrels of porter, stout, ale, and beer. Taking these at an average price, they would altogether cost the public not less a sum than £25,000,000. Of wines, it is calculated that about 7,000,000 gallons are consumed annually, costing the public about £10,000,000. Altogether, the sums spent in the United Kingdom on intoxicating liquors of one kind or another amount to *sixty-five millions of pounds sterling annually*, or considerably more than the whole revenue of the country. In all probability, thirty out of the sixty-five millions are spent by the working, at all events the struggling, classes.

We have here a very fearful picture of intemperance. The money spent, the time lost, the health deranged, the morals deteriorated, and the universal poverty and misery created, are not

all the evils produced. We must take into account what social benefits are forfeited. The breadth of land devoted to the growing of grain to be employed in making porter, ale, beer, and spirits, is incalculable; and if it were employed in producing food, we should most likely have bread at half its present price. As much grain is made into malt as the whole annual importation of foreign grain. In short, without going farther into this monster evil, we may be well assured that *intemperance* alone, independently of everything else, is a grand cause of general distress, and that if we could remove *that*, the condition of the working-classes would rise under every difficulty, and they would enjoy a degree of comfort of which they have as yet had no experience.

It is very generally allowed, and with much truth, that a great cause of the want of economy, the intemperance, and the heedlessness of the working-classes, is that state of *contented ignorance in which the bulk of them continue to remain*. A more general system of education would, of course, do much to remedy this evil; but, after all, *on people's own exertions* depend their becoming more wise and prudent. Of late years, a great advance has taken place in almost every art and science, but the lower classes generally have not kept pace with the progress made by others. Intelligent and benevolent men have exerted themselves to establish mechanics' institutions, public libraries, and other means for improving the minds of the people; but, on the whole, the working-classes have looked on such efforts with indifference, and institutions specially for their benefit have been attended chiefly by other parties. In short, it is only the thinking and steady few—the honourable aristocracy of workmen—who habitually attend such establishments, who read during their spare hours, or who have any real care for acquiring useful knowledge. The consequence of this apathy is, that while the instructed part of society has been shooting ahead, a large proportion of uninstructed has fallen behind, and is getting into a situation more and more hopeless.

Jackson.—Sir, you talk as if the working-classes had plenty of time on their hands to do these things. You seem to forget that they must labour hard for subsistence. What can a man do who has to work at a fatiguing employment ten hours a-day?

Smith.—I am not forgetting that working-men have little time to spare. Still they could, for the most part, do something useful with that little. Some, indeed, spend every Monday in sheer idleness; and if all the hours which are generally lost by lounging in the streets and beer-shops were put together, they would come to a great deal at the end of every year. Your class seem to entertain the notion that the odd times not employed at work are of no value. This is a serious mistake. Even with a clear half-hour a-day, something useful may be done. The most distinguished men in ancient and modern times are known to have raised themselves in the world by dint of self-improvement during

small snatches of time, through a series of years. There are instances even of slaves studying during short intervals of their tasks, and fitting themselves for posts of honour. But the chance of rising in the world is an inferior motive for self-cultivation. Supposing a workman to be steady, and in regular employment, his situation may confer as much happiness as if he occupied a higher station. I know of nothing so well calculated to assuage the hardships of one's lot as a habit of reading instructive and entertaining books. The mind is expanded; a world formerly supposed to be dull and miserable is seen to abound in beauties, and a new relish is given to existence, however drudging be the occupation. Besides, I cannot sympathise in the idea that working-men are to be pitied because they labour. Labour is not an evil, but a positive blessing; it is only injurious when carried to excess. All the comforts that render life agreeable have been prepared by some kind of labour. Nor is labour dishonourable. The operative in his working attire, and at his duties, is an object of respect, while the mere idler merits only our compassion. Labour never fails to produce cheerfulness and good health, and is so essential for the due enjoyment of existence, that persons who do not require to labour for subsistence, almost, without exception, labour for pleasure. The condition of the operative is not perhaps what it may be rendered in a more enlightened state of society; nevertheless, he commits an error when he thinks he is the only hard-wrought man. His duties are plain before him; and when these are performed, he is at his ease. The employer, on the other hand, is consumed with cankering cares and anxieties. He has to contrive what will be most answerable—how his capital or hard-won earnings may be risked with the least chance of loss. Nor are persons belonging to the higher professions free from the most grinding harassments. Their minds are worn down with thought, and they often sink beneath the burden of their labours. I mention such things for the purpose of reconciling you to labour—to show you that, in moderation, it is a blessing; and that at all events others work as painfully as those who, by use and wont, are called the working-classes. Labour, I say, is only to be condemned in excess, when it injures health, and leaves *no* time for a fair share of enjoyments. Every individual ought to possess at least two or three hours daily, independently of the hours for meals and for sleep, to be used in recreative, mental, or out-door exercises. At present, I am glad to see there is a general impression that the hours of labour in many businesses are too long, and are likely to be shortened.

We now come to the plans which should be adopted by the state. I will not plunge into the great sea of politics to discuss projects affecting the position of the working-classes; neither will I mix up with the present question any inquiry as to how far improvements in the commercial and fiscal policy of the country would tend to meliorate their condition; although I may

briefly say, that *any plan by which we could greatly increase employment, would certainly increase the comforts of the working-classes.* I shall therefore, in the meanwhile, confine myself to measures which, not being the subject of any party differences, might easily be carried into effect.

FIRST, I would mention *emigration* as a means of relieving the labour market. I am not one of those who consider it a panacea for all our ills; but I think it a good thing in itself, since it tends to spread population into the waste places of the earth, and so far extends human happiness; and I believe that when it so happens that a man finds himself at a loss for employment here, he may, if a suitable person for the purpose, go elsewhere with advantage to himself, and also to the benefit of those who stay behind.

Jackson.—We generally regard it as a hardship for the working-man to have to emigrate for the sake of a livelihood.

Smith.—A hardship it may certainly be considered; and so it is a hardship for him to have to shift from his birthplace to a town thirty miles off in search of work. Are there not many such hardships and trials incidental to this sphere of existence? We have all to encounter hardships occasionally, for the sake of ultimate advantages. I tell you, however, I do not press emigration as a remedy of wide and gracious promise. I only say that many persons might do better as emigrants in new fields than they can do here; and it is one of the resources which present themselves to men in certain circumstances of difficulty, and may be advantageously embraced by them. I may, however, remark to those who condemn emigration totally, that if there never had been any such thing, we should not have been here; for Great Britain was originally peopled by emigrants from the continent of Europe, and we are their descendants. Allow me now to proceed to the next means of improvement.

SECOND, A measure for establishing a *universal system of education*, gratuitous, or at least suitable to the means of the poorest families, and which would insure that every individual shall grow up an instructed being—instructed not only in the principles of religion and morality, but in such departments of science as will give him a proper idea of external nature, and of what is most conducive to his own health and happiness. Along with this species of instruction, it would be of the utmost importance to teach females many useful arts; in particular, those which bear on domestic economy—cooking, cleanliness, needlework, and the rearing of children. To bring up children with good habits is in itself a matter demanding the most careful attention of parents.

THIRD, As a prevention of much disease, family distress, and mortality; as a means of assuaging intemperance, and of arresting the progress of moral deterioration, I would advocate an effective law for enforcing at the public expense *proper sanitary regulations*, especially in large towns and manufacturing dis-

tricts: for example, ventilation, sewerage, drainage, and a plentiful supply of pure water. The advantages of some such law would be immense. All would to a certain extent benefit by it; but none so much as the working-man. I am afraid, however, you scarcely see how this can be?

Jackson.—No; but I will listen to your explanations.

Smith.—I have not time now to enter into a regular explanation of the principles of ventilation, but shall confine myself to the remark, that, for want of it, as well as from the want of cleanliness, many thousands of deaths occur every year. It is calculated that as many persons die annually in Great Britain from fevers and other diseases which could be prevented by prudent foresight, as were killed at the battle of Waterloo. The poor are the principal sufferers. Keeping their windows shut, they breathe impure air in their dwellings, and by the over-crowding of close workshops, they may be said to be constantly drawing an invisible poison into the lungs. Want of drainage produces equally hideous ravages. Husbands and fathers of families, mothers, and children, are carried off, without knowing what it is that kills them. The deaths in themselves are lamentable, but not less so is the misery caused among the surviving families. Wives become widows, and cannot support their young children. They struggle on amidst poverty and privations, and perhaps at length sink under their complicated affliction. And to think that all this misery might have been averted by an attention to certain well-known rules for preserving health! The thought is most distressing.

Jackson.—No doubt it is, but the poor are not alone to blame. They must generally rent any house they can get, and they must labour in any workshop where they can find employment.

Smith.—There is much truth in your remark; but it is not all the truth. Many possess no means of procuring better houses than they now have; but a vast number who are more fortunate might combine to build comfortable and cheap dwellings. Why do the working-classes not become their own capitalists?

Jackson.—Their own capitalists! You mean that they should lay out money on buildings?

Smith.—Yes.

Jackson.—You must excuse my laughing at such an idea. Where is the money to come from?

Smith.—From savings, to be sure. Instead of constantly throwing away money on intoxicating drinks, let every sixpence be saved for what is absolutely useful. The operatives of Manchester or Glasgow could find little difficulty in saving £20,000 annually in this way, and under proper direction they might soon have an enormous capital at disposal. I have already noticed what immense sums are now thrown away in strikes, without doing the least good; all which sums at least might be saved. Had we time to spare, I could perhaps show you how the work-

ing-classes, by economising their ordinary means, might in no long period of time rise prodigiously in the social scale. At present, they have too little consideration of what accumulated savings might amount to at the end of a year. They look only at their wage as a weekly small sum, instead of what it would amount to yearly. They will speak of having only 25s. weekly ; whereas, if this be regularly paid, they should consider that they command a salary of £65 a-year, and save from it accordingly. Thus, taking it by the year, many workmen enjoy a salary of from £75 to £100, this last being as large as that of many gentlemen who contrive to maintain a highly creditable appearance, and give their families an excellent education. But whether workmen speak of wages as a weekly or yearly remuneration for labour, the amount, if at all reasonable, is of inferior moment. I mean, that whether a man has a shilling more or a shilling less per week, is positively of no consequence in comparison to the proper disposal of his wages, or in comparison to the preservation of life or health. We hear of strikes from differences with employers as to shillings and pence, but I cannot remember of any general remonstrance from workmen against being killed by the foulness of the atmosphere in which they are put to labour.

Jackson.—That may be true; but are not employers much more blameable for not taking a little more care of their men?

Smith.—Too often blameable, I allow. Employers are, generally speaking, too little regardful of either the health or lives, not to speak of the morals, of those to whom they give employment; and there, I own with sorrow, a great sin may be said to lie at their door. But I begin, I think, to see the dawn of a better state of things. Employers have been roused by example to do more for the comfort of their men than formerly. There is a spirit of improvement abroad, likely to lead to the best results. Workmen are beginning to inquire into the means for improving their moral and physical condition; to attach themselves to benefit and temperance societies; to wish for improved dwellings. All such movements are cheering; they are in the right direction. I consider them the turning-point for the working-classes. Carried out in their fullest extent, they would soon put a new face on society. Thousands of valuable lives would be saved annually: with an airy and clean dwelling, home would become more attractive—the physical energies, no longer depressed by contact with impurity, would not require the stimulus of intoxication, and temperance would be the result. Attracted to open playgrounds, gardens, and rural scenes at leisure hours, the general health would be improved, and the growth of mean habits and indulgences materially prevented.

Jackson.—I am glad to hear you speak so cheeringly of what may be done for our class. I thank you, sir, for your good wishes, and will think of what you have mentioned. [They shake hands, and Jackson retires.]



“TIME ENOUGH.”

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, “Burnt Aigle.” His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no “people,” no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle’s donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him Burnt Aigle; all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a gray pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not: he called them Bess and Bell; and till they

were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, Burnt Eagle remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to "how he managed to keep so comfortable, and rear the children:" his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed—in his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather-brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters: these were few, and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving-box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees: there he would sit; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man's hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into snatches of songs, half-English, half-Irish; for though sharp-mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted; and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his melodies were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle-strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring-tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time "Crab Hall," as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said it was not safe to live in it; but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a gray cat, and certainly were never disturbed by anything worse than their neighbours, or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle's ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling; and accordingly, after repairing it, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of, to go on slaving himself for nothing. What would ail a lone man to live in our town?—wasn't that enough for him? It would be "time enough" to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or anything else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling; the neighbours said it would be "time enough" to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had everything ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped, not until then did he commence: and though the neighbours again said "it would be 'time enough' to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty when the garden was to the fore," Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow: the fence was formed round the little enclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear," said Mrs Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocher** was doing at the place, "that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at?"

"Why, I thought I tould ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the *tight* stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here; I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves while I'm doing something else. Isn't it a beautiful thing to think of that!—how the Lord helps us to a great deal if we only do a *little* towards it!"

* A lame man.

"How do you make that out?" inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. "All that's wanted of us," he said, "is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn't God's goodness do all the rest?"

"But it would be 'time enough,' sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready," said his neighbour, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

"And have all the neighbours' pigs right through it the next morning?" retorted the old man, laughing; "no, no, that's not *my* way, Mrs Radford."

"Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle," said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

"Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma'am?" inquired Burnt Eagle.

"No, I thank ye kindly; it's not out I see," she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

"That's a bad plan," observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

"What is, Aigle dear?"

"Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma'am; it might chance to burn ye, and it's sure to waste the tobacco."

"Augh!" exclaimed the wife, "what long heads some people have! God grant we may never want the bit o' tobacco! Sure it would be hard if we did; we're bad enough off without that."

"But if ye *did*, ye know, ma'am, ye'd be sorry ye wasted it; wouldn't ye?"

"Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it."

"If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house" ("Lord defend us!" ejaculated the woman), "what would you do?"

"Is it what would I do? bedad, that's a quare question. I'd pervint him, to be sure."

"And *that's* what I want to do with the poverty," he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. "Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it."

"Ah, thin, how?" said Mrs Radford.

"By forethought, prudence; never to let a farthing's worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I'll go on with my work, ma'am, if you please; I can work and talk at the same time."

Mrs Radford looked a little affronted; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, "Fair and aisy goes far in a day."

"So it does, ma'am; nothing like it; it's wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I'm wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms."

"We burn that," said Mrs Radford.

"There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, where there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips," replied Eagle.

"Bedad, I don't know what ill luck sea-timber might bring," said the woman.

"Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is illness, except, maybe, extravagance."

"Well, thin, Aigle dear!" exclaimed Mrs Radford, "what's come to ye to talk of extravagance?—what in the world have poor craythurs like us to be extravagant with?"

"Yer time," replied Burnt Eagle with particular emphasis; "yer time."

"Ah, thin, man, sure it's 'time enough' for us to be thinking of that whin we can *get anything for it*."

"*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma'am: the only work it 'ill ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs Radford indignantly, "it's a purty pass we're come to, if what we do in our own place is to be *comed* over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I'd like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man! If my husband *did* go to the whisky shop, I'll pay him off for it myself; it's no business of yours; and maybe we'll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man's trade, and making gentlemen's houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills; doing what nobody ever did before! It won't have a blessing—mark my words! Ye're an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it's rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *unknownst*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast."

"I have nothing that doesn't pay duty," replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. "I don't go to deny that the excise is hard upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I'd rather have no call to what I don't rightly understand. I am sure ye're heartily welcome to anything I

have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbages, and I'm sure——"

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him.

"We are ould residents in the place, and don't want any of your improvements, Misther Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir," she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their "own sweet will" in places of dirt and danger—"I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We're not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we're not giving up every bit of innocent divarsion for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Burnt Eagle fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, who, astonished at the generally placid man's change, drew back in terror; "go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who's right and who's wrong."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, "to think of that now! how he turns on us like a wild baste out of his sand-hole, and we in all frindship! Well, to be sure—sure there was 'time enough'——"

"Mammy, mammy!" shouted one of the seven "hopes" of the Radford family, "ye're smoking behind, ye're smoking behind!"

"Oh, the marcy of Heaven about me!" she exclaimed, "Burnt Aigle's a witch; it's he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I'm murdered intirely through the likes of him! I've carried a live-coal in my pocket many's the day, and it never sarved me so before! Oh, it's throe, I'm afear'd, what's said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy purtect me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be sarved so. Don't come near me—I'll put it out meself; oh, to think of the beautiful *gownd*, bran new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear? Oh, it's yer mother's made a show of before the country to plase him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that *now*, and never to think of it afore! Oh, sorra was in me to come near yer improvements!"

"Mammy," interrupted the eldest boy, "don't be hard upon Burnt Aigle; there's the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot

still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago.”

“Oh, sure it’s not going to put the holy man’s advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle’s! Come, we’ll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful *gownd* before I came out, but thought it would be ‘time enough’ whin I’d go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford.” And away she went, fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford’s second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

“Ye’re not a witch, are ye, daddy?” she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe, in his face.

“No, darlint.”

“’Twas the coal done it—wasn’t it?”

“It was.”

“Well, good night, Burnt Aigle; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all, or have it all out—the same thing, you know. I havn’t forgot the purty nogging you gave me; only it hurts mother to see how you get on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy; so just go on yer own way, and don’t heed us. Mother wants *that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries*; but I’ll larn of ye, Daddy Aigle, if ye’ll tache me; only don’t bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand against.” And after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and who would have been a credit to any country if she had been well managed—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of “Peggy Bawn.”

“It’s truth she says—God’s truth, anyway,” said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. “It’s truth; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement; they’d be ready to tear my eyes out if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part; and the carelessness of their landlords, part; the want of sufficient employment, a great part; and, above all, their being *satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better*. As long as they’re content with salt and potato, they try for nothing else. Set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he’ll look; and why shouldn’t you get as good, Paddy agraph! But no; you wont; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would make you equal to anything the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and

yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven't the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head than your own?" The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop-shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle's first settlement in what I still call "my neighbourhood." I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was "time enough" to mend the boat; "it had taken the boys often, and why not now?" But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. "Judy," said my mother, "if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for manure."

"Och, ma'am, wont it be 'time enough' to gather it when we have the seed-potatoes?—sure it *was always there, and the young ducks would be lost without it.*"

"Such a heap of impurity must be unhealthy."

"We has the health finely, thank God! if we had everything else;" and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations, and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. "Indeed, ma'am," she continued, "the ill-luck is after us: my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us sure enough; but we thought there was 'time enough,' and Bill Deasy, who's put up to all sorts of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise."

"Well, did Ailey get the flax-wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?"

"Oh, ma'am, there it is again; I kep her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be 'time enough' to be throubling yer honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand's turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lint it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she'd* be 'time enough,' and she hurt her feelings, saying, 'she thought we'd had enough of "time enough" among us before.' It was very sharp of her; people can't help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocker*,

that's made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself."

"I must say a word for Burnt Eagle," said my mother; "he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn."

"And very impudent of him to say that, when the gentry was so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!" said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher's* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood's ready tears had been some time previously excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend; for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of everything, was in this particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it: one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey's grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

"It can't be any hurt to a dead animal, sir," he said, "and yet I can't do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me—such a feeling for me—up hill and down dale—it *knew all my poverty, and was through the world with me, in trouble that was harder to bear than poverty*—and if ever I struck it a hasty blow, it would look in my face like a Christian. It was neither giddy, nor greedy, nor wilful, *though it was a she*; and the low whining it would give me of a morning was like the voice of a dear friend. I know the skin would be useful; and the times are hard; but I can't, sir, I can't; *it would be like skinning a blood relation*;" and he threw the knife from him. The finest sea-pinks of the banks grow on the donkey's grave!

We found our humble friend surrounded by business, and indeed we jested with Mrs Radford's daughter, Ailey, who met us at the gate, for visiting her old sweetheart. The yellow-headed child had grown into a fine young woman; the old man's precept and example had been of use to her; whatever she had learnt of good, she had learnt from him. She had been tying up some flowers for her friend, and hastened to tell us that Burnt Eagle had been making her a flax-wheel, and she was to *knit out* the money for it in stockings; but her mother knew nothing of it, and we mustn't tell. I was lifted, for the first time, on the gray pony, the poor donkey's successor, and galloped it, to Burnt Eagle's delight, over a sand-hill. There

was something to love and respect in the old man's countenance: I remember him so well that day, leaning on the top of his staff at the gate of his little garden, which had become celebrated for beautiful flowers: there he stood—I can close my eyes and see him now!—his small figure bent over his stick; his thick, long, gray hair curling on the white collar of his shirt; his eyes rendered more brilliant by the healthy complexion that glowed upon his cheeks; his jacket of gray frieze girded with a leathern belt, that was garnished by such tools as he was constantly requiring; the outline of his form, thrown forward by the clear sky; the roll of the distant waves, the scream of the sea-gull; the cottage, so picturesque, its white smoke curling up, up, up, till it mingled with the air: I can hear the warning voice of my dear mother intreating me not to canter; the admonishing yet pleased tone in which the old man spoke to his new purchase; the sleepy look of his dog Blarney, as he half wagged his tail and opened one eye to observe what passed:—in the distance, the old ruined church of Kilbaggin, standing so bravely against sea and land storms; my own heart echoing the music of the pony's feet, as, despite all warning, he cantered right merrily over the sward; happy, happy was I then as any crowned queen! how fresh the breeze!—how clear the air!—faster, good pony; don't lag on my account—well done!—there's mettle in you, that there is! Oh, memory!—I open my eyes. It was indeed but memory, for here is my desk, and there my books and town-bred flowers, and my pretty quiet greyhound; and the sea, the ruins, the cottage, those lofty hills and toppling cliffs, are now far, far from me, yet near my heart as ever. And poor Burnt Eagle!—But I must not anticipate, and will only say, that if we endeavour to improve our generation with as much zeal and sincerity as did that old man, we shall owe Time nothing.

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as I ever saw in England: they are not common—would to God they were!—yet I *have* seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were far less numerous, and Burnt Eagle's was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular: the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the cockle-strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishes and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp-nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which were placed a few articles

of earthenware, was white and clean: a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearthstone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. "As to Mrs Radford," he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, "the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and *that* ought to tache her: those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied; for if it's a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time: the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there's a dale of good done up and down through the counthry, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them!—*stick to the sod*; and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice; and I'm welcome to high and low; not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion: indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford: but Ailey will do well, poor girleen!—she always took to dacency."

"You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed," said my mother.

"Thank you, my lady, for the compliment; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, 'NEVER TO THINK THERE WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT WANTED DOING.' I've a great respect for time, madam; it's a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and ould—ould in its grateness, yet new to thousands; it's God's natural riches to the world; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to eternity; it's the only true tacher of wisdom—it's the Interpreter of all things—it's the miracle of life—it's flying in God's face to ill-use it, or abuse it; it's too precious to waste, too dear to buy it; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too: do, dear, remember poor Burnt Aigle's words, never to think it 'TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT IT'S TIME TO DO.'"

"I wish," said my mother, "that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept." The old man's lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly; his eyes were rivetted as by a spell; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed; his mouth twitched as by a sudden bitter pain; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him; and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was sacred; that he should be

alone; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe-struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

"Stay, stay, miss," he muttered.

"Sit down; you are not well," said my mother.

"Look at that child," he continued, without heeding her observation; "she is your only one, the only darlint ye have; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me." He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly; I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle's daughter had been "very naughty," but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the *character* of my story, but is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew anything of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. "I wanted it," he said, "to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes." "I think I wrapt it round the biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle," said mamma, "but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is executed by this time; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night."

"And the two children?"

"They were both girls, one a mere baby; there was nothing more said about them."

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little, and talked less of Ralph Blundel; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without anything in his creels. This was in itself remarkable; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing, some another. Mrs Radford hinted, "the good people had got him at last," and began to speculate on the

chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him notwithstanding. "Oh, Burnt Eagle!" I exclaimed, "Gray Fan staved in Peggy's best milk-pail, and cook wants some new cabbage-nets; and I've got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting-pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?" and I stood on tiptoe to peep in; but instead of nets or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay, as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, "Is that your little girl?" but I remembered our last meeting.

"That's little Bell, miss," he said, and his voice was low and mournful. "Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess," and his smile was as sad as any other person's tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep, as Burnt Eagle's own. He wished me good-by, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned, full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle's cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protégées: the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man's emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle's sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—"Bess and Bell of Crab Hall," or "Bess and Bell Burnt Aigle," or "Bess and Bell of the sand-hills."

For a long time after the old man's return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared "there was no plasing him." By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old, gentle, and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. "I can work for the girleens still," he would say; "and

by the time I can't, plase God they'll be able to work for themselves; there's many wants help worse than me." It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nosegays, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said "it would be 'time enough' another time;" and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, "that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow." The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were often asked, and always given.

When we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said, "Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil; that there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands, to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I've spoke to the gentry about it," he said, "but they say 'they'll see about it,' and it 'ill be 'time enough.' *If my grave could overlook a little set of boats,*" he added, "going out from our own place, I'd rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to 'time enough,' the time will never come!"

"Burnt Aigle," said Bell, who was growing a very tall girl—girls do grow so fast!—"you said 'time enough' to Bess yerself yesterday."

"When, avourneen?"

"When she asked you when she might begin to think about—about—oh, you know what."

"I can't think of anything but the fishery—what was it, a chora?"

"Oh, thin, it was a sweetheart," said the merry maid, covering her blushing face with her hands, and running away.

"See that now, how they *turn on me!*" he exclaimed, while his eyes followed her. "Well, Miss Bell, maybe I won't be even with you 'time enough.' God bless her, the gay light-hearted girleen!—the life is in her heart and the joy in her eye!—only she's too like *them that's gone!* But, sure, out of the deep pit of throuble rose up the joy and pace to me in the end, though at first it drove me for ever from my own people; and I've done my best for *her* that's gone; and poor Ailey is married to a dacent

boy, and will do well. *An empty heart's a lonely thing in a man's bosom*—but the counthry and the girls has filled mine—God be praised for his goodness! I knew ye mistrusted how it was—on account—but it's all over, my lady; *and for a poor ould sinner like me, I've had a dale of happiness!* I never ill-treated Time, and he has never ill-treated me. Maybe I'll never see either of you again; but oh, miss dear, don't forget yer counthry, and don't think there'll be 'time enough' to do it a good turn, but do it at *once*—do—and God bless you! It's to manage time rightly—that's a fine knowledge—it's a grate knowledge, and would make a poor man's fortune, and tache a rich one to keep it. You'll do a good turn for the counthry, and think always there's no time like the present."

I saw the old man no more; but the last time I visited Kilbaggin I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July; and Bess and Bell, the former being not only a wife, but a mother, had come to show me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green sward that covered his remains. "He died beloved and respected by rich and poor," said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), "and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvaney's met it without wheeling one shillala, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory, for the fine example he set the counthry, and the love he bore it."

The old ruined church of Kilbaggin overlooks the entrance to its pretty silver-sanded bay, and the voices of the fishermen, who were at that time putting out to sea, availing themselves of the beauty and stillness of the night, arose to where we stood. I shall never forget the feelings that crowded on me; the ocean was so calm, the moonlight so bright: the picture of the good old man who lay beneath, where the innocent baby was still kneeling, came before me: I remembered the useful and virtuous tenor of his life, the heroism with which he withstood envy, and persevered in the right way: the white sails of the fishing-boats glimmered in the moonlight; it was Burnt Eagle who had stirred up the hearts of the people to the enterprise, which now brought plenty from the teeming ocean to many a cottage home.

"I mind, when you war going to England first," said Bell, "his saying, that if his grave could overlook a little fleet of boats going out from our own bay, he'd be happy as on down: sure he may be happy now!—his good thoughts, and quiet good actions, *blossom over his grave*. I remember how delighted he was with the first regular boat that went; it was built by Bess's husband. What a happy man he was, to be sure! and how he sat on the cliff, shading his eyes with his hand from the sun, though he had lost sight of the sail long before; and then he knelt down and raised his ould hands to heaven and blessed us both."

"That's enough," said Bess; "sure the lady knew the good

MY NATIVE BAY.

that was in the *ould pathriot*, who asked her—if ever she could—never to think it ‘time enough’ to do a good turn for the country, but to believe *there’s no time like the present for doing that and everything else.*”

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As ere it was of yore
When, in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore ;
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt
Since then upon its breast ;
The sea—how oft have tempests broke
Its gentle dream of rest !
So oft hath darker wo come o’er
Calm self-enjoying thought ;
And passion’s storms a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed
In wretchedness and pain,
I come and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless passed away ;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem’st, my native bay !

Oh that, like thee, when toil is o’er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last !
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure unruffled sleep,
Oh might a heaven as bright as this
Be mirrored in its deep !

R. C.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

It is found by careful inquiries that *one half of all the children born in England and Wales die before they reach their fifth year.* In some towns and districts the proportion of deaths is not more than a third ; but the general average of infant mortality is as here stated. The greatest proportion is in the large manufacturing towns. In Birmingham, for example, from June 1838 to July 1839, the total number of deaths of all ages was 3305, of which number 1658 were under five years of age ; and of this last number *more than one half died in their first year!* Such a universally large mortality of infants must unquestionably arise chiefly from some species of mismanagement—most likely ignorance of the proper means to be employed for rearing children. Besides the loss of so many infants, society suffers seriously from the injuries inflicted on those who survive. The health of many individuals is irremediably injured, temper spoiled, and vicious habits created, while they are still infants. Whatever, indeed, be the original or constitutional differences in the mental character of children, it is consistent with observation, that no small proportion of the errors and vices of mankind have their source in injudicious nursery management. As ignorance is clearly at the root of this monstrous evil, we propose to offer a few short and easily comprehended directions to mothers and nurses regarding the proper treatment of the children under their charge.

BODILY HEALTH—FOOD.

To preserve the infant's life, to enable it to grow in bulk and strength, and to perform without pain all its functions, is the first consideration. The child, however, may be rendered weakly and ailing, and even depraved in disposition, by causes operating on the mother before its birth ; and therefore, during this critical period, the expectant mother should avoid, as far as possible, all distress or anxiety of mind, severe bodily fatigue, or any species of intemperance. Neither, on the other hand, should she pamper herself with unaccustomed indulgences. A plain and nourishing diet, and moderate exercise in and out of doors, along with serenity of mind, are alone desirable.

There are many old-fashioned and not very intelligible rules about the first feeding and suckling of an infant. The best rule of all is, to put the child to the breast as soon as it will suck, and as soon as the mother is able to receive it. The law of nature is, that the mother should nurse her own child, by which means the proper affectionate relation is maintained between them. A wet-nurse should only be employed in cases of urgent necessity ; she should be healthy, near in age to the mother, nearly the same time confined, and of good habits and dispositions.

The child should be accustomed from the first to regularity of suckling or taking food, though there may be times when it is necessary to depart from the strictness of this rule. During the first month it should be suckled once in every two hours, and afterwards every three or four hours. Foment the breasts with warm water if the milk does not flow; avoid rubbing the breasts with spirits. If there be too much milk, drink little, and take opening medicine. Let the dress about the bosom and chest be loose and easy.

The diet of a person engaged in nursing should be nutritious, but not heavy. A person of full habit will require less nutriment than one who is less robust. Generally, women will suckle best on a plain diet, with diluting drinks—such as tea, toast and water, or gruel. Porter, ale, beer, spirits, wine, or any other stimulating drink, should not be taken, unless by the recommendation of a medical attendant.

The digestive organs of infants being adapted for milk, no other kind of food should be given, unless when neither a mother's nor nurse's milk can be obtained. When it is absolutely necessary to bring up the child by spoon, feed it sparingly and slowly with a thin gruel made from well-boiled grits, sweetened with a little sugar. If a suckling-bottle is employed, keep it very clean. The least sourness will disorder the infant.

Weaning may take place when the child is from six to nine months old, according to the strength and health of the mother or nurse, the health of the child, and the season of the year. The early appearance of teeth may likewise influence this important step. The weaning should not be in cold weather.

At whatever age or season, the weaning should be gradual. Begin by giving a little grit-gruel, and, after a time, give thin pap, made from finely-brayed stale bread or biscuits, and warm water, with a little sugar. Remember that sugar turns acid in the stomach, and must be used very sparingly.

The first change of food sometimes disorders the system. Two or three days should be allowed for the experiment, and if the diet does not agree, food from arrowroot may be tried, as likely to prove more suitable. Should all be found equally improper, weak chicken, veal, or calf's-foot broth, beef-tea freed from fat, and thickened with soft-boiled rice or arrowroot, may be tried. The great point is to begin by slow degrees, giving a small quantity of the thickened food once in the twenty-four hours, and that in the forenoon, in order that its effects may be observed, and the night's rest remain undisturbed. Food should always be given about the warmth of the milk as it comes from the breast.

When infants are fed by the spoon, it is not unusual for the nurse to ascertain the warmth by putting every spoonful to her own mouth, a habit equally disagreeable and unnecessary. After feeding, the child should be raised up, when it will more easily

get rid of the air which is generally introduced into the stomach during eating. Where there is much disposition to flatulency, an infant should be carefully watched, the accumulation of air occasioning what are called stoppages. If these occur in sleep, they may prove fatal to life; and even when the child is awake they are dangerous, as, when affected by them, it cannot cry out, and its breath is for the time stopped.

Over-feeding and improper diet are the main causes of the ailments of children. During the first few weeks of life, infants endure none but physical evils; they are exempt from anxieties, from disappointments, from hopes and fears; but unfortunately, their sorrows, pains, or anger, are always traced to hunger, and eating is adopted as the universal cure. This goes on till the child is of an age to comprehend and believe that to eat and drink is the greatest happiness and the greatest good. There is no doubt that the easiest method of stopping crying is to stop the mouth, especially where the senses are not active enough to find pleasure from observation. The means of relief are then necessarily limited; yet change of position, loosening the dress, giving the legs and thighs entire liberty, chafing them, gentle exercise by the nurse moving her knees from side to side while the child lies across them, or walking about the room and pressing it to the bosom, are all of them expedients which may be easily resorted to, and which often have the desired effect.

Some mothers and nurses, to save themselves trouble, endeavour to keep children quiet, or make them sleep, by administering various kinds of cordials, spirits, and drugs; all of which are decidedly pernicious, and the practice of giving them such things cannot be spoken of without the severest reprobation. We warn parents and nurses against a practice so dangerous to their young charge. The articles given irritate the tender stomach, and though they may lull and stupify for the moment, they greatly injure the health of the child, if they do not very speedily cause its death.

For several months after birth, a child, if in health, eats and sleeps alternately; and its occupations for the day may be as follows:—Suppose it wake at seven in the morning, it then takes the breast; after washing and dressing, it will take another meal and a long sleep, bringing it to noon, when it is again refreshed, and, if the weather be warm, carried abroad; sleep usually follows upon going into the air, and three o'clock may have arrived before it again requires the breast. From this time until undressed for the night, it should not be lulled to sleep; but if the child be much inclined for repose, it should not be prevented. It is desirable to give a child the habit of sleeping throughout the night. At six, preparations are made for bed; the undressing and washing produce a certain fatigue; and when the child has again sucked, it will probably fall asleep, and remain in that condition for hours. It is a good plan to accustom

an infant to suck just before the mother goes to bed, and this it will do, even if asleep. It should also at the same time be cleaned. If it wake up, allow it to stretch its limbs before the fire; rub its loins, thighs, legs, and feet, to give exercise and refreshment, and prepare for another long sleep. Between this and seven, it will wake once or twice again, and require nourishment.

SLEEP.

It is very desirable, for the convenience of a mother and her assistants, that her infant should fall asleep without rocking or hushing, and repose in a bed instead of a cradle. As far, therefore, as possible, it should be trained to these habits. For its falling asleep and going quietly to bed, warmth is the main requisite. See, therefore, before laying an infant down, that the feet, hands, and face are comfortably warm; that every part of the body is supported, and the limbs uncramped; the head and shoulders being raised a little by the pillow sloping gradually to the bed. Blankets are better than sheets. The covering should be so arranged, that while there is sufficient space to breathe freely, the face is kept warm. It is better not to take up a child the instant it wakes (particularly if it have not been long asleep), nor if it cries after being laid down: change of posture, or slight patting on the back, should be tried. If these fail, it should be taken out of bed and quieted in the arms. Change of linen may be necessary: in short, patience, perseverance, and ingenuity, should be put in practice, with a view to produce comfort without leading to bad habits.

CLOTHING.

An infant should be kept warm and comfortable, but should not be made hot either by clothing or when in bed.

The dress should be simple, light, and easy. A fine linen or cotton shirt next the skin is desirable, and over that light flannel, with a frock of linen or cotton.

Looseness is another requisite in an infant's dress: there should be a free circulation of air between the skin and the clothes, as well as a slight friction upon the surface. All confinement distresses, and, when it amounts to tightness, it may occasion deformity before the evil is suspected. Full room should be allowed for the growth which is continually and rapidly going on. For this reason every part of the dress should fasten with strings; and in tying these strings, the greatest care should be taken not to draw them too tight. Employ pins as little as possible.

Formerly, there was a very absurd and vicious custom of swaddling up children tightly in a mass of clothes, and covering their heads with double and even triple caps. In some parts of France the heads of infants are still confined in this manner, and their bodies being swathed up like little mummies, they are

carried occasionally on the back or under the arm of the mother ; a custom which is known to have a most prejudicial effect upon the growth and strength of the population. In most cases in our own country, from a mistaken tenderness, infants are over-clothed, and both their bodies and heads are consequently kept in a too highly heated condition.

We repeat, let the general dress be light and loose ; and let the head, if well covered with hair, and if the season be warm, be left bare, at least within doors. At the utmost, cover the head with only one light cap, except when going into the open or cold air, when it may be sheltered by a loose hood or additional cap. A light shawl laid round the child when walking out with it is also required.

The practice of making *very* long dresses is in the course of being given up. The frock should only be so long as will cover the child's feet, and enable the nurse to balance it on her arm. The feet may be covered with light woollen shoes.

In some cases it may be necessary to wrap the middle of the body in a cloth or band ; but this should be done with care. With some children the band is necessary for many months : when it is discontinued, the stay or waistcoat is usually worn as a sort of support to the rest of the clothing.

There is little doubt that the eruptions to which the infants of the poor are subject, chiefly arise from want of cleanliness and warmth. In this country, where changes of temperature are sudden and continual, judicious clothing is the only safeguard ; summer apparel cannot be safely adopted and laid aside at a given period, nor can the same dress be always worn at noon and in the evening. However warm the clothing, infants should not be carried abroad in very cold weather : their lungs cannot bear a low temperature, and there is no exercise to keep the blood equally distributed.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

For the health and comfort of an infant, it should be washed every morning and evening, and not in a slovenly, but in a complete though gentle manner. The reasons for such frequent ablutions are these :—The pores of the skin convey useless matter from the system ; and that matter is apt to remain upon the skin, so as to clog up the pores, and prevent them from performing their functions, unless it be washed off.

The washing should be performed in warm water, with soap and fine flannel, or sponge. Do not employ cold water, for it may produce serious illness, if not death. Formerly, there was a notion that bathing infants in cold water made them hardy ; this is now proved to be absurd. Great care should also be taken to prevent draughts of cold air from coming upon them. They can only be safely undressed beside a fire for the first four months.

On preparing for dressing and washing, every necessary article

should be near at hand; it is a sign of mismanagement when a nurse has to rise to fetch anything: the *horse* or screen, with the clean linen conveniently placed, will keep off draughts; the basket, basin, soap, sponge, and towel, should be laid within reach, and in such order that there can be no confusion, and that the clothes shall not fall into the water, nor the wet sponge and towel find their way into the basket. The nurse, being thus prepared, with the addition of a flannel apron and a low chair, strips the infant, and having washed its head with soap, rubs it dry, and puts on a cap. The face, throat, chest, arms, and hands, are then successively sponged as plentifully as the child can bear (soap is not always required), and tenderly but thoroughly wiped. The infant is turned over, and the back, loins, and legs are abundantly covered with water; the left hand holding the child, its legs hanging over the knee, so that the water flows from them into the basin. The thighs, groins, &c. require great attention both in washing and wiping. The corner of the apron should then be turned up, so that there is a dry surface for the child to rest on while it is carefully wiped. The creases in the neck, arms, and thighs, the bend of the arms, legs, and the ears, must be thoroughly washed and dried. As the friction between the parts increases the perspiration and the liability to fraying the skin, they should, after wiping, be slightly powdered with unscented hair-powder or pounded starch. All fresh clothing should be aired before a fire previous to putting on.

It is by no means uncommon to rub a new-born babe with spirits, to prevent its taking cold after washing; but the stimulus thus given to the skin is injurious, and must be painful, while the rapid evaporation occasioned by the application of spirits, tends to produce instead of to prevent cold. Never allow spirits to touch an infant. After washing and drying, rub the skin with the hand or a flannel glove; this restores the circulation to the surface, and is agreeable and soothing. Morning and night, this washing, from head to foot, must be repeated, while every impurity, from whatever cause, should be immediately removed from the skin during the day. If a child vomit its food, or there is much flow of the saliva from teething, the face and throat should be washed once or twice during the day. Before the clothes are put on, the child should be allowed to kick and stretch its limbs upon the lap; this affords an opportunity of ascertaining its healthy condition. At no period of childhood should this attention be omitted: any little defect in walking, running, or even sitting, should be inquired into, and the cause ascertained.

An infant may cry considerably while being washed and dressed. When not violent and continuous, crying is serviceable: it gives the only exercise to the lungs, voice, and respiration, that infants can bear or take. As they grow older, and acquire other powers, crying is diminished. Tenderness and dexterity are nevertheless

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

in all cases needful; when roughly handled, the sight of the basin and the sound of the water are the signals of suffering and sorrow, and it may be years before a child can regard washing as a source of comfort. This it is, and ought to be: every pains should therefore be taken to soften its discomforts to the young and tender. When the child is old enough to be amused, a playful gentle manner on the part of the nurse will render the operation so pleasurable, that all painful recollections will fade away, and agreeable ones only remain.

A mother or nurse will save herself much trouble, and also benefit the child, by implanting habits of cleanliness. It may be observed, that every animal teaches its young to be cleanly, and so also should a human being be taught. Teach it, therefore, to make signs and utter sounds significant of its wants, and attend to it accordingly. It may be safely averred, that no child was ever dirty in habits who did not owe it to its nurse.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Infants, as well as people of advanced life, ought to breathe pure air. If they draw into the lungs impure or confined air, they become sallow, and pine, and die. Beds and sleeping-rooms should be airy and well ventilated. The door of the room should be left open during the day, and also the window for a few hours, unless in extremely cold weather.

With pure air, a child will not only be healthy, and ruddy in complexion, but be kept in good temper, although its food should be scanty and poor. The enjoyment of fresh air, indeed, compensates many disadvantages of condition.

A young infant should be allowed much repose. As it advances in strength and powers of observation, it may be moved about, and taught to sit up and notice objects. In carrying, it should first recline, and afterwards sit on one of the arms of the nurse, but held also by the hand of the other arm. It should not be dandled, or heaved up and down, or otherwise moved quickly, till at least six months old, and able to take pleasure in motion.

When it has gained strength, and can be trusted by itself, it may be laid on the carpet, or on a cloth upon the floor, and allowed to roll and sprawl. This kind of indulgence is better than continually holding it on the knee or in arms, and will be very acceptable to the child if it be able to notice objects, and can play with toys, or little articles placed before it. In lifting or setting it down, place the hands round the waist; never hang it by the arms, even for a moment.

The best way to teach a child to walk is to leave it to itself. When it has attained the proper strength, it will raise itself to its feet, holding by chairs or anything else in its way.

In fine weather, carry out the child regularly in arms. Do not, however, place it on the ground or the grass till it be able to

walk and move about. It may be suffered to roll about upon a cloth spread on the grass on a fine day.

We have observed that many women in the humbler ranks of life spend the greater part of their time lolling about doors with a child in their arms. The keeping of a child seems, indeed, to be an excuse to some women for all kinds of slovenliness in dress and household disorder. By accustoming a child to amuse itself on a cloth on the floor, or in any other manner within reach, much of this valuable time might be saved, and the child be also greatly benefited.

ILLNESSES.

A child with a good constitution, and properly fed and treated, will escape many disorders. If it become ill, it has not most likely had fair play. The most common illness is from pains caused by improper feeding. If not of a serious nature, requiring medical treatment, the use of the warm-bath will frequently remove infantile ailments. The water should be warmed to 96 degrees of the thermometer; that is, blood heat. A very young infant should not remain in the bath more than six or eight minutes. The head and loins should be supported by the hands of the nurse, so that the whole person may be at ease, and entirely covered, except the head and face. Never bathe a child for eruptive complaints, for the chill afterwards may drive the eruption inwards.

Boys are much more difficult to rear than girls. A fit of crying that would throw a boy into convulsions, will seldom do so with a girl. Greater care must therefore be employed in nursing boys than girls. The hot-bath is one of the readiest and best remedies for a convulsion.

The small-pox was formerly the most fatal disorder known in this country. It may now, however, be prevented by imparting a small quantity of matter from the udder of a cow to a wound made in the arm of a child. This is called *vaccination*, and should be performed either at a vaccine institution, or by a skilled medical attendant who has the command of fresh matter.

We beg to impress upon all parents that it is their bounden duty to save their children from death, disease, and disfigurement, by a means so simple, safe, and free from suffering, as vaccination. We would only caution them not to be deterred by the objections raised by ignorance and prejudice against what may be justly pronounced as one of the most beneficial discoveries of modern times. Our explicit direction is, *let the child be vaccinated from six weeks to two months after birth.*

The cutting of the teeth is generally more or less trying to children. One of the first symptoms of teething is a heat in the mouth, perceptible while sucking. Other symptoms are a flowing of the saliva, eagerness in the child to convey everything to the mouth, and biting and grinding the gums together. The

flow of the saliva is very advantageous; it diminishes the inflammation and irritability of the gums, which are generally excited by the process of teething.

It has long been customary to give an infant a coral or an ivory ring to bite; but hard substances tend to bruise and inflame the gums: the best article is a small ring of India-rubber. A crust of bread is agreeable and serviceable, but requires care; when it has been sucked for some time, it is apt to break, and lumps may be swallowed, or stick in the throat. A moderately relaxed state of bowels is advantageous. The medical attendant will give directions in case of the appearance of illness. Lancing the gums is often of great utility.

DEFORMITIES AND IMPERFECTIONS.

The deformities and malformations found at birth are not so frequent as those which occur afterwards. These are either the consequences of predisposition to disease, inherited from parents, and increased by bad nursing, or are altogether the result of accidents, neglect, or injudicious management. Parents are obviously bound to take every reasonable precaution in order to guard their children from the occurrence of these inflictions, and should they occur, to endeavour to repair or subdue them.

One of the most distressing forms of bodily infirmity in children is contortion of the spine, which arises in most instances from the child receiving a fall or some other external injury, neglected at the time of its occurrence. Weakness and deformity of the legs have often a similar origin, though constitutional disease and imperfect nursing are likewise predisposing causes.

When children are undressed at night, it is advisable to encourage them to run about the room, stoop, kneel, sit down, and rise again, &c. The mother may then observe the action of the muscles and joints, and so be enabled to detect the first symptoms of any injury, the marks of any hurt, or the evidences of any contractions or distortions, whether they arise from weakness or bad habits of muscular action. If the cause can be traced, a remedy may be more easily applied. In some cases surgical aid may be necessary, and it should be obtained without delay.

Some children are born *tongue-tied*, the tongue being too much bridled to the bottom of their mouth, by which they are prevented from sucking properly. If not remedied, this peculiarity will impede their utterance in after-life. It is the duty of the nurse to mention to the medical attendant that there is such a defect, and he will remove it by a slight cut with a pair of scissors. Some mothers are so heedless as to see their children suffering for weeks and months, and even languishing, from this easily remedied evil, without taking the trouble to correct it.

In the event of children being born with a *hare-lip*, as it is called, or any similar malformation, or with a redundancy in the number of fingers or toes, the medical attendant must be per-

mitted to remedy the defect at the time he thinks proper; but, generally speaking, the more early that all such peculiarities are removed the better.

Stammering and lispings arise generally from contracting a bad habit, and may easily be prevented by careful nurses. From the first symptoms of speech, the child should be accustomed to speak slowly and correctly.

The weakness of the organs of vision has a tendency to produce squinting. Light shining always from one side, or the placing of a knot of ribbon over one eye, will lead to a habit of looking obliquely, and therefore all such causes of derangement should as far as possible be avoided. The infant must be guided in its efforts to look as well as to speak. It should be held fairly towards the light, or towards any bright object, and at such a distance as will accommodate the focus of its vision, and cause it to use both eyes alike. The habit of looking obliquely either with one eye or both, is that which has to be chiefly guarded against, and corrected when it occurs. Obliquity of vision may arise from natural defects, but that is seldom the case; in almost every instance squinting is a result of sheer carelessness of the mother or nurse.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

The first care of a mother, we have said, is to rear her child in sound bodily health; her second is to rear it in such a manner that it will grow up sweet-tempered and amiable, possessing good habits and dispositions—all which is comprehended in the term *moral training*. It is of the greatest importance that she, or the nurse on whom the duty devolves, should attend to the necessary rules on this subject.

Let it be thoroughly understood that the human being, at the very dawn of intelligence, possesses various tendencies or desires, some requiring to be encouraged and rendered habitual, and others which, for his own comfort and that of his fellow-creatures, must be kept in subjection. The latter seem by far the most ready to manifest themselves. The infant will show a disposition to beat and rob his neighbour, will be insolent, greedy, cruel, and violent, before he will manifest any of the better dispositions, with the exception, perhaps, of an affectionateness towards those from whom he is accustomed to receive benefits. The first business, then, of education, is to check and put under habitual subjection all the former dispositions, and to draw forth and put into habitual exercise all that are opposite, such as kindness, justice, and self-denial.

Parents who are fully impressed with these considerations should take the greatest possible care not to put the nursing and training of their children into the hands of ignorant or unprincipled domestics. One week's misusage by these persons will ruin the best-laid plans of a mother; the mind of the infant will

receive an injury which not all the education of after-years will be able to remedy.

The following points ought to be universally attended to by nursing mothers and servants:—

Crying is usually the means employed by a child to get what he wants. Do not yield to this bad practice; if you do, he will grow up wilful and cunning, and you will have inflicted an injury on his moral qualities.

By the exercise of great patience and good temper, by kindness of manner, kind looks, and kind words, make the child know, by repeated experience, that he is not to obey every first impulse; and that self-control, a thing which even an infant can comprehend, is necessary to his own comfort.

Whether the defects of character in a child be hereditary or acquired, they should be treated with consideration, and every means short of severity adopted for their removal. Parents commit a dreadful error when they attempt to govern their children by fear, by threats of punishment, blows, violent language, and angry gestures. A child should never hear an angry word, and never receive a blow. He must be governed by *love*, not by fear; by example and quiet admonition, not by harsh words and precepts. Some parents may perhaps say that, unless they chastise their children, they could not govern them. They are, however, themselves to blame; for, in the first place, not checking with all gentleness the earliest acts of disobedience, they first spoil their children, and then punish them for being spoiled.

Love, then, should be the impelling reason, the directing power of education. Where love influences the parent, the children of a family will be actuated by the same spirit—a spirit subversive of selfishness. Dissimilar as all characters are, different as all intellects are, and different as all situations are, the great duty of life is the same—the promotion of the welfare and happiness of our fellow-men. There are few errors, perhaps none, which do not affect the happiness of others as well as of ourselves; each individual who improves himself, improves society; and every mother who rears her child aright, aids the universal progress towards excellence.

Mutual confidence should be a governing principle in the communion between parent and child. This cannot exist where the former acts only as a judge and lawgiver, who acknowledges no compassion, no sorrow, who cannot weep and hope with the offender. The few words, "*I am sorry that you are angry,*" "*try to be good, and I will help you,*" "*wipe away your tears, and let me hear what vexes you,*" are more likely to overcome error, or turn away wrath, than stern commands or cold disapprobation; for this treatment does not conceal that there is error, or disguise its evils, while it differs totally from the compassion which fondles or coaxes, and bribes a child to soften its violence or

withdraw its opposition. Nothing can be more beautiful than the conduct of a child reared under the influence of love. He enters among strangers unabashed and undismayed, ready to welcome and be welcomed, seeking happiness, and prepared to find it in everything, and with everybody; so willing to be pleased that every gratification, however trifling, is prized and enjoyed; habituated to cheerfulness, yet so full of the sympathy he has so largely enjoyed, that he does not lose sight of the comfort or sorrows of others; there is no selfishness in his enjoyments; the mind is active and energetic, and the whole character beaming with intelligence and happiness.

Reverse this picture, and see the child who has been governed by fear—a suspicious timid glance, an endeavour to escape observation, no spontaneous prattle, no words or actions pouring out the unrestrained thoughts and feelings; nothing truly enjoyed, because there is an undefined fear of doing or saying something which may provoke rebuke; or if there be enjoyments, they are received in silence, and in that solitude of heart which leads to selfishness. Candour is a quality to be encouraged in children; indeed it is natural to them; their helpless dependant nature leads them to seek and bestow confidence; they have no reasons for concealment but such as fear induces.

The greatest and most common error in the training of children is allowed to be *irregularity of behaviour towards them*. At one time they are coaxed, petted, and indulged in every fancy, and at another they are scolded, abused, and cruelly chastised. One moment a mother will be seen fondling her child, and the next pouring out her wrath upon him. Impetuous in temper, she will, for a trifling fault, inflict personal punishment on her infant, and then, moved by compassion or remorse, seize him up in her arms, and cover him with caresses. All this is decidedly improper, and ruinous to the dispositions of children. Let it be remembered that *example* will go a great way in communicating both good and bad habits to children; and it is required of those who undertake the duty of infant education, that they should learn to know themselves, and command themselves. Another common error is favouritism in families. One child, because he happened to be first born, or is called by a particular name, or from some other equally absurd cause, or perhaps from mere caprice, is idolised and advanced, while all his brothers and sisters are treated with indifference. Much dispeace and petty misery have arisen from this system of favouritism, which, wherever it occurs, is discreditable to the parental relation. All the children in a family, whatever be their capacities, and whether male or female, should be treated with equal consideration and kindness. On no account prefer one to another.

Children are naturally truthful. Nature does not lie. Let nothing be done to alter this happy disposition. Cultivate in

them the love of truth, candour, and the confession of error. It is lamentable to think what fearful falsehoods are uttered to deter children, to keep them quiet, or to make them obedient. Threats of being taken by old men, and black men, and other like terrors, are resorted to by ignorant and foolish servants to frighten them, and make them lie still in bed. It is ascertained that *death, fits, idiocy, or insanity*, have been the consequences of such inhumanity. But, setting aside the probable chance of such calamities, there are other *certain* results: if the child discover the falsehoods practised upon him, he becomes boldly indifferent to the threats, is more disobedient and wilful than ever, disbelieves all that is said to him, and, finding no respect for truth in others, has no regard for it himself.

Firmness in adhering to promises, or any particular line of discipline in relation to children, is of first importance. If the mother allow her child to transgress her orders and set her at defiance, she is clearly unfit for the performance of her duties. Prevent disobedience with temper and decision.

Some children early evince a love of cruelty: they torture insects; they destroy wantonly, and pull in pieces, break, crush, and tear everything that comes in their way. To cultivate the opposite feeling is the mother's part: she must prevent every circumstance that can encourage the propensity, manifesting dislike at its exhibition. No better check can be found than occupation, giving a child something to do that will employ its energies harmlessly. She ought to show it how animals should be treated, first making use of a toy, teaching the child to feed, and caress, and protect the representation of the dog or horse, and taking it away on the first exhibition of unkindness. No child should be allowed to witness the death of trapped mice, rats, the drowning of puppies and kittens, &c.; they cannot be made sensible of the reasons for their destruction; they do not know the nature of suffering and death, but only derive amusement from the spectacle, and learn to look upon pain as matter for sport and pastime.

Children not unfrequently acquire habits of violence from their mother, who in this, as in many other points, errs from ignorance. Should the child accidentally knock his head against the table, the fond and foolish parent will tell him "to beat the table." This inculcates the passion of revenge; and afterwards through life, the child, become a man, furiously resents all real or imaginary injuries. A child should on no account be told to box or beat anybody or anything. Neither should he be taught to scold or abuse what has hurt him. On the contrary, he should be taught to forgive injuries, to endure sufferings with fortitude, and to entertain kindly feelings towards all.

All children require amusement. From the time they are able to notice objects, they take a delight in toys, pictures, music, and other attractions of the eye and ear. Playing with toys may be

said to be not only an amusement, but the proper occupation of children. Let them, therefore, have what toys you can afford to purchase. Such things as a box of wooden bricks, wherewith to build houses, or a slate and pencil, are inexhaustible sources of recreation. "Books of prints, of birds, or animals in general, may be employed with great advantage, because they excite questions, afford the parent opportunities of giving much valuable oral instruction, and induce that love of inquiry, which is the parent of knowledge. Those who possess a garden have fewer difficulties to encounter in providing amusement for their children. The spade, the wheel-barrow or wagon, the hoop, kite, and ball, are too excellent and too well known to need recommendation here; neither need we name the doll for girls, which affords constant and varied amusement and occupation, and may be made the means of inculcating much that will be subsequently useful and admirable in a female.

These toys may also be made useful in teaching order, carefulness, and steadfastness. The seeds of perseverance may be sown, by insisting on a child's remaining satisfied with one plaything for a reasonable space of time. Such a habit would also prevent envy or discontent. A child who is early accustomed to be satisfied with its own allotment, will scarcely be discontented at a later period. A love of order may be encouraged by the habit of putting the various toys in their respective places after use; and such a habit eventually leads to systematic carefulness and economy."*

Girls possess a desire for nursing dolls; it arises from an original propensity of the mind—the love of children. Provide dolls, therefore, for infant girls. Besides amusing them, the making and putting off and on of the dolls' clothes, teaches lessons of neatness, and cultivates sentiments of affection.

While on this subject, it may be proper to caution parents against giving their children toys of a kind likely to encourage warlike or savage propensities; such as mimic guns, swords, or other military accoutrements. We have remarked that toys of this kind are commonly given to children in France, a practice which perhaps tends to nourish a love of war in our neighbours. We hope English parents will avoid this folly, and impart toys only of a simply amusing or improving tendency.

The propriety of inculcating habits of cleanliness has already been spoken of. Let children be taught to be not only cleanly in person, but cleanly and delicate in manner. As soon as they can assist themselves, give them a place at table, and accustom them to the use of the spoon, fork, and knife, and also to arrange the food on the plate, so that it may be eaten with attention to the method usually observed; the meat, vegetable, and bread following each other in regular succession, with a proper pro-

* Quarterly Journal of Education.

portion of salt. Drinking or speaking with the mouth full, putting the fingers into the plate and mingling the food, should be checked at first.

Children cannot be taught what is termed manners without rendering them affected. But they may be taught to practise politeness, gentleness, courtesy, and a regard for the rights of others. This is best done by a good example, and by the exercise of the qualities recommended. Vague admonitions to "behave themselves" are next to useless. If brought up properly, they will not probably have a disposition to behave ill.

A child's moral and intellectual faculties will be advantageously brought out by mixing with other children of the same age. The child is to be pitied who has no playmates or companions. Hence the exceeding usefulness of infant schools, to which all young children should, if possible, be sent, especially when systematic training cannot be carried on at home. The principles upon which infant schools are established may be explained as follows:—

Exercise, confirmed into habit, is the true means of establishing the virtuous character, as far as it can be established by human means. This may be realised to a certain extent in well-regulated families; but home-training is for the most part badly conducted, and hence the necessity for gathering children together into a place fitted up for the purpose, under the eye of well-trained instructors. In conducting an infant school, it is advantageous to have a large number of pupils, so as to present a variety of dispositions—an actual world into which a child may be introduced; a world of infant business and infant intercourse; a miniature of the adult world itself. This intercourse, however, is not carried on at random, each infant only bringing its stock of selfish animalism to aggravate that of its playmates. It is correctly systematised, and carefully superintended. The infants are permitted to play together out of doors in unrestrained freedom, both for the sake of health and recreation; a watchful eye being all the while kept upon the nature and manner of their intercourse. Watching over their actions towards each other, the best opportunity is afforded for enforcing the practice of generosity, gentleness, mercy, kindness, honesty, truth, and cleanliness in personal habits; and all occasions of quarrel, cruelty, fraud, or falsehood, are minutely and patiently examined into; while, on the other hand, all indelicacy, filthiness, greediness, covetousness, unfairness, dishonesty, violence, tyranny, cruelty, insolence, vanity, cowardice, and obstinacy, are repressed by the moral police of the community. The teasing of idiots or animals is also held in just reprobation. A taste for refinement, and a regard for the beautiful in nature and art, are carefully inculcated. The assembled children are shown how beautiful are the flowers of the fields and gardens; how beautiful and interesting are the animals which minister to man's wants;

how splendid is the sky with its multitude of stars ; and how great and good and kind is the God who made them all.

Besides the moral habitudes and refinements of feeling produced by three or four years' practice in an infant school, the whole carefully identified with religious obligation, the child's intellectual or knowing faculties are also beneficially trained. The stimulus of numbers works wonders on the child, and brings out his observing and remembering intellect in a manner that will surprise his family at home. Everything which he sees fills him with wonder, delight, and ardour. Instead of his early education being confined to words, he is made acquainted with the real tangible world, and is prepared not only for instruction in schools of an advanced kind, but for acting his part as a useful and intelligent member of society.

We are aware that objections have been made to infant education in schools, but on no proper grounds. It is unsuspected by the objectors that man is a moral as well as an intellectual being ; that he has *feelings* which require education, and that on the right training of these depend the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society, infinitely more than on the highest attainments merely intellectual. Now, the education of the feelings has been shown to be the primary and permanent object of the infant school system. It has, moreover, been distinctly laid down, that these feelings are incomparably more easily bent and moulded to good in infancy than in after-years ; that after six years of age, their effectual culture is, in many cases, nearly hopeless ; hence to delay it till this age (two to six being the proper period of infant schooling) would be to leave it out of education altogether ; and this, to the heavy cost of society, has been hitherto the ignorantly adopted alternative.

The advantages of training in infant schools are now so generally recognised, that these institutions may be considered to rank among the accredited means of national instruction. We therefore conclude by earnestly recommending their universal establishment ; and shall rejoice to know that parents, not possessing approved means of home-training, send their children to them.

As in a succeeding paper we shall treat of the management of children of an advanced age, or what may be termed the Fireside Education of a Family, we need not here extend our observations on infant management. With regard to the directions already given, we feel assured that, if followed out by a nurse or mother capable of realising them in their letter and their spirit, they would have the best effects on children, and be productive of the greatest benefit to society.*

* For a full exposition of infant management, we refer to the works entitled "Infant Treatment, under Two Years of Age," and "Infant Education, from Two to Six Years of Age," both issued in connexion with CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.



PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.*

AT the beginning of the present century, and during the consulate of Bonaparte, few young men of fortune made so brilliant an appearance amidst the learned and accomplished society of Paris as Charles Veramont Count de Charney. This gentleman, a type of many of his class, possessed natural powers of mind of no mean order; he spoke and wrote various languages, and was acquainted with most of the ordinary branches of knowledge. So far, his talents might be called enviable; while his fortune and station afforded him the most favourable opportunity of surrounding himself with all that could gratify his taste or desires. What, then, was wanting to render Charney happy in himself and with the world? His moral perceptions had been deadened. To a coarse mind, forgetful of everything but transitory indulgences, this would perhaps have been no source of immediate disquietude; but Charney's was not a coarse mind. He was fond of reasoning with the subtlety of a scholar on subjects of an aspiring kind—on the meaning of the universe of which he formed an atom—on creation and providence; and, blinded by prejudice, all his reasonings ended in difficulty, doubt, scepticism. He saw not, because his heart was untouched, that, reason as we will, all things—all design, order, beauty, wisdom, goodness—must ultimately be traced to one great First

* This simple narrative is an abridgment and adaptation from the French of X. B. Saintine. The original, in the compass of a volume, has been exceedingly popular in France, where it is considered by the well-disposed as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and morals, and, from its style, likely to influence minds who would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology.

Cause—that all moral attributes and excellences are dependent from the throne of God.

With a mind groping in the wrong direction for something whereon to repose, it is not wonderful that Charney was dissatisfied. There was nothing on which his affections could be satisfactorily placed. The world was to him a sort of wilderness, in which he discovered nothing to love, admire, or venerate. Wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency, he esteemed no one. Heaven spread her bounties around : they were enjoyed, but not with a thankful heart.

Incapable of making private friends, Charney affected to take an interest in the welfare of an entire people—so much easier is it for a man to be a patriot than a philanthropist. Under the impression that the system of government at the time was detrimental to public welfare, he enrolled himself as a member of a secret society, whose object was to subvert the existing order of things. The particulars of the conspiracy are of little consequence ; it is enough that the projects of the association occupied Charney during the greater part of the years 1803 and 1804, and were finally discovered by the police, who extinguished them with little difficulty. These were times when no great ceremony was employed in seizing and confining persons accused of political offences. Bonaparte was not a man to be trifled with. The leaders of the conspiracy were quietly removed from their homes, condemned almost without a trial, and separated from each other. In the eighty-six departments of France there were many prisons.

It was in the fortress of Fénestrelle that Charles Veramont Count de Charney was incarcerated, being accused of an attempt to overthrow the government, and substitute anarchy and disorder. Let us behold him the tenant of one rude chamber, with no attendant but his jailer, instead of the luxurious master of a princely mansion ! Yet he was supplied with all necessaries. It was the weight of his own thoughts which appeared insupportable. However, there was no escape from them, for all correspondence with the world was forbidden ; and he was not allowed to retain books, pens, or paper. The chamber which he occupied was situated at the back of the citadel, in a little building raised upon the ruins of the old fortifications, now rendered useless by modern inventions. The four walls, newly whitewashed, left not even a trace of any former occupant ; a table of just sufficient size for him to eat from ; one chair, which, standing singly, seemed to warn him that he must not hope for a companion ; a chest, that contained his linen and clothes ; a little cupboard of worm-eaten wood, painted white, with which contrasted strangely a costly mahogany dressing-case inlaid with silver, and which was the only remnant of his past splendour ; a narrow but clean bed ; and a pair of blue linen curtains, that seemed hung at his window in mockery, for through its thick bars, or

from the high wall which rose about ten feet beyond it, he neither feared the impertinence of curious eyes, nor the overpowering rays of the sun. Such was the furniture of his prison-chamber. The rest of his world was confined to a short stone staircase, which, turning sharply round, led to a little paved yard, that had formerly been one of the outworks of the citadel. And here it was that for two hours a-day he was permitted to walk. This even was a privilege; for, from this little enclosure, he could behold the summits of the Alps, which lay behind his prison, though not the rocks and forests with which they were studded. Alas! once returned to his chamber, his horizon was bounded by the dull wall of masonry that separated him from the sublime and picturesque scenery which might have relieved the tedium of the day. At the extremity of the wall was a little window, breaking alone its uniformity; and here, from time to time, Charney fancied that he recognised a melancholy figure.

This was his world—where his demon of THOUGHT still possessed him; and here, by ITS dictation, he wrote the most terrible sentences on the wall, near to the sacred keepsakes of his mother and sister! By turns he directed his mind to the merest trifles—manufactured whistles, boxes, and little open baskets of fruit stones—made miniature ships of walnut shells, and plaited straw for amusement. To vary his occupations, he engraved a thousand fantastic designs upon his table; houses upon houses, fish upon the trees, men taller than the steeples, boats upon the roofs, carriages in the middle of the water, and dwarf pyramids by the side of gigantic flies! Perhaps, however, the greatest interest this victim of ennui experienced, was the curiosity he felt concerning the figure he sometimes saw at the little window to which we before alluded. At first he took the stranger for a spy, placed there to watch his movements; and then he fancied he was one of his enemies enjoying the sight of his degradation—for Charney was the most suspicious of mortals. When at last he questioned the jailer, the poor man only deceived him, though unintentionally.

“He is one of my own countrymen, an Italian,” said he; “a good Christian, for I find him often at prayers.”

Charney asked, “Why is he imprisoned?”

“Because he tried to assassinate General Bonaparte,” returned the jailer.

“Is he, then, a patriot?”

“Oh no; but he lost his son in the war in Germany, and that maddened him. He has but one child left—his daughter.”

“Oh, then it was in a transport of passion and selfishness?” replied Charney. And then he continued, “Pray, how does this bold conspirator amuse himself here?”

“He catches insects,” said Ludovic the jailer with a smile.

Charney could no longer detest, he only despised him, as he answered, “What a fool he must be!”

"Why, count, is he a fool? He has been longer a prisoner than you have, yet already you have become a master in the art of carving on wood."

Notwithstanding the irony of this expression, Charney betook himself to his old occupations; and in such wearying puerilities passed an entire winter. Happily for him a new source of interest was opening.

It was a beautiful morning in spring, when Charney, as usual, paced the little courtyard. He walked slowly, as if thus he could increase the actual space which lay before him. He counted the paving stones one by one, doubtless to prove if his former calculations of this important matter were correct. With eyes bent to the ground, he perceived an unusual appearance between two of the stones. It was but a very little hillock of earth open at the top. Stooping down, he lightly raised some of the particles of soil, and now saw a little blade of vegetation which had scarcely yet escaped from a seed, which had been dropped probably by a bird, or wafted thither by the wind. He would have crushed it with his foot, but at that instant a soft breeze brought to him the odour of honeysuckle and seringa, as if to ask pity for the poor plant, and whisper that it also would perhaps some day have fragrance to bestow! Another idea also stayed his movement. How had this tender blade, so fragile that a touch would break it—how had this tender blade been able to raise itself, and throw from it the hard dry earth almost cemented to the stones by the pressure of his own feet? Interested by the circumstance, again he stooped to examine the infant plant.

He perceived a sort of soft coating, which, folding itself over the young leaves, preserved them from injury, while they pierced the crust of earth and burst into the air and sunshine. Ah! said he to himself, this is the secret. It derives from nature this principle of strength, just as birds, before they are hatched, are provided with beaks to break the egg-shell. Poor prisoner! thou at least in thy captivity dost possess an instrument for thine own liberation. He looked at it for a few moments, but thought no more of crushing it.

The next afternoon, while walking, again, from sheer absence of mind, he nearly stepped upon the little plant. Yet he paused instinctively, surprised himself at the interest it awakened. He found that it had grown in the four-and-twenty hours, and that, having basked in the sunshine, it had lost the sickly paleness he had noticed the previous day. He reflected on the strange power this feeble stem possessed of nourishing itself, and acquiring the various colours assigned to its different parts. "Yes," thought he, "its leaves will of course be of a different shade from the stem; and its flowers, I wonder what colour they will be? How is it that, fed from the same source, one imbibes blue, and another scarlet? They will so show themselves, however; for,

notwithstanding the confusion and disorder there is in the world, matter certainly obeys regular, though blind laws. Very blind," he repeated to himself; "if I needed another proof, here is one. These great lobes, which helped the plant to burst through the earth, are now quite useless; but still they hang heavily upon it, and exhaust its sap!"

While the count thus reasoned, the evening drew on; and though it was spring-time, the nights were cold. As the sun sank, the lobes he had been watching rose slowly before his eyes, and as if to justify themselves in his opinion, drew nearer to each other, enclosing the tender leaves, folding their soft wings over the plant, and thus protecting it from cold, or the attack of insects! Charney understood this silent answer all the better from perceiving that the outer coating had been eaten the preceding night by the slugs, whose silver trail still remained upon the surface.

This strange dialogue, carried on by thought on one side, and action on the other, could not rest here; for Charney was too much accustomed to dispute, to yield his opinion at once to a good reason. "It is all very well," said he to himself; "as it often happens, several fortunate accidents have combined to favour this little plant. Armed at first with a lever to raise up the earth, and a shield to defend it from injury, there was a double chance of its existence; but for these, the germ would have been stifled, as doubtless myriads of the same species are, which nature having imperfectly formed, are unable to preserve themselves, or perpetuate their kind. Who can know the number of these unfinished productions? Bah! there is nothing in all I have noticed but a lucky chance."

Count Charney, nature has still an answer to all your arguments. Be patient, and perhaps you will discover that this frail production was providentially placed in the courtyard of your prison for a useful purpose. You are right in thinking that these protecting wings will soon be insufficient for the purpose; but then they will wither and fall, no longer wanted. For when the north wind shall blow from the Alps damp fogs and flakes of snow, the new leaves still in the bud shall find there a safe asylum, a dwelling prepared for them, impervious to the air, cemented with gum and resin, which, increasing according to their growth, will only open in genial weather; and when returning sunshine calls them forth, they press together, thus borrowing and lending fraternal support, and find themselves provided with a downy covering to protect them from atmospheric changes. Be sure, wherever danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The prisoner still watched the changes of the plant. Again he argued, and again it had a ready answer. "Of what use is this down upon the stem?" said Charney.

The next morning he saw that the down was covered with a

light hoar-frost, which had thus been held at a distance from the tender bark!

"At all events, it will not be wanted in the summer," continued the count; and when warm weather came, behold the plant was stripped of its first mantle, and its fresh branches were free from a covering no longer necessary. "But a storm may come, and the wind will scatter, and the hail will tear thy tender leaves."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too weak to wrestle with it, bent to the earth, and so found safety. It hailed; and now, by a new manœuvre, the leaves arose, and pressing together for mutual protection around the stem, presented a solid mass to the blows of the enemy: in union they found strength; and though the plant sustained some slight injury, it came out of the conflict still strong, and ready to open to the sunbeams, which soon healed its wounds!

"Has Chance intelligence?" asked Charney; "can it join spirit to matter?" From attempting to discover some of the properties of this humble plant, and watching over its progress towards maturity, he unconsciously learned to love it; and *it was the first thing which he loved*, for his heart was at length touched. One day he had watched it longer even than usual, and surprised himself in a reverie beside it. His thoughts were calmer and sweeter than any he had experienced for a long time. Presently, on raising his head, he perceived at the window we before noticed the stranger, who evidently was watching him, and whom Charney had called in derision the *fly-catcher*. At first he blushed, as if the other had known his thoughts; and then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. What room was there for contempt? Was not his own mind absorbed in a very similar manner? "Who knows," said he, "this Italian may have discovered in a fly things as worthy of being examined as I have in my plant."

On re-entering his chamber, the first object which struck him was a sentence he had written on his wall about two months before—it ran thus:—

"Chance is the parent of creation."

He took a piece of charcoal, and wrote beneath it—"Perhaps!"

Charney chalked no more upon the wall, and only carved upon his table representations of flowers and leaves. His hours of exercise he passed almost entirely by the side of his plant, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often, when returned to his chamber, he continued to gaze on it through the grated window. It had now, indeed, become his favourite occupation—the only resource of a prisoner! Will he tire of it as he had done of every other amusement? We shall see.

One morning, while looking at the plant from his window, he saw, or fancied, that the jailer, in crossing the courtyard with hurried strides, brushed so close to the stem that he almost

crushed it. Charney trembled from head to foot. When Ludovic brought him his breakfast, he set about offering his petition, which was, that he would have the goodness to walk carefully, and spare the only ornament of the yard. But simple as the request may appear, he scarcely knew how to begin. Perhaps the regulations for cleaning the prison might be so rigid, that destruction must await the little thing; and if so, how great was the favour he had to ask! At last, however, mustering up courage to speak of such a trifle, he begged Ludovic—who, though the warden of a prison, and sometimes rough in manner, was not by any means a hard-hearted man—to spare the plant in which he had begun to take such a friendly interest.

“Why, as for your wallflower——” began Ludovic.

“Is it then a wallflower?” interrupted the count.

“Oh, I don’t know I am sure; but all such things seem to me more or less wallflowers. But this I will say, that you are rather late in recommending it to my care. Why, I should have put my foot upon it long ago, had I not seen that you were interested in it.”

“Yes, I do feel an interest,” said Charney in a confused manner.

“Hush, hush,” returned the other, winking his eye with a comical expression; “people must have something to care about, and prisoners have no choice. Why, I have known great people, clever people—for they don’t send fools here—amuse themselves at little cost. One catches flies—no great harm in that; another”—and here he winked again—“carves with his penknife all sorts of monstrous things upon his table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture. Some make friends of birds, and some of mice. Now, so much do I respect these fancies, that I have sent away our cat, though my wife doted on her, for fear of her killing them. Perhaps she might not have injured them, but I would not run any risk; I should have been a villain if I had; for all the cats in the world are not worth the bird or mouse of a prisoner.”

“It was very good of you,” replied Charney, feeling himself humbled at being thought capable of such childish tastes. “But this plant is for me something more than an amusement.”

“Well, what matters it? If it reminds you of the tree under which you prattled to your mother in your childhood, so much the better. The superintendent has not spoken about it, and as for me, I shut my eyes to things I don’t wish to see. If it should grow to be a tree, and so be able to help you over the wall, it will be another affair; but we have no need to think of that yet a while,” he added with a laugh; “though, I am sure, I wish you the free use of your legs with all my heart; but this must happen according to order. If you were to try to escape——”

“What would you do?”

“Do! Why, it should be over my body; I would shoot you myself, or tell the sentinel to fire, with as little remorse as if you

were a rabbit. But touch a leaf of your wallflower! No, I have not a heart for that. I have always considered that man unworthy of the dignity of being a jailer, who would crush a spider that a prisoner had become attached to; it is a wicked action—a crime. Talking of spiders,” continued Ludovic, “I’ll tell you a story about a prisoner who was let out at last by the help of the spiders.”

“By the help of the spiders!” exclaimed Charney with astonishment.

“Yes,” replied the jailer; “it is about ten years ago; Quatremer Disjonval was his name. He was a Frenchman, like you, though he had employment in Holland, and sided with the Dutch when they revolted. For this he was put into prison, where he stayed eight years, without having even then a prospect of being released—for I heard all about him, count, from a prisoner we had here before you came—and who formed an acquaintance with the spiders; though, luckily, Bonaparte gave him the use of his legs again, without waiting so long for it as his friend had done. Well, this poor Disjonval having nothing to amuse himself with during these eight long years, took to watching the spiders; and at last, from their actions, he could tell what the weather would be for ten, twelve, or fourteen days to come. Above all, he noticed that they only spun their large wheel-like webs in fine weather, or when fine clear weather was setting in; whereas, when wet and cold were coming, they retreated clean out of sight. Now, when the troops of the Republic were in Holland, in December 1794, a sudden and unexpected thaw so altered the plans of the generals, that they seriously thought of withdrawing the army, and accepting the money that the Dutch would have willingly paid to be free of them. But Disjonval, who thought any masters would be better than his present ones, hoped, beyond all things, that the French would be victorious; and knowing that only the weather was against them, watched his friendly spiders with redoubled interest. To his joy, he discovered that a frost was coming; a frost which would render the rivers and canals able to bear the weight of the baggage and artillery. He contrived to have a letter conveyed to the commander-in-chief, assuring him that a frost would set in within fourteen days; he, either believing what he wished, or really putting faith in a prisoner’s experience, maintained his ground; and when, at the end of twelve days, every river was frozen over, Disjonval no doubt felt that, if the French gained the day, he deserved his freedom at their hands. And he had it too; for when they entered Utrecht in triumph, one of the first orders issued was for the liberation of Quatremer Disjonval. This is a fact, count; though I heard it said that afterwards he continued his affection for the spiders, and wrote about them too. Ah, it is a curious thing how much such insects know, or at least how much they do, that we can’t at all

understand! They must be Heaven-taught too, for they do not even seem to teach one another."

Charney was touched by this recital, for well could he enter into every feeling of Disjonval; and his heart was softened by Ludovic's attention to his plant. Yet, now that he began to respect his jailer, his vanity urged him the more to give some reason for the interest he took in such a trifle. "My dear good Ludovic," said he, "I thank you for your kind consideration; but I must repeat to you that this little plant is to me more than an amusement. I am studying its physiology;" and as he saw that the man listened without understanding, he added, "besides, the species to which it belongs possesses, I think, medicinal properties which are most valuable in certain attacks of illness to which I am subject!" He had descended to a species of falsehood. But, alas! this had seemed to him less humiliating than to acknowledge himself pleased with a trifle.

"Well, count," said Ludovic, preparing to leave the room, "if your plant, or its kind, has rendered you so much service, I think you might have shown your gratitude by watering it sometimes. Poor PICCIOLA!* poor little thing! it would have perished of thirst if I had not taken care of it. But adieu, adieu."

"One instant, my kind Ludovic," exclaimed Charney, more and more surprised at discovering the character of the man; "is it possible that you have been thus thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet never mentioned your goodness to me? I intreat you accept this little present as an earnest of my gratitude, though it is impossible I can ever repay you;" and he presented a little silver-gilt cup which belonged to his dressing-case. Ludovic took it in his hand, examining it with some curiosity.

"Repay me for what, Signor Count? Flowers only ask a little water, so we can let them drink without being ruined at a tavern." And he replaced the cup in the dressing-case.

The count moved nearer, and extended his hand; but Ludovic drew back in a respectful manner, exclaiming, "No, no; a man only gives his hand to a friend and an equal."

"Then, Ludovic, be you my friend."

"No, no; that would not do," replied the jailer; "one should have a little foresight in this world. If we were to be *friends*, and you were to try to escape, how should I have the heart to cry 'fire!' to the soldiers? No; I am your keeper, your jailer, and most humble servant."

And now that Charney has learned another lesson—the lesson that *good* as well as *evil* is woven in that strange tangled texture, human nature—we must hurry over some of the succeeding events, and relate but briefly how he was attacked by illness, and

* Picciola—pronounced Pitchiola—is an Italian word signifying poor little thing.

how his rough friend Ludovic tended him through it. The reader must, however, remember, that in making his urgent, but, as it proved, most unnecessary supplications for his plant, the count had even descended to something like a falsehood; for he had said that he thought the plant possessed medicinal properties, a declaration which the honest jailer called to mind when he beheld his charge suffering from the delirium of fever. It is true the medical attendant of the prison had been called in; but whatever his judgment might be, his skill seemed unavailing. Charney was apparently in extreme danger, when, amidst the wildest ravings, he passionately exclaimed, "Picciola—Picciola!" In an instant Ludovic concluded that it was for curing this disorder the plant was famed; but how to apply it was the question. Yet the thing must be tried; so, after a consultation with his wife, it was determined to cut some of the leaves, and make a decoction of them. Bitter—nauseous was the draught (probably a great recommendation in Ludovic's opinion); but, administered at the crisis by means of which nature was working her cure, it had all the credit. Yet to describe Charney's horror at the discovery of the mutilation to which his Picciola had been subjected, is impossible; but he felt it was the punishment of his falsehood; and so, as a medicine, it worked a moral change, if not a physical one! Neither may we describe very accurately how, before his attack of illness, Charney erected what he called "the palace of his mistress." He had been frightened one day by beholding the house-dog pass through the yard, for he feared that a lash of his tail might injure the beloved Picciola. Yes, Picciola was now her name, the title bestowed on her by the kind-hearted Ludovic, who was called her godfather. Although the nights were cold, and his allowance of firewood at all times insufficient, yet Charney cheerfully robbed himself day by day of some portion of his little store, till, with the aid of cords which he carefully spun from his linen, he erected a defence around the plant.

By the physician's orders the count had now permission to walk in the courtyard whenever he pleased, though he was still too weak to take much advantage of the favour. Perhaps, however, there was something in his convalescent state favourable to contemplation; certain it is that he revelled in it more than ever. There was little to break in upon his reveries; the only event the solitary could bring to mind was, that he had once seen a second figure at the window where he had before noticed the entomologist. As for Ludovic, he might be a little more communicative; but he was in no degree more complying than his office lawfully permitted. Charney was anxious to procure pens and paper, that he might note down the observations he was daily making on his plant; but these were obstinately refused, as against orders.

"Why not write to the superintendent for permission?" said Ludovic. "I dare not, and will not give them you."

"Never," exclaimed the count, "will I ask him to grant me a favour."

"As you please," returned Ludovic coldly, singing one of his native Italian airs as he left the chamber of his prisoner.

Too proud to humble himself to the governor, Charney was still unwilling to abandon his design. With the aid of his razor, he formed a pen of a tooth-pick; his ink was made from soot dissolved in water, and mixed in a gilt scent-bottle; and instead of paper, he wrote on his cambric handkerchief. Picciola was now in flower, and among the phenomena she revealed to him, he observed that the flower turned towards the sun, following the orb in its course, the better to absorb its rays; or when, veiled by clouds which threatened rain, the sun was no longer visible, Picciola bent down her petals, as mariners fold their sails, to prepare for the coming storm. "Is heat so necessary to her?" thought Charney; "and why? Does she fear even the passing shadow which seems so refreshing? But why do I ask? I know she will explain her reasons." He who had almost denied a God began to have faith in a flower!

Picciola had already proved a physician; and on an emergency she might serve for a barometer. Now she fulfilled the uses of a watch!

By dint of watching and observing, Charney remarked that her perfume varied at different periods of the day. At first he thought that such a notion must be a delusion of the imagination; but repeated trials proved to him its reality. At last he could declare the hour of the day with certainty, simply from inhaling the odour of his plant. Picciola was now in full blossom; and, thanks to Ludovic, who assisted the prisoner to construct a seat in the courtyard, the invalid could enjoy the society of his favourite for hours at a time. It sometimes happened that, towards the close of day, he sunk into a waking dream—a reverie—in which the imagination, triumphing over the body, carried him to distant and most different scenes. Once he thought himself in his old mansion; it was the night of a festival—the noise of a hundred carriages rattled in his ear, and the gleam of torches flashed in his eye. Presently the orchestra sounded, and the fête began. The brilliant light of chandeliers flooded the ball-room, where jewels gleamed and feathers waved upon the fairest forms. There was the haughty Tallien and the beautiful Recamier; and Josephine the consul's wife, who, from her goodness and grace, often passed for the loveliest of the three. Others were, beside them, adorned with every aid which taste and dress could lend to youth and beauty. But it was not one of these that, in Charney's reverie, riveted his attention. He distinguished a young girl simply attired in white; her native grace and faint blush were her only ornaments; and as he gazed upon her the other figures faded from his view. Presently they were alone, and as in thought he approached her more nearly, he observed that in her

dark hair she wore a flower—the flower of his prison! Involuntarily he extended his arms to clasp her, but in an instant she faded from his view—the flower and the girl losing themselves in one another. The walls of his mansion grew dim; the lights were gradually extinguished; till, reason dethroning fancy, the prisoner opened his eyes! Behold, he was still on his bench, the sun was setting, and Picciola before him.

Often he dreamed thus; but always the young girl with the flower—Picciola personified—was the prominent figure of his charming vision. He knew it was no memory of the past; could it be a revelation of the future? He cared not to inquire; he only felt that it was happiness to cherish the beloved image. It was something to occupy his heart as well as his mind; a being to understand and answer him, to smile with and love him, to exist but in the breath of his life—his love. He spoke to her in imagination, and closed his eyes to behold her. The two were one—the one was double!

Thus the captive of Fénestrelle, after his graver studies, tasted the richest elixir; entering more and more into that region of poesy, from which man returns, like the bee from the bosom of flowers, perfumed and loaded with honey. He had now a double existence, the real and the ideal, the one the remainder of the other; without which, man tastes but half the blessings lavished on him by the Creator! Now Charney's time was divided between Picciola the flower and Picciola the fair girl. After reason and labour came joy and love!

Charney became daily more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his flower, his silent teacher and companion. But his eyes were unable to follow the regular but minute and mysterious changes of its nature. He was one day more than commonly depressed in spirits, and at the same time angry with himself for yielding to his feelings, when Ludovic brought him a powerful microscope, the loan of the stranger at the window, with which the latter had been accustomed to examine his insects, and by the aid of which he had numbered eight thousand divisions in the cornea of a fly! Charney trembled with joy. The most minute particles of his plant were now revealed to his sight, magnified a hundredfold. Now did he believe himself on the high road to the most wonderful discoveries. He had before examined the outer covering of his flower, and he is prepared to find that the brilliant colour of the petals, their graceful form and purple spots, and the bands, as soft to the eye as velvet, which complete the outline, are not there only to gladden the sight with their beauty, but that they also serve to collect or disperse the sun's rays according to the wants of the flower. Now he perceives that these bright and glossy particles are unquestionably a glandulous mass of the absorbing vessels, endowed with a mysterious power to respire air, light, and moisture for the nourishment of the seed; for without light there would be no

colour; without air and heat, no life! Moisture, heat, and light! of these the vegetable world is composed, and to these must its atoms return when they die!

During these hours of study and delight, Charney, unknown to himself, had two spectators of his actions; these were Girhardi and his daughter, who watched him with intense and kindly interest.

The daughter was one of those rare beings presented now and then to the world, as if to show that nature *can* surpass a poet's dreams. Educated entirely by her father, the motherless girl was devoted to him; for though her beauty, her virtue, and her acquirements, had won for her many lovers, her heart, however tender, had never been deeply touched. She seemed to have no thought, but her one grief—her father's imprisonment. She felt that her place was not among the happy, but where she could dry a tear or call up a smile; and to do this was her pride and triumph. Until recently, such had been her only thoughts; but since she had seen Charney, she had learned to take an interest in, and feel compassion for him. Like her father, he was a prisoner, which alone was enough to awaken her sympathy; but the love he bore to his plant—the only thing to which his heart clung—gave birth to feelings of the deepest pity. It is true that the commanding person of the count might have had some weight in prepossessing her in his favour; though assuredly, had she met him in the hour of his prosperity, she would not have distinguished him for such qualities. In her ignorance of human life, she classed misfortune among the virtues; and this was the charm which had kindled her heart's warm sympathy.

One morning Girhardi, not content with waving his hand from the window by way of salutation, beckoned Charney to approach as near as possible, and modulating his voice, as if in great fear that some one else would hear him, exclaimed, "I have good news for you, sir." "And I," replied Charney, "have my best thanks to offer for your goodness in lending me the microscope;" and, perhaps, in his life Charney had never before felt so deep a sense of obligation.

"Do not give me any thanks," returned Girhardi; "the thought was Teresa's, my daughter's."

"You have a daughter, then; and they permit you to see her?"

"Yes; and I thank God that they do, for my poor child is an angel of goodness. Do you know, my dear sir, she has taken a great interest in you; first when you were ill, and ever since in watching the attention you bestow on your flower. Surely you must have seen her sometimes at the window?"

"Is it possible; was it your daughter?"

"Yes indeed; but in speaking of her I forget the news I have to give you. The emperor is going to Milan, where he will be crowned king of Italy."

"What emperor?"

"Why, General Bonaparte to be sure. Did you not know that the first consul has assumed the title of emperor—the Emperor Napoleon—and having conquered Italy, he is going to Milan to be crowned king of that country?"

"King of Italy!" exclaimed Charney; "but what then; he will be more than ever your master and mine. As for the microscope," continued Charney, who thought much more of his Picciola than this great event, and who knew not what was to follow—"as for the microscope, I am afraid I have already kept it too long; you are depriving yourself of it. Perhaps at some future time you will lend it to me again?"

"I can do without it; I have others," replied the kind old man, guessing from Charney's tone how unwilling he was to part with it. "Keep it, keep it as a remembrancer of your fellow-captive, who, believe me, feels a deep interest in you."

Charney strove for words to express his gratitude; but the other interrupted him, saying, "Let me finish what I had to tell. They say that at the approaching coronation many pardons will be granted. Have you any friends who now can speak for you?"

Charney shook his head mournfully as he replied, "I have no friends."

"No friends!" echoed the old man with a look of compassion; "have you, then, doubted and suspected your fellow-creatures, for friendship surely exists for those who believe in it? Well, well, if you have not, I have friends whom adversity even has not shaken; and perhaps they may succeed for you, though they have failed for me."

"I will ask nothing of General Bonaparte," replied the count in a tone which betrayed his rooted hate and rancour.

"Hush!—speak lower—I think some one is coming—but no;" and after a moment's silence, the Italian continued in a manner so touching, that reproach was softened as if falling from the lips of a father. "Dear friend, you are still angry, though I should have thought that the studies you have now for months pursued, would have extinguished in your heart the hatred which God condemns, and which causes so much misery in the world. The perfume of your flower should have taught you charity. I have more cause to complain of Bonaparte than you have, for my son died in his service."

"And it was his death you strove to revenge?" replied Charney.

"I see that you, too, have heard that falsehood," said the old man, raising his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to the Almighty. "It is true that in my first moments of agony, when the people were rending the air with their acclamations of joy for victory, my cries of despair were heard in an interval. I was arrested, and unfortunately a knife was found upon me. Informers, who lived by perjury, made it appear that I had designs on the life of Bonaparte; and he who was only a bereaved father, mourning

in his first agony, they treated as an assassin. I can believe that the emperor was deceived; and were he so very bad a man, remember he might have put us both to death. Should he restore me to liberty, he will but repair an error, though I shall bless him for his mercy. For myself, I can endure captivity, for I have faith in Providence, and resign myself to the will of God; but my misfortune weighs heavily on Teresa—though we both suffer less from being together—and for her sake I would indeed wish to be free. Surely you, too, have some being who loves you, who suffers for you, and for whose happiness, if not for your own, you will sacrifice this false pride? Come, let my friends do what they can for you.”

Charney smiled bitterly. “No wife, nor daughter, nor friend weeps for me!” said he; “no human being sighs for my return, for I have no longer gold to bestow. What should I do in the world, where really I was no happier than I am here? But could I find there friends and happiness, and recover fortune, I would still repeat ‘No’ a thousand times, if I must first humble myself to the power I struggled to overthrow!”

“Think again.”

“I never will address as emperor him who was my equal.”

“I implore you not to sacrifice the future to this false pride, which is vanity, not patriotism. But hark! now some one is indeed coming—adieu!” and Girhardi moved from the window.

“Thanks, thanks for the microscope!” cried Charney, before the other had quite disappeared.

At that moment the hinges of the gate creaked, and Ludovic entered the courtyard. He brought with him the provisions for the day; but perceiving that Charney was deep in thought, he did not address him, though he slightly rattled the plates, as if to remind him that dinner was ready; while he silently saluted my lord and my lady, as he was accustomed to call the man and the plant!

“The microscope is mine!” thought Charney; “but how have I deserved the kindness of this benevolent stranger?” Then seeing Ludovic cross the yard, his thoughts turned to him, as he mentally exclaimed, “Even this man has won my esteem; under his rough exterior, what a noble and generous heart there beats!” But, while he pondered, he thought another voice replied, “It is misfortune which has taught you to estimate a kindness. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant unknown to you; the other has procured you the means of examining it more narrowly.” “But,” returned Charney, still arguing with himself, “the dictates of the heart are more true than those of the reason; and my heart tells me that theirs has been no common generosity.” “Yes,” replied the voice, “but it is because this generosity has been exercised towards you, that you do it justice. If Picciola had not existed, these two men would still have been despised. One

would have remained in your eyes an old fool, given up to the most contemptible trifling; and the other a coarse, and sordid, and vulgar creature. Encased in your own selfishness, *you* never loved before; and now it is because you love Picciola that you understand the love of others; it is through her they have been drawn to you!"

And Charney looked by turns at his plant and his microscope. Napoleon, emperor of France, and king of Italy! The one-half of this terrible title had formerly induced him to become a furious conspirator, but now its magnificence scarcely dwelt in his mind for a moment. He thought less of the triumphs of an emperor and a king, than of an insect which wheeled with threatening buzz around his flower!

Provided with the microscope, now his own, Charney pursued his examinations with avidity; and were we writing a botanical work, instead of a narrative, we should be tempted to follow his discoveries step by step. But this may not be; though our story illustrates a *truth*. It is enough that, like one who stumbles in the dark, and consequently has often to retrace his steps, one theory was often overthrown by another in the mind of Count Charney. Yet nature was his teacher—the plant, and the bird, and the bee; the sun, and the wind, and the shower! His present enthusiasm compensated for his past ignorance; and, though he called to mind but vaguely the system of Linnæus, it was after the careful and soul-thrilling examinations which revealed to him the nuptials of the flowers, that he first perceived, however dimly, the chain which binds the universe. His eyes wandered, the microscope was laid aside, and the philosopher sunk on his rustic bench overpowered by his emotions.

"Picciola," he exclaimed, "I had once the whole world in which to wander; I had friends without number, or at least such as usurped that title; and, above all, I was surrounded by men of science in every department; but none of these instructed me as thou hast done; and none of the self-styled friends conferred on me the good offices which I have received from thee; and in this narrow courtyard, studying only thee, I have thought, and felt, and observed more than in all my previous life. Thou hast been a light in the darkness, a companion to relieve my solitude, a book which has seemed to me more wondrous than every other, for it has convinced me of my ignorance, and humbled my pride: it has convinced me that science, like virtue, can only be acquired by humility; and that to rise, we must first descend: it has shown me that the first rail of this mighty ladder is buried in the earth, and that by this we must begin to climb. It is a book written in characters of light, though in a language so mysterious, that we should be lost in awe and wonder were not every word a consolation. The world thou hast opened to my view is that of thought—of the Creator, of Heaven, of the Eternal. It is the law of love

which rules the universe; which regulates the attraction of an atom, and the path of the planets; which links a flower to the stars, and binds in one chain the insect which burrows in the earth, to haughty man who raises his brow to heaven, seeking there—his Creator!" The agitation of Charney increased as the struggle in his heart continued; but he murmured again, "Oh God! oh God! prejudice has dulled my reason, and sophistry has hardened my heart! I cannot hear THEE yet, but I will call upon THEE; I cannot see, but I will seek THEE!"

Returned to his chamber, he read upon the wall, "God is but a word." He added, "Is not this word the one which explains the enigma of the universe?"

Alas! there was still doubt in the expression; but for this proud spirit to doubt, was to know itself half-conquered; and to Picciola he still turned to teach him a creed, and convince him of a God!

In contemplating and questioning the page of nature which was opened to him, time passed quickly away; and when exhausted by deep thought, he indulged in those reveries in which the fair girl floated before his eyes, linked in a mysterious manner with his beloved Picciola. Not only the outward events, the changes and progress of his plant, were chronicled on the cambric, but the inner world of poesy, the life of his day-dreams, was interpreted there, though perchance vaguely; for language has its limits, and cannot always reach to thought.

Once, however, his vision was painful; for suddenly the young girl became pale, as if by the finger of death. She stretched her arms towards him, but he was chained to the spot; an unseen obstacle interposed, and the dreamer awoke with a cry of agony. Strange, that another cry echoed his own, and that in the voice of a woman! Happy was he to find his anguish but a dream; himself upon the rustic bench, and Picciola blooming beside him; yet he felt that the shadow of evil was upon him. Honest Ludovic came running to the spot. "Oh, count," said he, "you are taken ill again, I fear; but never mind, Madame Picciola and I will cure you."

"I am not ill," replied Charney, scarcely yet recovered from his emotion. "Who told you so?"

"Why, Mademoiselle Teresa, the fly-catcher's daughter; she saw you from the window, heard you scream, and ran to send me to your assistance."

Charney was touched; he remembered the interest the young Italian had taken in his illness, and it was to her thoughtfulness he was indebted for the precious microscope. He felt himself all at once overpowered with gratitude; and strangely mingling the ideal of his dream with the figure he had once or twice seen at the window, he remembered that the latter had no flower in her hair. Not without some self-reproach, not without a trembling hesitation, did he gather one of the flowers from

Picciola. "Formerly," murmured he, "I lavished gold and jewels on worthless women and false friends, without a feeling of regret; but oh, if a gift be valued in proportion as the giver prizes it, never, I swear, have I bestowed anything so precious as the flower which I borrow from thee, Picciola!" Placing it in Ludovic's hand, he continued, "Give this from me to the old man's daughter. Tell her that I thank her from my heart for the interest she takes in me, and that the poor and imprisoned Count de Charney possesses nothing of more value to offer for her acceptance."

Ludovic took the flower with an air of stupefaction; for he had been so accustomed to consider the prisoner's love for his plant as all-engrossing, that he could not understand how Mademoiselle Teresa's slight service had deserved what he knew was the most munificent return. "Well," said he, after a moment, "they can now judge from this specimen what a sweet thing my god-daughter is!"

Charney pursued his examinations, and every day some new wonders were developed. Picciola was in the height of her beauty; not less than thirty flowers graced her stem, and numerous buds had still to open, when, one morning approaching her with the joy of a lover, and yet with the gravity of a man about seriously to study, he started on perceiving that his beloved Picciola was beginning to droop. He supplied water to the plant with his most tender care; still she drooped the next day also. Something was wrong. On examining minutely into the cause of the illness, he learned, what he ought to have already looked for, that the stem, pressed between the edges of the two stones through which it had struggled into existence, was too slender to maintain the circulation in the plant. The stem must be set free from this tightening pressure, or death will be the consequence. Charney saw all this, and knew but one means to save the companion of his imprisonment. Alas! how could he save her? The stones must be broken or removed, and dare he hope that this indulgence would be granted? He waited impatiently for the next appearance of Ludovic, and communicated to him the disaster, with a humble request that he would furnish him with tools to release the plant from its bondage.

"Impossible," answered the jailer; "you must apply to the superintendent."

"Never," cried Charney impetuously.

"As you like; but I think this pride is somewhat out of place. I shall speak to him about it I tell you."

"I forbid you," replied the count.

"You forbid me—how amusing! Do you suppose I am to be ordered by you? But never mind; let her die if you like; it is nothing to me. Good morning."

"Stay," returned the count; "would the superintendent understand this favour—the only one I will ever ask?"

"Understand! Why not? Isn't he a man? Cannot he understand, like me, that you love your plant? Besides, I'll tell him that it's good for fever—for all sorts of sickness; and he's not strong; he suffers terribly from rheumatism. Well, well, you're a scholar; now prove it; write him a letter, not too long—pretty phrases."

Charney still hesitated, but Ludovic made a sign of Picciola dying. The other gave a faint token of assent, and Ludovic went away.

In a few minutes afterwards, an official, half-civil half-military, appeared with pen and ink, and a single sheet of paper bearing the superintendent's stamp. He remained present while Charney wrote his request; then reading it, he sealed and took the letter away.

Reader, do you rejoice at the changed heart, or do you despise our noble count for thus conquering his pride to save a drooping flower? If the latter, you understand not the crushing influence of captivity on the haughtiest spirit; you imagine not the one strong love of a desolate heart, which perhaps saved the mind from madness or idiocy. The weakness of which you accuse him, was the very necessity of his mind, impelled by love and gratitude. Would that such holy springs were always near to bend the proud spirit!

Three hours dragged slowly away, and no answer came to the petition. Charney's agitation and anxiety were extreme. He could not eat. He tried to persuade himself that a favourable answer must arrive; that it would be impossible to refuse so simple a request. Yet, alas! concession might be too late; Picciola was dying! Evening came, and no relief to his anxiety; night, and Charney could not close his eyes.

The next morning brought the brief answer, that "the pavement of a prison-yard was one of its walls, and must be inviolable!"

And so Picciola must die? Her odours no longer proclaim the hour truly; she is like a watch whose springs are disordered; she cannot entirely turn to the sun, but droops her flowers, as a young girl would close her dying eyes, rather than meet the gaze of the lover she parts from with anguish! And Charney is in his chamber writing with care and diligence on one of his finest handkerchiefs!

His task completed, the handkerchief was carefully folded; then returning to the courtyard, and passing Picciola with the murmured exclamation, "I will save thee!" he attached the little packet to a cord which he found suspended from Girhardi's window. In an instant it was drawn up.

Yes! Charney had humbled his pride yet more: to save Picciola he had addressed a petition to Napoleon! And Teresa Girhardi, the voluntary denizen of a prison, had undertaken to be the bearer, although Charney knew not at the time *who* was

the messenger her father had promised to find. Few were her preparations, for every minute was precious; and, mounted on horseback, accompanied by a guide, in less than an hour she had left the walls of Fénestrelle. It was evening when they arrived at Turin; but, alas! the first news which greeted her was, that the emperor had set out for Alessandria. His visit had made a fête-day, and the people were too busy and elated to answer her anxious questions very readily; yet her resolution was instantly taken to follow at all hazards. Here, however, the guide learning that the distance to Alessandria was at least equal to double that which they had already traversed, refused to accompany her a step farther; and leaving her, as he said, to a night's repose at a little inn, he coolly bade her good evening, as he should set out on his return the first thing in the morning. Although, for a moment, almost paralysed with the sense of her desolation, the noble-hearted Teresa faltered not in her resolution. She could hear of no conveyance till the morrow, but it was torture to think of losing the night in inactivity.

Seated in the chimney-corner enjoying their supper were a couple, man and wife, who were evidently travelling with merchandise. It is true Teresa had just heard the order given to feed their mules, which were sent to the stable; it is true she heard their expressions of delight at being housed after their journey; yet on their assistance she built all her hopes.

"Pardon my question," said she in a trembling voice to the woman; "but what road do you take when you leave Turin?"

"The road to Alessandria, my dear!"

"To Alessandria! It is my good angel which has led you hither."

"Your good angel, then," replied the woman, "has led us through a very bad road."

"What is it you mean?" said the man, addressing Teresa.

"Most urgent business calls me to Alessandria. Will you take me?"

"It is impossible," said the woman.

"I will pay you well," continued Teresa; "I will give you ten francs."

"I don't know how we can do it," replied the man; "the seat is so narrow, it will hardly hold three; though you are not very large to be sure. But we are only going to Revigano, which is but half way to Alessandria."

"Well, well, take me so far; but we must set out this instant."

"This instant! What an idea: we cannot start till the morning."

"I will pay you double the sum."

The husband looked at his wife, but she shook her head, exclaiming, "The poor beasts; it would kill them!"

"But the twenty francs," murmured he.

And the thought of twenty francs had so much weight, that before the clock struck eleven, Teresa found herself in the cart seated between the worthy pair.

In her impatience, winged horses would scarcely have contented her; but the slow pace of the mules, with their bells jingling in measured time at every step, seemed insupportable. "My good man, make them go a little faster," said she.

"My dear child," replied he, "I do not like spending the night in counting the stars any more than you; but I am carrying earthenware to Revigano, and if the mules trot, they will break it all to pieces."

"Earthenware! oh!" groaned Teresa, while the tears streamed down her cheeks; "but at least you can make them go a little quicker?"

"Not much."

And so was performed the half of her journey. The seller of earthenware put her down on the roadside at the break of day, wishing her safe at her journey's end.

"Tell me, sir," said Teresa to the first person she met, "how I can procure a conveyance to Alessandria?"

"I do not think you will find one," replied the stranger; "the emperor reviews the troops at Marengo to-day, and every carriage, every place, has been engaged these three days."

To another she put the same question. "You love the French, do you? that accursed race!" was the answer he gave between his set teeth.

At last she got a ride for a mile or two, till one whose place had been engaged was taken up. And so, by degrees, she found herself on foot among the crowd of sight-seekers who thronged to Marengo.

A magnificent throne, surrounded with tricoloured flags, had been erected on a hill which overlooked almost the spot where, five years before, the battle of Marengo had been fought; and here the conqueror had determined to review his victorious troops. The aides-de-camp, covered with their glittering orders, passed rapidly to and fro; the trumpet and the drum sounded; banners floated in the breeze, and the plumes in the helmets waved. Napoleon was at the head of his guards; Josephine, surrounded by her ladies, was seated on the throne, with an officer by her side, deputed to explain to her the military evolutions. Interested as the empress was, she yet observed some slight disturbance near her; and on inquiring the cause, was told that a young woman, at the risk of being trampled down by the horses, had, under cover of the smoke, made her way across the line, and was earnestly beseeching permission to present a petition to her majesty.

What was the result of the interview will by and by be seen.

Over the dreary prison of Fénestrelle a yet darker cloud seemed to hover. Charney counted the minutes, and, unconscious

who the messenger really was, sometimes blamed his tardiness, sometimes his own folly in daring to hope. The fourth day arrived; Picciola was at the point of death; and Girhardi came no more to the window, though from his room could be heard mingled prayers and sobs. The proud Charney hung despairingly over his plant. For her he had humbled himself to the dust, and yet was he to lose the charm of his life, the sole object of his love! Ludovic crossed the courtyard. Since the prisoner's affliction, the jailer had resumed his harsh deportment; for, as he dared not act, he would not speak kindly.

"Ludovic, what have I done to you?" exclaimed Charney in his wretchedness.

"Done! nothing at all," replied the other.

"Well, then," continued the count, seizing his hand, "save her now. Yes, the superintendent has no need to know it. Bring me some earth in a box—but for a moment will the stones be removed. We will transplant her."

"Don't touch me," replied Ludovic roughly, drawing away his hand. "Deuce take your flower, she has worked nothing but mischief. To begin with yourself, you're going to fall ill again I know. You had better boil her down into drink, and have done with her."

Charney looked unutterable indignation.

"However," pursued Ludovic, "if it only affected yourself, it would be but your own affair; but the poor fly-catcher, he'll never see his daughter again, that is certain."

"His daughter!" exclaimed Charney in astonishment.

"Yes, his daughter. You may whip the horses, but who can tell where the carriage will roll? You may fling a dagger, but who can tell whom it shall wound? They've found out that you have written to the emperor—through the guide, I suppose."

"His daughter," repeated Charney, deaf to all else.

"Why, did you suppose your message would go by telegraph?"

Charney buried his face in his hands.

"Well, they've found it out," repeated the jailer; "and it is a good thing I had no suspicion. But she is not to be admitted to see her father again: they told him so yesterday. But your dinner is getting cold."

The count threw himself on his bench. For a moment he thought of at once destroying Picciola, instead of watching her lingering death; but his heart failed him; and he dwelt on the generous girl who had devoted herself to his cause, and whose punishment, and that of her good father, would be so heavy. "Oh," he exclaimed, "if they would but open again to thee these prison gates, how willingly would I purchase the favour by sacrificing the half of my life! Blessings on you, ye noble pair!"

In less than half an hour two officers presented themselves in the courtyard, accompanied by the superintendent of the prison, who requested Charney to return with them to his chamber.

The superintendent was a bald-headed man, with thick gray mustachios. A scar, which divided his left eyebrow, and descended to his lip, did not greatly improve his countenance; but in his own estimation he was a person of great consequence, and on the present occasion he assumed more than an ordinary degree of dignity and severity. He began the conversation by requesting to know if Charney had any complaint to make with regard to his treatment in the fortress of Fénestrelle. The prisoner replied in the negative. "You know, sir," continued the great man, "that in your illness every attention was paid to you. If you did not choose to follow the doctor's advice, it was not his fault, nor mine; and since then, I have accorded you the unusual favour of walking when you pleased in the courtyard."

Charney bowed and thanked him.

"However," said the superintendent, with the air of a man whose feelings had been wounded, "you have infringed the rules of the fortress; you have injured me in the opinion of the governor of Piedmont, who doubts my vigilance, since you have succeeded in sending a petition to the emperor."

"He has received it then?" interrupted Charney.

"Yes, sir."

"What says he?" and the prisoner trembled with hope.

"What says he! Why, that for thus transgressing orders, you are to be conveyed to a room in the old bastion, which you are not to quit for a month."

"But the emperor," exclaimed Charney, striving to wrestle with the cruel reality which thus dispelled his hopes—"what says his majesty?"

"The emperor does not concern himself with such trifles," replied the superintendent, seating himself as he spoke in the only chair. "But this is not all; your means of communication discovered, it is natural to suppose your correspondence has extended further. Have you written to any one besides his majesty?"

Charney deigned not to answer.

"This visit has been ordered," continued the superintendent; "but before my officers commence their examinations, have you any confession to make? It may be to your advantage afterwards."

The prisoner was still silent.

"Do your duty, gentlemen."

The officers first looked up the chimney, and then proceeded to rip open the mattress of the bed; then they examined the person of the count, and the lining of his clothes, while the superintendent walked up and down the room, striking every plank with his cane, to discover, if he could, a receptacle for important documents, or the means of escape. But nothing could they find except a little bottle containing a dark liquid; this was, of course, the prisoner's ink. There remained the dressing-case to be examined, and when they asked for the key, he dropped rather

than gave it. The rage of the superintendent had now conquered all his politeness ; and when, after opening the dressing-case, the officers exclaimed, "We have got them, we have got them," his delight was evident. From the false bottom they drew the cambric handkerchiefs, closely written over ; and of course they were considered as the most important proofs of a conspiracy. When Charney beheld his precious archives thus profaned, he rose from the chair into which he had sunk, and extended his arm to seize them ; but though his mouth was open, words he had none. These signs of emotion only convinced the superintendent of the importance of their prize, and by his orders the handkerchiefs, bottle, and tooth-pick, were packed up. A report of their proceedings was drawn out, and Charney was requested to sign it : by a gesture he refused, and his refusal was added to the list of his transgressions. Only a lover who is losing the portrait and letters of an adored mistress whom he has lost for ever, can understand Charney's deep anguish. To save Picciola he had compromised his pride, almost his honour ; he had broken the heart of an old man, and blighted the existence of his daughter ; and that which alone could reconcile him to life is ruthlessly snatched away with all its fond memorials.

Yet deeper agony was reserved for him. In following the superintendent and his satellites across the courtyard, on their way to the old bastion, they approached the dying Picciola ; and the ire of the great man, already at fever-heat from Charney's contemptuous silence, was yet increased by the sight of the props and defence placed round the plant.

"What is all this?" said he to Ludovic, who came at his call. "Is this the way you watch your prisoners?"

"That, captain," replied the jailer with hesitation, drawing his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he made a military salutation—"that is the plant I told you of, which is good for gout and other illness."

"Don't talk such trash to me," returned the superintendent ; "if these gentlemen had their will, I suppose they would turn the fortress into a garden or menagerie. But come, tear it up, and sweep all this away."

Ludovic looked at the plant, at Charney, and then at the captain, and murmured some words of excuse.

"Hold your tongue, and do as I order you," thundered the captain.

Ludovic took off his coat, his cap, and rubbed his hands, as if thus to gain courage. Then he took away the matting, and made himself very busy in tearing it up and scattering it about the yard. One by one he plucked up the sticks and palings which supported the stem, and broke them singly across his knee. A stranger would have thought that his love for Picciola was changed to hatred, and that thus he was executing vengeance.

Meanwhile Charney stood motionless, gazing at Picciola as if

to protect her with his eyes. The day had been cool, and the plant was refreshed; it seemed as if she had gained strength but to die the harder. And what now should fill the void in the prisoner's heart? what now should chase the evil spirits that had possessed him? who now should teach him holy lessons of wisdom, and instruct him to look up "through nature to nature's God?" Must his sweet day-dreams never return? must he live his old life of apathy and disbelief? No; death at once would be preferable. At that moment the old man approached the window, and Charney almost expected that, maddened at being deprived of his daughter, he came to triumph at the misery of him who had been the cause. But when he looked up, and their eyes met; when he beheld the trembling hands of Girhardi stretched through the bars of his prison, as if imploring mercy for the plant, Charney's heart smote him bitterly for his evil thought, and, rising at the wand of sympathy, a tear rolled down his cheek—the first he had shed since childhood!

"Take away this bench," cried the superintendent to the loitering Ludovic; and slowly as he worked, its supports were at last removed. Nothing now remained but Picciola in the midst of the ruins.

"Why kill it? it is dying," exclaimed Ludovic, once more risking the captain's anger by his supplication.

The great man only answered by a smile of irony.

"Let *me* do it," cried Charney passionately, on whose brow large drops of agony had gathered.

"I forbid it;" and the captain stretched his cane between Count Charney and the jailer.

At that moment two strangers entered the courtyard. At the noise of their footsteps, Ludovic turned his head and relinquished his hold of Picciola. Charney and he showed emotions of surprise. The strangers were an aid-de-camp of General Menon and a page of the empress! The former presented a letter from the governor of Turin to the superintendent, who, as he read, testified every sign of astonishment. After a third perusal of the paper, and with a suddenly-assumed air of courteousness, he approached Charney, and placed it in his hands. With a trembling voice the prisoner read as follows:—

"His majesty, the emperor-king, commands me to make known his consent to the petition of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which grows in the courtyard of Fénestrelle. The stones which incommode it are to be removed. You will be pleased to see that this order is executed, and will communicate with the prisoner on the subject."

"Long live the emperor!" cried Ludovic.

"Long live the emperor!" murmured another voice, which seemed to come from the wall.

"There is a postscript from the empress," whispered the page: and Charney read on the margin—

"I recommend Monsieur de Charney especially to your kind offices. I shall be obliged by your doing all you can to render the position of the prisoner as little painful as possible.

(Signed) JOSEPHINE."

"Long live the empress!" shouted Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and remained some moments gazing on the paper mute and motionless.

Although Charney was permitted to retain his accustomed chamber, and the superintendent was even so far calmed as to send very often his complimentary inquiries after Picciola, he still thought himself justified in transmitting the handkerchiefs he had seized to the nearest authorities; who, however, not being able, as they said, "to obtain the key of the correspondence," despatched them to the minister of police at Paris, to be by him examined and deciphered. Charney, meanwhile, was supplied with writing materials, and resumed his studies with avidity. But, alas! Girhardi was no longer to be seen at the window; for the superintendent, not daring to act harshly by Charney, had vented his spite on Girhardi for the share he had taken in the transaction, by removing him to a distant part of the fortress. Charney would really have been happy could he have forgotten that this tried friend was suffering for him.

Events, however, were hurrying on. Charney ventured to solicit the favour of a work on botany; and the next day came a package of books on the subject, with a note from the governor, observing that, "as her majesty was a great botanist, she would probably be pleased to learn the name of the flower in which she was so greatly interested."

"And must I study all these," exclaimed Charney with a smile, "to compel my flower to tell me her name?"

But with what exquisite sensations did he once more turn the leaves of a book, and gaze on printed characters? Nevertheless, the authors differed so greatly in their systems of classification, that after a week's laborious research, he gave up his task in despair. Nor was this the worst; for, in questioning the very last flower that Picciola bore, examining it petal by petal, it fell to pieces in his hand, thus destroying his hope of preserving the seed.

"Her name is Picciola!" exclaimed Charney in grief and anger; "and she shall have no other—Picciola, the prisoner's friend, companion, and teacher." As he spoke, there fell from one of the books a slip of paper, which contained these words—"Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for God does not forget you."

The writing was that of a woman, and Charney could not doubt it was placed there by Teresa. "Tell your neighbour to hope." "Poor girl!" thought he, "she dare not name her father, and is unconscious that we no longer meet."

The very next morning Ludovic entered his chamber with

a countenance radiant with joy, and informed him that the apartment next to his was to be occupied by Girhardi, and that they were to share the courtyard between them! And the next moment his *friend* stood before him. For an instant they looked at each other, as if doubting the reality of their meeting, till Charney exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"My daughter, undoubtedly," replied the old man; "every happiness I derive through her."

Charney again pressed Girhardi's hand, and drawing forth the slip of paper, presented it to him.

"It is hers, it is hers; and behold the hope is realised!"

Charney involuntarily stretched forth his hand to recover the paper; but he saw that the old man trembled with emotion, that he read it letter by letter, and covered it with kisses. He felt that, precious as it was, it no longer belonged to himself. Our egotist was learning gratitude and generosity!

Their first thoughts, their first discourse, were of Teresa; but they were lost in conjecture as to where she could be, and how she had obtained such influence. After a while, the old man looked up, and read the sentences which the philosopher had inscribed on his wall. Two of them had already been modified; a third ran thus:—"Men exist on the earth near to each other, but without a connecting link. For the body, this world is a crowded arena, where one is battled with and bruised on all sides; but for the heart, it is a desert!"

Girhardi added—"If one is without a friend!"

The captives were indeed *friends*, and they had no secrets from each other. Girhardi confessed *his* early errors, which had been the opposite extreme to those of his companion. Yes, the benevolent old man had once been the morose superstitious bigot; but this is not the place for his story; nor may we repeat those holy conferences which completed the change Picciola had begun. But *she* was still the book, Charney the pupil, and Girhardi the teacher.

"My friend," said Charney to the old man as they were seated on the bench together, "you who have made insects your study, tell me, do they present as many wonders to your view as I have found in Picciola?"

"Perhaps yet more," replied Girhardi; "for methinks you are only half acquainted with your plant, unless you know the nature of the little beings which so often visit her, and fly and buzz around her. By the examination of these creatures, we discover some of the hidden springs, the secret laws, which connect the insect and the flower, as they are bound to the rest of the universe." While he spoke, a butterfly of gorgeous colours, as if to verify his words, alighted on a sprig of Picciola, shaking its wings in a peculiar manner. Girhardi paused.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Charney.

"I am thinking," returned the other, "that Picciola herself

will help to answer your former question. Behold this butterfly, she has just deposited the hope of her posterity on one of the branches."

Charney gazed with attention, and beheld the gay insect fly away, after having hardened the eggs with a sort of gummy juice, which caused them to adhere firmly to the tender bark.

"Think you," continued Girhardi, "that all this happens by chance? Believe it not. Nature, which is God, provides a different sort of plant for every different sort of insect. Every vegetable thing has its guests to lodge and to feed! This butterfly, you know, was itself at first a caterpillar, and in that state was nourished by the juices of such a plant as this; but though, since her transformation, in her winged state she has roved from flower to flower, now that the hour of maternity approaches, she forgets her wandering habits, and returns to the plant which nourished herself in a former state. And yet she cannot remember her parent, and will never see her offspring; for the butterfly's purpose is accomplished—it will shortly die. It cannot be a recollection of the plant which prompts the action, for its appearance is very different from that it bore in the spring. Who has given the insect this knowledge? Observe, too, the branch which it has chosen; it is one of the oldest and strongest—one not likely to be destroyed by the frost of winter, nor broken by the wind."

"But," said Charney, "is this always so? Are you sure that it is not your imagination which sees order in mere chance?"

"Silence, sceptic," replied Girhardi with a faint smile; "have patience, and Picciola herself shall instruct you. When the spring comes, and the first young leaves begin to open, the insect will burst from its shell; then, but not till then, not till the proper food is within its reach. Of course you know that different trees burst into foliage at different periods; and in the same manner the eggs of different insects open at different times. Were it otherwise, there would indeed be distress and confusion. Were the insects to arrive first, there would be no food; and were the leaves full grown before the arrival of the caterpillars, they would be too hard to be separated by their tender jaws. But Nature provides all things aright—the plant to the insect, the insect to the plant."

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "what new wonders hast thou to show me?"

"They are infinite," continued the old man; "imagination is exhausted in attempting to conceive the variety, yet exactness, of the means employed to continue the existence of different creatures. The telescope conveys to us an idea—faint and imperfect though it be—of the vastness of creation; the microscope shows us that the particles of matter are, in their minuteness, equally incomprehensible. Think of the cable of a spider—let us call it so—being composed of a hundred threads; and these, doubtless, are again as divisible. Look at others of the insect

tribe, how curiously their bodies are provided and protected—some with a scaly armour to protect them from injury; a network to defend their eyes—so fine, that neither a thorn, nor the sting of an enemy, could deprive them of sight: creatures of prey have nimble feet to chase their victims, and strong jaws to devour them, or to hollow out the earth for a dwelling, in which they place their booty or deposit their eggs. Again, how many are provided with a poisoned sting with which to defend themselves from their enemies. Ah, the more close our examinations, the more clearly do we perceive that every living thing is formed according to its wants and circumstances; so wondrously perfect, that man—supposing, for an instant, he had the power of creation—must injure, did he dare to alter, the merest trifle; so wondrously perfect, that man is awed by the very thought and contemplation of such infinite wisdom. Man, who is sent naked into the world, incapable of flying like the bird, of running like the stag, of creeping like the serpent; without the means of defence among enemies armed with claws and stings; without protection from the inclemency of the seasons among animals clothed in wool, or scales, or furs; without shelter, when each has its nest, or its shell, its den, or its hole. Yet to him the lion gives up its dwelling, and he robs the bear of its skin to make his first garments; he plucks the horn from the bull, and this is his first weapon; and he digs the ground beneath his feet to seek instruments of future power. Already, with the sinew of an animal and the bough of a tree, he makes a bow; and the eagle which, seeing his feebleness, thinks him at first a sure and easy prey, is struck to the earth only to furnish him with a plume for his head-dress. Among the animal creation, it is man alone who could exist on such conditions. But man has the spiritual gift of intelligence, which enables him to do these things; to take a lesson from the nautilus, ere he constructs his first frail bark; or to find that science only reveals the geometrical precision with which the bees work.”

“But, my teacher,” interrupted Charney, “it seems to me that the inferior animals are more perfect than we, and ought to excite our envy.”

“No; for man alone is endowed with memory, foresight, the knowledge of right and wrong, the power of contemplation; and for him alone is there the provision of a future state. Such as the lower animals are, they have ever been; if they are created perfect, it is because for them there is no higher destiny. From the beginning of the world, the beavers have built their dwellings on the same plan; caterpillars and spiders have spun their webs in the same fashion; and the ant-lions have traced, without compasses, circles and arches. One universal law has governed all; man alone is permitted to exercise free-will, and therefore for man alone can virtue or vice exist. The world, too, is his to traverse from pole to pole; he pitches his tent in the desert,

or builds a city on the banks of a fertilising river; he can dwell among the snows of the Alps, or beneath the sun of the tropics; he bends the material laws to his purpose, yet receives a lesson from the insect or the flower. Oh yes," he cried; "believe what Newton says—'The universe is one perfect whole; all is harmony; all the evidence of one Almighty Will. Our feeble minds cannot grasp it at once, but we know from the perfection of parts that it is so!' Oh that proud man would learn from the flower, and the bee, and the butterfly!"

At that moment a letter was brought to Girhardi. It was from Teresa, and ran thus:—"Is it not a happiness that they permit us to correspond? Kiss this letter a thousand times, for I have done so, and thus transmit my kisses to you. Will it not be delightful to exchange our thoughts? But if they should permit me to see you again! Oh, pause here, my father; pause, and bless General Menon, to whom we owe so much. Father, I come to you soon, in a day or two; and—and—oh, pray for fortitude to bear the good tidings—I come to lead you to your home—to take you from captivity!"

Yet his joy was moderated by the thought that Charney would again be solitary.

She came. Charney heard her step in the next room; he conjectured what her person could be—he could not picture it. Yet he trembled with apprehension: the polished courtier grew bashful and awkward as a schoolboy. The introduction was appointed to take place in the presence of Picciola, and the father and daughter were seated on the bench when Charney approached. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes with which they had been mutually connected, there was restraint in their meeting; and in the beautiful face of the young Italian, Charney at first persuaded himself there was nothing but indifference to be read. Her noble conduct had only proceeded from a love of adventure and obedience to her father's commands. He half regretted that he had seen her, since her presence dispelled the dim and shadowy thoughts he so long had nourished. But whilst they were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing at his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold and unmeaning phrases, Teresa turned suddenly to her father, by which means there escaped from the folds of her dress a locket, which she wore suspended round her neck. Charney perceived at a glance that a lock of her father's white hair was on one side, and on the other, carefully preserved beneath the crystal, a withered flower. It was that he had sent her by Ludovic!

A cloud seemed to pass away from before the eyes of Charney. In Teresa he recognised Picciola, *the fair girl* of his dreams, with the flower resting on her heart, not in her hair. He could but murmur some words of rejoicing; but the ice was broken, and they understood how much they had mutually thought of each other. She listened to his history from his own lips; and

when he came to the recital of all he endured when Picciola was about to be sacrificed, Teresa exclaimed with tenderness, "Dear Picciola, thou belongest to me also, for I have contributed to thy deliverance!" And Charney thanked her in his heart for this adoption; for he felt it established more than ever a holy communion between them.

Willingly would Charney have sacrificed for ever liberty, fortune, and the world, could he have prolonged the happiness he experienced during the three days which passed before the necessary forms for Girhardi's liberation were completed. But, in proportion to this happiness, must be the pang of separation; and now he dared to ask himself the bold question, "Was it possible that Teresa loved him?" No; he would not dare so to misinterpret her tenderness, her pity, her generosity; and he tried to believe that he rejoiced; that it would have been an additional pang to think he had ruffled the serenity of her heart. "But I," he exclaimed—"I will love her for ever, and substitute this exquisite reality for all my unsatisfying dreams." This love, however, must be cherished in secret; for it would be a crime to impart it. They were about to be separated for ever; she to return to the world, doubtless to marry; and he to remain in his prison alone with Picciola, and her memory. He tried to assume coldness of manner, but his haggard countenance betrayed him; while Teresa, equally conscious and equally generous, willing to endure all, so that his peace of mind were not injured, assumed a gaiety of manner that ill accorded with the scene. Modesty and timidity, also, conspired to make her conceal her emotions. Yet there are moments when the heart will speak its language without control; and that of their parting was one. But few and broken ejaculations were heard, though Teresa's last words were, stretching out her arms to the plant, "I call Picciola for my witness!"

Happiness must be tasted and lost to be appreciated; and so Charney felt. Never had he so appreciated the father's wisdom and the daughter's excellence, as now that they were no longer beside him. Yet memory was sweet, and his former demon of *thought* was exorcised for ever.

One day, when Charney least expected it, the doors of his prison were thrown open. The persons who had been appointed to examine the handkerchiefs had carried them to the emperor. After looking at them for a while, he exclaimed scornfully, "This Charney is a fool, but no longer a dangerous one; he may make an excellent botanist, but I have no fear of another conspiracy." At Josephine's intreaty his pardon was granted.

And now it was Charney's turn to quit the gloomy fortress of Fénestrelle, but not alone. No; Picciola, transplanted into a large box, was carried away in triumph. Picciola, to whom he owed every happiness; Picciola, who had saved him from madness, who had taught him the consolations of belief; Picciola,

PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.

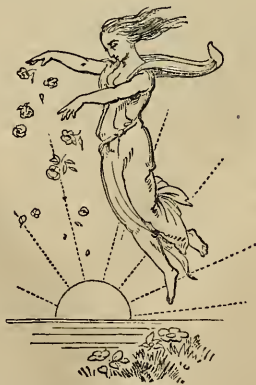
to whom he was indebted for friendship and love; Picciola, who had restored him to liberty!

Now, too, Ludovic, stifling his emotion, extended his rough hand to the count, his *friend*; for he was no longer the jailer. Charney shook it with emotion, exclaiming, "We shall meet again." "God bless you! Adieu, Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months afterwards, a splendid carriage stopped at the state-prison of Fénestrelle. A traveller descended, and asked for Ludovic Ritti. A lady leant upon his arm; they were the Count and Countess Charney. Once again they visited the prison-chamber. Of all the sentences of despair and unbelief which had soiled its white walls, only one remained. It ran thus:—"Science, wit, beauty, youth, and fortune, cannot confer happiness!" Teresa added—"Without love!"

Charney came to request Ludovic to attend a fête which he designed to give at the christening of his first child, whose birth was expected towards the close of that year; and to beseech that he would quit Fénestrelle for ever, and take up his abode with him. The jailer inquired after Picciola, and learned that she was placed close to the count's private study, that he watered and tended her himself, and forbade a servant to touch her.

Ludovic arrived at the count's splendid chateau a few days before the christening. Almost the first thought of the honest fellow was to visit his old friend the prison-flower; but, alas! amid the emotions of love and happiness which had ushered the yet more dearly loved one into the world, Picciola had been forgotten, and was now fading to decay. Her mission had been happily fulfilled.





LIFE IN THE BUSH.

BY A LADY.

INTRODUCTION—GOING TO SETTLEMENT.

THE wilds of Australia present at this time some strange scenes. Persons of all characters, and every variety of previous habits, are there planting themselves as sheep-farmers, each family being generally placed in some rude hut in the centre of its "run," or sheep-walk, rarely at less than five miles' distance from another. Thus transferred all at once from parlour life in this country, perhaps from some learned or elegant profession, into a primeval solitude, and left to their own resources, a change of life and occupation is induced such as we have no experience of in civilised climes. Young men, who once figured here in quadrille parties, are there seen driving cars and drays, or milking cows; while ladies, who once presided over a refined hospitality in some better part of a British city, are, in "the bush," fain to cook victuals for their husband and his shepherds. Occasional adventures with the savage aborigines streak the homeliness of the picture with something like the hues of romance. But all is not hardship and vexation. Labour and exposure in that country are attended with an excitement which prevents anything like low spirits, and, joined to the fine climate, tend to keep up a tone of health which few in civilised life ever enjoy. Then there is no eye of fashionable neighbour to look pityingly or quizzingly on the mean details of the mud-house and the life which passes within it. Above all, the star of hope is present, instructing how to bear with the present for the sake of the future. It is readily to be supposed that a picture of this strange

kind of life, drawn on the spot, must possess some interest, and such we have now to introduce to the notice of our readers. A married pair of our acquaintance, in the bloom of life, emigrated a few years ago to Australia, taking with them their infant daughter, a shepherd, his wife, and a female servant. They were accompanied by two brothers of the lady, who were associated with the husband in his proposed new course of life. They were upwards of two years upon a "run" in the inland parts of the Port Philip settlement, where they realised, without mitigation of any kind, the whole hardships, difficulties, and troubles, and also the whole of the pleasures, of bush life. The lady lately returned to her native country, and has communicated to us a journal, in which we find a remarkably interesting account of this wild kind of existence. In presenting some portions of it to our readers, we only deem it necessary to remark, that the name is, for obvious reasons, fictitious; and that, from our recollections of the amiable writer, we could scarcely suppose any one of her sex less prepared by education and habits for bush life than she must have been at the time when her husband emigrated.

The family arrived at Hobart Town in October 1838, and her husband and brother soon after proceeded to Port Philip, in order to secure a sheep-farm. They obtained one which was considered of a highly advantageous nature, except that it was a hundred and twenty miles back from the settlement. Meanwhile, at a farm near Launceston, Mrs Thomson gained some insight into dairy management and other branches of rural economy. Having purchased at Launceston a dray and bullocks, also some horses, goats, pigs, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tubs, buckets, and a number of small tin utensils of various kinds, together with some flour and other provisions, they sailed for Port Philip, which they were eleven days in reaching. It is pleasant to hear of neighbourly kindnesses exercised in that remote part of the world. Mrs Thomson mentions that, at her departure from Launceston, she had presents of poultry from various persons; and one lady, whom she had only seen once, made her several large jars of preserves. While lying off George Town, a lady, hearing that one of her own sex with a young child was on board, sent her a box of eggs for the child—a very useful present. "I was fortunate," says Mrs T., "in meeting with kind friends wherever I went." It may here be mentioned, that Mrs T. left her female servant at Hobart Town, so that the only female now with her was the shepherd's wife.

We landed [January 1839] at Point Henry, about eight miles from Corio, which is intended to be a town some future day. I did not go on shore the first day, as my husband, as soon as possible, got the mare and bullocks landed, which he took to Mr Fisher's station, near Geelong. The poor bullocks looked miserably thin, but the mare looked very well, and we were glad they were alive. It took a long time to land all the stock in the

vessel. Some of the bullocks made a great noise; but no wonder; they were all down in the hold during the voyage, and when about to be landed, a broad belt was passed round their body, and they were hoisted up high in the air by a pulley, so as to clear the vessel. They were then lowered into the water near a small boat, in which some men were waiting to catch the animal by the horns, and the others rowed quickly to shore, singing as they went. The poor sheep were not so troublesome; they were just thrown overboard, and allowed to make the best of their way to shore. While my husband was away with the large animals, I remained to look after the small stock. Next morning he came back to the vessel, and my brother James with him, also Mr Yuille, who had left home only a few months before us; but, indeed, I scarcely recognised him, he was such a strange figure. He had allowed his beard to grow to a great length; he wore very rough-looking clothes, and a broad black leather belt round his waist, with a brace of pistols stuck in it. I afterwards found out that the settlers pride themselves in dressing and looking as rough as possible. Our vessel could not get nearer the land than a quarter of a mile, consequently we went out in a small boat; but even in that we could not get near the shore, on account of the water being so shallow. I was carried out by my husband, and all our goods had to be brought ashore in the same way; but every one helped, and we seemed rather to like the *ploy*.

When landed, we looked like a party thrown on a desert island, the shore was so barren, and not a trace of human habitation to be seen, or any of the works of man. All was in a state of nature; and I kept looking round, expecting every moment to see some of the dreaded savages rushing upon us. I did not feel comfortable on account of the natives, I had heard such accounts of them in Van Diemen's Land.

When all our luggage and animals were landed, we began to pack our own and Messrs Donald and Hamilton's dray. This took us a long time. The Messrs Baillie were also with us with their drays, so we made up a strong party. When all were ready to start, I got into a spring-cart which Mr Thomson had borrowed from Mr Fisher for me; but indeed my share of it was very small. It was already so well filled that I could scarcely find a seat. Our shepherd's wife, who was no light weight, took up more than her share of the seat; she carried Agnes [the infant] on her knee. I took possession of the other seat. At my feet were four little dogs of Mr Baillie's, also three cats, some cocks and hens, and a pair of rabbits; at our back were three pigs, and some geese and ducks. We were a noisy party; for at times our road was very rough, and some of our animals were rather inclined to be quarrelsome. The spring-cart went first, then came the five drays, and all the gentlemen walking alongside, with the dogs running beside them. Most of the gentlemen had either pistols at their sides or a gun in their hands. Little

Nanny followed behind, accompanied by old Billy, who had a wonderfully long beard. The country seemed very scrubby and barren, and the trees so dark and ugly, that I was disappointed in the appearance of them. I expected to see beautiful large trees, but I saw none to compare with the trees of my own country. My husband told me to have patience till I went farther up the country; but, after being three years in it, I am still of the same opinion.

We got to Mrs Fisher's about seven o'clock; she received us very cordially. We found tea awaiting us, and I there tasted *dampier* for the first time. I liked it very much: it is like bread, but closer and heavier. I said to Mrs Fisher that she must think we had taken a great liberty in coming in such force upon her; but she did not at all seem to think so. She said she was quite accustomed to have many gentlemen visitors, but she never had had a lady before. I could not at all fancy how she would manage in regard to giving us beds; however, she soon disposed of us very easily. A bed was made up for me, little Agnes, and her maid, on the parlour floor, and all the gentlemen were sent to the wool-shed, to sleep as they best could: fifteen slept in it that night. A few of them had blankets or rugs, but most of them had nothing.

In the morning I asked my husband how he had slept; he said, never better. We remained a week here. Next day we saw some of the natives; they are very ugly and dirty. Some of them wore skins sewed together, and thrown over their shoulders; a few of them had some old clothes given them by the settlers; and some were naked. They kept peeping in at the windows to see us, and were always hanging about the huts. Mrs Fisher called them *civilised* natives, and said they were always about the place. One day I went out to walk with little Agnes in the bush. I was keeping a good look-out for snakes, and was just stepping over what I fancied, by a slight glance, to be a burnt log of wood, but a second look showed me my mistake; it was a native lying on the grass, grinning in my face with his large white teeth. I was rather afraid, but he looked very good-tempered, and laughed. He seemed too lazy to move, so I gave him a nod, and walked on, well pleased he did not think it necessary to accompany me home. My servant Mary was very much afraid of the natives. She would scarcely move out of the hut, and was always crying and wishing herself at home. She said she was determined to make her husband send her home with the first money he made. She wondered why I did not think as she did. She would take comfort from no one, and was quite sure she would be killed by the wild natives when she got up the country.

The township of Geelong consisted of three buildings, all of them stores, where everything was sold at a most extravagant profit. On Sunday, we went to church in Mr Fisher's wool-

shed, and had a sermon from a Wesleyan missionary. His wife commenced the psalm tunes.

We had fixed to begin our journey up the country, and the gentlemen had gone to Geelong to load the drays. I waited for them in Mr Fisher's hut, when in a moment it got quite dark, and the wind roared most tremendously. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed: we were afraid to move. The storm passed over in about ten minutes; but many a tree had been torn up by the roots during that time. When the gentlemen came with the drays, they were so covered with dust, that I could scarcely tell one from the other. Some of them had been knocked down by the tornado, and one of the drays blown over. It was now too late for us to begin our journey, so we remained another night at Mr Fisher's, and started early in the morning. On this occasion we had much difficulty in getting the horses to start: they were ill broken in, and many times they stopped on the road, so that we had often to take some of the bullocks out of the other drays to pull them on again. We travelled the first day thirty miles, quartering for the night at Mr Sutherland's hut, which he kindly gave up for our accommodation. Next day we had to rest the bullocks, so we walked over to Mr Russell's station, about three miles distant, and remained there a night. In the evening we went to see a meeting of the natives, or a *corobery*, as they call it. About a hundred natives were assembled. They had about twenty large fires lighted, around which were seated the women and children. The men had painted themselves, according to their own fancy, with red and white earth. They had bones, and bits of stones, and emu's feathers, tied on their hair, and branches of trees tied on their ankles, which made a rushing noise when they danced. Their appearance was very wild, and when they danced, their gestures and attitudes were equally so. One old man stood before the dancers, and kept repeating some words very fast in a kind of time, whilst he beat together two sticks. The women never dance; their employment is to keep the fires burning bright; and some of them were beating sticks, and declaiming in concert with the old man. The natives, when done with their *corobery*, were very anxious that we white people would show them how we *coroberied*; so we persuaded Mr Yuille to dance for them, which he did, and also recited a piece of poetry, using a great many gestures. The natives watched him most attentively, and seemed highly pleased. After giving the natives some white money, and bidding them good night, we returned to Mr Russell's hut.

Next morning our bullocks were lost—a very common occurrence, it being impossible to tie them, as in that case they would not feed; and unless one has a very good bullock-driver who will watch them, it generally takes several hours to find them in the morning. Numbers of natives came this forenoon to see us. They examined my dress very attentively, and asked the name of

everything, which they tried to repeat after me. They were much amused with my little Agnes, and she was as much pleased with them. I wondered what her grandmamma would have thought, could she have seen her in the midst of a group of savages, and the life of the party. Whenever Agnes spoke, they all laughed aloud, and tried to imitate her voice; and the *pickaninny leubra's* dress was well examined. I put a little night-cap on a native baby, with which its mother was much pleased, and many a little black head was thrust out for one also.

I now began to be a little disgusted and astonished at the dirty and uncomfortable way in which the settlers lived. They seemed quite at the mercy of their hut-keepers, eating what was placed before them out of dirty tin plates, and using a knife and fork if one could be found. Sometimes the hut-keepers would cook the mutton in no way but as chops; some of them would only boil it, and some roast it, just as they liked; and although the masters were constantly complaining of the sameness, still it never seemed to enter their heads to make their servants change the manner of cooking; but the truth was, they were afraid to speak, in case the hut-keeper would be offended and run away. The principal drink of the settlers is tea, which they take at every meal, and indeed all the day. In many huts the tea-pot is always at the fire; and if a stranger come in, the first thing he does is to help himself to a panikin of tea. We had neither milk nor butter at any station we were at; nothing but mutton, tea, and damper, three times a-day. Every meal was alike from one week to another, and from year's end to year's end. I was so sick of it, I could scarcely eat anything.

Next day we had our bullocks ready in good time, as we had a long journey before us; at least we hoped to get on a good way. The heat this day was very intense, and we had no shade. I could scarcely bear it; and before evening we had drunk all the water we had brought with us. I thought I should have died of thirst; and we were all suffering alike. Poor little Agnes cried much; at last we got her to sleep and forget her wants. My husband was driving one of the drays, and was so thirsty, that when we came to a muddy hole of water on the path, which the dray had passed through, he lay down on the ground and drank heartily. One of our party, who knew something of the roads, told us we were near water-holes, which raised our spirits. At last we came to them, and both people and animals took many a long drink, although the water was bad, and quite bitter from the reeds which grew in it. We filled our cask, and continued our journey a few miles farther, to a place where we were to sleep in the bush. When we got out of the dray, one of the little kittens could not be seen; but on a nearer inspection, it was found squeezed flat on the seat where our servant Mary had sat: it looked as if it had gone through a mangle. Poor Mary

was much distressed and annoyed by the gentlemen telling her she must be an awful weight.

We had soon lighted a fire at the foot of a tree, and put on a huge pot of water to boil : when it did boil, two or three handfuls of tea were put into it, and some sugar. One of the men made some thick cakes of flour and water, and fried them in grease. We had also some chops cooked, which we all enjoyed, as we had not stopped to eat anything on the road. The tea was not poured out ; every one dipped his panikin into the pot, and helped himself. Mary, Agnes, and I, had a bed made with some blankets under the dray, and all the others slept round the fire, taking by turn the duty of watching the bullocks. Before going to rest, the bullock-driver made a large damper, which he fired in the ashes, for our provision next day.

We got up at daybreak, had breakfast, and went on again, and travelled through a forest on fire for forty miles. I was often afraid the burning trees would fall upon us ; and we had sometimes to make a new path for ourselves, from the old tracks being blocked up by fallen timber. The fires in the bush are often the work of the natives, to frighten away the white men ; and sometimes of the shepherds, to make the grass sprout afresh. A conflagration not unfrequently happens from some one shaking out a tobacco-pipe (for every one smokes) ; and at this season the grass is so dry that it soon catches fire.

We rested for two hours and cooked some dinner, chiefly that our bullocks might feed and rest during the heat of the day. Mr Yuille and I made some fritters of flour and water. I thought them the best things I had ever ate. The Scotch clergyman from Melbourne passed us on the road. He rebuked our bullock-driver for swearing at his bullocks ; but the man told him that no one ever yet drove bullocks without swearing ; it was the only way to make them go. We lost a very fine kangaroo dog by one of the drays falling back upon it.

This night we slept at Mr Anderson's hut. He was from home, but had an old woman as hut-keeper, who made us as comfortable as she could ; but it was a cold night, and the wind whistled very keenly through a door made of rushes. This was one of the most neatly-kept huts I saw, and the owner of it one of the few gentlemen who kept himself always neat and clean in the bush.

Next day we went over to Mr Yuille's station, where I remained six weeks, until our own hut was put up : the gentlemen kindly gave up their sleeping apartment to me. While at Mr Yuille's station, I gathered a great many mushrooms, the finest I ever saw. I had fortunately a bundle of spices in my trunk, and I made a good supply of ketchup, both for Mr Yuille, and to take to our own station.

I felt distressed to see so much waste and extravagance amongst the servants. Many a large piece of mutton I have seen thrown from the hut door that might have served a large family

for dinner: and unfortunately there is no remedy for this. If the masters were to take notice of it, it would only make them worse, or else they would run away, or, as they call it, *bolt*. I saw plainly that there would be neither comfort nor economy to the masters so long as the country was so ill provided with servants; *they* were the masters; they had the impudence always to keep in their own hut the best pieces of the meat, and send into their masters the inferior bits. I was sorry my servant Mary should have so bad an example, but hoped that she had too much good sense to follow it, as she appeared as much shocked at it as myself.

I was glad when my husband came to take us to our own station, which was about thirty miles farther up the country. Part of the country we passed through was the most beautiful I ever saw, while other portions were very cold and bleak. We stopped at one or two huts, and had mutton, tea, and damper at each of them. We passed an immense salt lake, which is gradually drying up: its circumference is forty miles. Many lakes, both salt and fresh, have dried up lately. The natives say it is the white people coming that drives away the water: they say, "Plenty mobeek long time, combarley white fellow, mobeek gigot"—in English, "Plenty water for a long time, but when the white people come, the water goes away." The natives have some strange ideas of death: they think, when they die, they go to Van Diemen's Land, and come back white fellows. I know a young man who receives many a maternal embrace from an old black woman. She fancies he is her son, who died some time before: she saw him come back, and she calls him always by her son's name. They also believe in a good and evil spirit, and that fire will keep away the bad spirit; consequently, at night, when urgent business prompts them to move about, they always carry a fire-stick; but they do not like moving in the dark.

When we passed the salt lake, the country began to improve. I thought we should never come to our own station, the bullocks travel so very slowly. At last Mr Thomson told me to look forward as far as I could see: we were now at the end of a large plain or marsh. I looked, and saw our pretty little hut peeping through a cluster of trees. I cannot say how it was, but my heart beat with delight the first time I saw that place. I took it for a presentiment of good fortune; and Mary, who had now got over her fear of the natives, seemed to participate in my feelings, for she said, "It's a bonny place, and my heart warms to it."

COMMENCEMENT OF BUSH LIFE—JAUNT TO MELBOURNE.

I now hoped that my travels were ended for some time. As we approached the hut, my brother Robert came running to meet us, to my great joy, for I had not seen him for nearly two

months. When we arrived, we found my other brother busy making himself a bedstead. Our house was not nearly finished, as it had neither doors nor windows; nor could we get these luxuries for some months, as many things more immediately necessary were yet to be done; but I did not mind it much—I was getting inured to these little inconveniences. We had plenty of daylight in our hut, as it was built of slabs, or split boards, and every slab was about an inch apart from the next. We passed the winter in this way; but it was never very cold except in the mornings and evenings: we were more annoyed by the rain coming down the chimney and putting out our fire than by anything else. Our hut consisted of three apartments—a water-closet, our bedroom, and a store in the middle, which was afterwards converted into a bedroom for my brother; at first he slept in the sitting-room, until we built a detached store. Mary and her husband had a little turf hut, built a short way behind our hut, which was also used as a kitchen.

It may seem strange, but I now felt very happy and contented. Although we had not many luxuries, we all enjoyed good health, and had plenty to keep us employed: we had no time to weary: the gentlemen were always busy building huts or fences. The first two years of a settler's life are very busy ones, so much is to be done in settling on a spot where the foot of a white man had never been before. I was the first white woman who had ever been so far up the country. I found Mary very ignorant in cooking; however, in a short time she managed pretty well: she was always delighted when I taught her any new dish out of "Meg Dods." I did not know much of cooking myself, but necessity makes one learn many things. We had many visitors, who seemed often to enjoy any little new dish we had: it was a change from that everlasting mutton and damper, and many a receipt I gave away; and to my great delight I got Mary to do as *I* liked, not as *she* liked. Sandy, our shepherd, generally came home in the evening loaded with wild ducks; they were exceedingly good. We also sometimes got wild geese, turkeys, and swans—all good eating: they were a great saving to us, as well as very delightful food. In Melbourne, wild ducks sell at twenty shillings a-pair, and we sometimes had thirty in a week. We had no milk or butter, which I missed at first, but we hoped some time soon to have a few cows: it is very difficult to drive cattle so far up, and we could get none near us. Our nearest neighbours were Messrs Donalds and Hamilton; they were within four miles, and were pleasant neighbours: we often saw them. The Baillies were eight miles on our other side; we also saw them often, and liked them much.

When we had been in our hut about a week, a number of settlers happened to come from different parts of the country. Before it was dark, eight had assembled with the determination

of remaining all night of course. I felt much anxiety about giving them beds; but that was impossible, as we had only one spare mattress. I think they guessed my thoughts, for they told me never to think on giving them anything to sleep on; that no one in this country ever thought of beds for visitors, and that they would manage for themselves. However, I collected all the blankets, pea-jackets, and cloaks I could find, and they all slept on the floor: I heard them very merry while making up their beds. Every settler, when riding through the bush, carries either a kangaroo rug or a blanket fastened before him on his horse, so that, wherever he goes, he is provided with his bed; and as it is not an uncommon circumstance for one to lose himself in the bush, and be obliged to sleep at the root of a tree, he then finds his rug or blanket very useful. William Hamilton lost himself in the bush one night. It became dark, and he gave up hopes of reaching any station that night, as he had not the least idea where he was. He fastened his horse, and lay down at the root of a tree, far from being comfortable, as he had unfortunately no blanket, and, still worse, no tobacco, or the means of lighting a fire. It was a very cold night, and when daylight came, he got up covered with frost: he heard some dogs bark, and soon found out that he was not more than half a mile from Mr Baillie's hut, where he might have passed a much more comfortable night; but he was glad he had not to look long for a breakfast and a fire: no one seems ever to catch cold from sleeping out at night.

We were rather unfortunate in frequently losing our bullocks, which kept back all the buildings. Our bullock-driver was very careless; his only work seemed to be finding his bullocks one day, and losing them the next: he was a melancholy-looking little man, and went by the name of "Dismal Jamie." Mary told me she was sure he had been a great man at home, he read so beautifully, and knew so much; but certainly he knew little about bullock-driving. At this time our dray was often a month away upon a journey to and from the settlement. "Dismal Jamie" broke the neck of a beautiful bullock when he was yoking it up, and next trip he drowned another in a water-hole; but new settlers always meet with a few such accidents. Although bullocks often disappear, and wander far from home, I never heard of any one losing a bullock entirely: they are always found some time, though it may be months after they are missed, having in general gone back to the run they were first put upon.

Buying and selling are favourite amusements in the bush, more particularly if a new settler arrives. Every one wants to buy something of him; and, in general, all bring so many more clothes, &c. than they require, that they are glad to dispose of them. I have seen some rather amusing scenes in this way. No one keeps any money in the bush; so a bill is

generally given on some store in town for whatever is bought. The old settlers would give an enormous price for good firearms; indeed I used to think they would buy anything.

It is a beautiful sight to see a number of emus running across a plain; they run so quickly that a horse can scarcely overtake them. I saw seven one day run across our marsh; but we could get none of them, as we had no horse at hand. Sometimes the natives run like the emu, to deceive the white people; and they imitate them so well, that it is difficult, at a distance, to know them from a flock of emus. Occasionally they take a fancy to stand in such an attitude that you cannot, at a little distance, tell them from the burnt stump of a tree. I used often, when walking in the bush, to fancy a burnt stump was a native, and made myself believe I saw him move. Mr Neven came one evening to our station; he was in search of a new run, his old one at Boning Yong being too small for his increasing stock: he had his dray along with him, carrying provisions, so we gladly exchanged with him mutton for beef: it was a mutual benefit, as we had always mutton, and he had always beef. His bullock-driver uniformly took his little son with him, as he was as good as a native in finding the bullocks for him in the morning. The little boy was about seven years old. Little Agnes was in the servants' hut when he arrived, and she came running to tell me to "come and see the *wee wee man* in Mary's hut;" she had been so long separated from children, that I suppose she thought there were none but herself in the world. The little boy was very ill pleased with Agnes, as she kept walking round him to examine him, asking him many questions, to which he made no reply; till at last she said, "Can no peak any?" when he answered—"Yes," and then sat down to take his supper, accompanied by his tormentor, who was most hospitable in pressing the *wee man* to eat heartily. I got a present of a quart-potful of butter from Mr Neven, which was a great treat to us, as we had seen none since we came up the country: it made us long to have some cows. We had now enclosed a little garden, and Mr Thomson and James tasked themselves to dig up a little bit every day. The ground was very hard, being dug for the first time. We put in many seeds which we had brought from home, also some from Van Diemen's Land, as we were told the home seeds seldom grew.

In the month of September I had to proceed to Melbourne, as I expected to be confined, and we were too far up to ask a medical man to come. I was much grieved at leaving my little girl; but Mary promised faithfully to take great care of her. The weather was very unsettled and rainy, and the roads very bad. I was in a dray, covered by a tarpauline, which made it very comfortable; it was like a covered wagon; and when we could not get to a station at which to sleep, I slept in the dray. My husband was with me, and read to me very often; but we

had often to come out of the dray, to allow it to be pulled out of a hole. I have seen the bullocks pull it through a marsh when they were sinking to the knees every moment: we were often in dread of the pole breaking. We received much kindness at every station we were at. We remained at Mr Reid's hut two days, as both I and the bullocks required rest. We always met with much kindness from Mr Reid: he is a most hospitable person; and as he is much liked, his hut is generally well filled, although off the main track. At this time his hut was full of company; but one room was prepared for us, and about twelve gentlemen slept in the other.

I here met our friend Mr William Hamilton. As he came from the settlement, he brought all the news; but he gave us a sad account of the state of the rivers. He said he was sure we could not cross them—it was difficult for him to cross them three days before, and it had rained ever since. Mr Reid sent off a man on horseback to see the river: he did not bring back a favourable account; but I was determined to try it. Mr Reid and several gentlemen went with us to help us over our difficulty. We crossed one river without much difficulty, though the water was so deep that both bullocks and horses had to swim; but when we came to the next river, the "Marable," it was so deep that we were at a loss how to get over. It was thought decidedly dangerous for me to remain in the dray while it was crossing. Many plans were talked of: at last it was fixed to fell a tree and lay it across, that I might walk over. But in looking about for one of a proper size and position, one was found lying across, which, from appearance, seemed to have been there for years: it was covered with green moss, and stood about twenty feet above the water: notches were cut in it for me to climb up and give me a firm footing, and I walked over, holding Mr Reid's hand. On landing, I received three cheers. Many thanks to Mr Reid and others for their kindness to me on that journey. My husband was too nervous to help me across—he thought his foot might slip. The gentlemen then went to see the dray across, while little Robert Scott and I lighted a fire at the root of a large tree, which we had in a cheerful blaze before the gentlemen came. We then had tea in the usual bush fashion, in a large kettle: it did not rain, and we had a very merry tea-party. I retired to the dray soon after tea. The gentlemen continued chatting round the fire for some time, and then laid themselves down to sleep, with their saddles at their heads, and their feet to the fire.

We breakfasted at daybreak, and started again after taking leave of the gentlemen, except Mr Anderson, who was going to Melbourne: he rode on before to the settlement, to tell Mrs Scott (who expected us at her house) that we were coming. Mrs Scott was a particular friend of my husband at home: she came out to meet us, and I really felt delighted to see her. I had not

seen a lady for eight months. Mrs Scott was exceedingly kind to me, and would not allow me to go to lodgings, as I had intended. Next day being Sunday, I went to church—at least to the room where the congregation met, as no church was yet built in Melbourne. The ladies in Melbourne seemed to consider me a kind of curiosity, from living so far up the country, and all seemed to have a great dread of leading such a life, and were surprised when I said I liked it. I spent Monday evening at Mrs Denny's, a Glasgow lady; but I really felt at a loss upon what subjects to converse with ladies, as I had been so long accustomed only to gentlemen's society; and in the bush, had heard little spoken of but sheep or cattle, horses, or of building huts.

My little boy was born four days after I came to Melbourne; but my husband did not get down from the station for two months, as it was sheep-shearing time—a very busy time for the settlers. He came down with the wool in our own and Mr Scott's dray. Mr Clow christened our baby out of a basin which at one time belonged to the Barony church in Glasgow: it belonged to Mr Scott, whose grandfather had been minister of that church, and he had got the old basin when the church was repaired and a new one substituted. I met with much kindness and attention from the people in Melbourne, particularly Mrs Clow. Our dray was again covered with saplings and tarpauline, and Mrs Scott and her family went along with us as far as their own station. I could not persuade Mrs Scott to go on to our station to remain with us till her own hut was put up: she lived for many months in a tent. We were again much detained on the roads on account of rain, which had rendered them extremely soft; but we got well over the rivers. We had to remain for two days and nights in the bush, for it rained so heavy that the bullocks could not travel: but by this time our party was increased by two drays belonging to another settler, and we had often to join all the bullocks to pull each dray through the marshes and up the hilly ground. We had, at one time, ten pairs of bullocks in the heavy dray with luggage and provisions, and we were in constant dread of the poles breaking. At last one of Mr Elm's drays broke down, and had to be left in the bush, with a man to watch it, till a new pole could be got. I believe the man did not watch it long; he ran off to Melbourne, and left it to its fate. Mrs Scott, her little daughter and servant, and myself and baby, always slept in the dray, and Mr Scott and my husband under it. One morning I got into a little hut with the roof half off; it was empty, and I thought I could wash and dress my baby more comfortably than in the dray. I had not been long in the hut when we were surrounded by natives, all anxious to see what we were about. One or two of the women came into the hut, and touched the *pickaninny cooley*, as they called it: they seemed much amused at his different pieces of

dress, and all the little black pickaninnies tried to cry like him. I seldom ever heard a black baby cry, and when it does so, the mother has little patience with it, but gives it a good blow with her elbow to make it quiet. The women carry their children at their backs in a basket or bag; and when they suckle them, they generally put their breast under their arm; and I have seen them put it over their shoulder. The natives whom we met here knew me. They said they had seen me before, when I went up the country with a *pickaninny leubra*; though I did not recollect any of their faces. When a black woman has a second child before the first can run about and take care of itself, it is said they eat the second one. I have been told this several times; but am not certain if it is really the case, it is so very unnatural; but it is well known they are cannibals, and I know they will not submit to anything that troubles them. They are very lazy, particularly the men. They make their leubras go about all day to dig for maranong, or find other kinds of food for them, while they amuse themselves by hanging about idle. In the evening they meet at their *mi-mi*; the men eat first, and whatever they choose to leave, the leubras and pickaninnies may eat afterward. Sometimes a very affectionate cooley may now and then, while he is eating, throw a bit to his leubra, as we should do to a dog, for which kindness she is very grateful. Maranong is a root found in the ground: it is white, and shaped like a carrot, but the taste is more like a turnip. The leubras dig for it with long pointed sticks, which they always carry in their hands. I have often eaten maranong; it is very good; and I have put it in soup for want of better vegetables, before we had a garden. Vegetables of all kinds now grow here most luxuriantly. We could have peas all the year round, except in June.

When we were within six miles of Mr Scott's station, our pole broke: we got a dray from Mr Neven's station, a few miles off, and went in it to Mr Scott's station, where my husband and I remained two days: we then took our leave, and went on to Mr Baillie's station. Five miles from his hut, our dray broke down again in crossing a creek. I had no alternative but to walk to Mr Baillie's, which I did not much like, as I was far from being strong: we left the dray in charge of our bullock-driver. My husband took out the bullocks, and drove them on to bring back Mr Baillie's dray to carry our goods and drag the dray. I carried the baby, and the way did not seem so long as I expected. We could see Mr Baillie's huts for nearly a mile before we came to them; so I begged my husband to go on quickly, to send the bullocks for our dray before it got quite dark. I felt myself quite safe when in sight of the huts; but before I got to them I had a sad fright: four or five great kangaroo dogs attacked me, almost pulled my baby out of my arms, and tore my dress to pieces: my cries were heard at the hut, and my husband and two or three others soon came to my assistance. I was told the dogs were

only in fun, and would not bite; that they seldom saw a woman, which made them tear my clothes. I thought it was rather rough fun; but I received no harm from them except a torn dress. My long walk had given me an appetite, and I enjoyed my supper very much, and was amused by some of Mr G. Yuille's eccentricities. We got home to our own station next day, after being eleven days on the road. My baby and myself were both very delicate when we left the settlement, and I dreaded much either of us being ill on the road; but we never had a complaint from the day we entered the dray, although the weather was very bad, and our dray sometimes wet through. Such a journey in Scotland would, I am sure, almost kill a strong person; but in Port Philip, so far from killing one, a little delicate baby of two months old could stand it, and gained more strength during that rough journey than he did during a month before with every comfort. I often thought of the words of Sterne—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I found little Agnes at the hut in high health. Mary, in her over-zeal, had fed her, and made her so fat that I scarcely knew her. I suppose she thought the fatter Agnes was the more I should be pleased.

RETURN TO THE STATION—DAIRY MANAGEMENT—ANECDOTES OF THE COUNTRY.

During my absence at Melbourne, everything had gone on well at the station; but I soon found that Mary had been managing as she chose too long to like being again under my control. I found her almost totally changed. No one dared to find fault with her; and so far from being of any assistance to me, she became a great torment. The first act of rebellion was her refusal to wash my baby's clothes, on the plea that she was not engaged to do it; so I had to do it myself: the next was, she would not wash any one's clothes unless I cooked for two days. I wondered what her next demand would be; but what could I do?—it would have been very difficult to get another woman-servant. I had so far to humour her, that I cooked one day in the week when she had to wash. She never helped me at all with the children; although, as we had lately got a herd of cattle, I had taken the management of the dairy upon myself—except, of course, milking the cows, which is done by men; but my time was fully employed, and I often envied Mary sitting quietly in her own hut and sewing her own work. I knew well why she behaved in this manner; she wanted me to retain her as a nursery-maid only, and get a man as hut-keeper; but wages were too high for us to do that at this time. We could not get a man under £40 a-year and his rations besides; and provisions were now exorbitant in price. Flour could not be purchased under £80 per ton (formerly we got it for £25), and every other thing

was in proportion. This advance of prices pressed very hard upon the settlers, so that we determined to have no unnecessary expense at the station; and I really liked managing the dairy, although it was sometimes too much for me. If my baby would not sleep when I wanted him, I sometimes laid him on the grass and let him roll about while I was in the dairy; and when he tired of that, I put him in a basket and hung him at my side, as I had seen the native women do.

We were now milking twenty cows, and we sent a great deal both of butter and cheese to market: for the butter we got 2s. 2d. per pound, and for the cheese 1s. 8d. Our cheese was the best that had gone to market, but there was no great demand for it; but if so, a cheese dairy would pay well, even at a shilling per pound; and I should suppose that, as the population increases, there will be a greater demand. We had a ready sale for butter, and contracted with a person to give him butter all the year at 2s. 2d. per pound. With much persuasion I got my brother to bring home some pigs. He seemed to have a great dislike to them; but I could not bear to pour out so much skim milk on the ground every day. Our pigs got on well, and fattened on the milk and whey, and made an agreeable change in our diet. In very hot weather I made cheese when I could get rennet, as the milk did not keep well: our dairy was too small, and not cool enough. In thundery weather I had occasionally to give all to the pigs. I have seen, when a sheep was killed in thundery weather, the whole carcass get quite black in a few hours, and become useless: we found it very difficult to keep meat in any way in summer. We had it killed always after sunset, and then cut up and salted early next morning, and put into a cask under ground. I had made a good supply of mutton hams, which were found useful in hot weather; and our dairy was a great comfort and saving to us, as we could use the milk, prepared in many ways, instead of meat. The shepherds were also fond of it. We gave them no butter except on the churning day, on which occasion I sent them some for tea, which was a great treat.

Bad servants were now our chief annoyance; and it seemed of no use being at the expense of bringing good ones from home, for they soon get corrupted: but I must make an exception in favour of Mrs Clerk, the servant of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, who was the best servant I ever saw: she was always neat herself, and kept everything neat and comfortable about the hut, and never grudged hard work: she was invaluable to her masters. We all went over one day to dine at Messrs Donald and Hamilton's; it was the only visit I ever paid in the bush, although I had many invitations. I of course took the children with me: we enjoyed ourselves very much, and remained all next day. Mrs Clerk joined her persuasions for us to do so, and told us we had not seen half the good things she could make: she spared no pains to make us comfortable, and went through her work both

quickly and well, besides nursing my little boy. After this visit, I had many invitations to visit the neighbours round; which I should have liked very well, but I had too much to detain me at home.

At this time we had a very troublesome old shepherd, who was continually letting his sheep go astray. One morning, when my brother was counting them over, ninety-two were missing. The shepherd could give no account of them, but that the day before the flock had divided, and he fancied he had collected them all again. My brother James took a hurried breakfast, and went with two of our men on horseback to endeavour to track them: they returned in the evening without having seen anything of them: but James determined to go off again early next morning, and, if necessary, remain out several days. One of the men returned in two days, and brought us intelligence that they had found the sheep-track beyond Mr Campbell's station, which was fifteen miles distant. The man returned to try and get a fresh horse from some of the neighbours, but we could not get one for two days. He brought home an emu across his horse, which he had run down. He told us that my brother was out with several gentlemen, and they had a native boy with them who was famous for tracking, but who seemed sadly afraid of going among a hostile tribe of natives, and therefore was of little use. Our own man Sandy, whom we had brought from home, was a good tracker, and could see a mark when no one else could: he had tracked the sheep for nearly a mile on his hands and knees, the marks being too faint to be seen when walking or riding. Mr Alexander and Mr Colin Campbell were exceedingly kind in their assistance to my brother, and were out with him for several days. At last, after fourteen days' riding, the sheep were found a hundred and forty miles from our station. My brother and his friends had almost given up thoughts of looking any longer for them; but they rode on about a mile farther, when they saw them in a hollow, surrounded by about a hundred natives. The men had all hid themselves, having seen the party coming, and left the women and children, who ran about chattering and hiding behind the rocks. The party rode down among them, and a singular scene met their view. The ground was strewn with heads of sheep and bits of mutton, and some of the sheep were as well cut up as if done by an English butcher; the skins were pegged out on the ground, and the fat collected in little twine bags, which the women make of the bark of a tree. Fifty live sheep were enclosed within a brush fence (James said it was the best brush fence he had seen in the country), but they were very thin, the natives being too lazy to take them out to feed. They were killing and eating them up as fast as they could. The gentlemen lighted a good fire by which to watch the sheep all night; but they durst not sit within the glare of it, for fear of the natives taking aim at them, as they knew they were among

the rocks, and very likely watching them, although they did not show themselves. The party slept little that night; they cooked and ate some of the mutton; and the little native boy they had to track for them, although in great fear of the other natives, devoured nearly a whole leg. They started early next morning, driving the sheep before them, and loaded with spears, tomahawks, waddies, and baskets which they had taken from the natives. The native boy mounted a horse, saying he would not walk a step; but as he mounted, he slipped off again, and the horse started on; the little fellow caught hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged on till he got a good firm hold, and then sprung on the horse's back. James said he never saw a cleverer piece of agility in a circus. On their way home they killed an emu; but they could not carry it with them, being already well loaded. When James and our shepherd Sandy came near our hut, they fired off their pistols to let us know they had found the sheep; but we did not understand the signal, and I was very much frightened. We at home had been living in great anxiety while my brother was away. I was at the station with only Mary and the children through the day, and our comfort was not much increased at night by knowing that the two old shepherds were at home. We had seen, two days before, seven wild natives run past our hut at a little distance, all naked, which gave us a great fright; I thought Mary was going into a fit. I got my pistol, which I had hanging in my room, loaded; Mary then went for hers, and we walked up and down before the hut for about an hour. My husband was at the settlement during all the anxious time we had had at the station, and he heard nothing of our loss of sheep until his return home.

Besides the occasional frights of this kind from natives, with whom it was no easy matter to be on good terms, we were at times troubled with wild dogs, which proved a very serious annoyance. These animals generally discovered themselves when they came by setting up a most piteous howl, which was the signal for sallying out in pursuit of them; for, if let alone, they would make no small havoc with the live stock. They seldom escaped. One of our sheep dogs had a most inveterate hatred to them, and he always tracked them, and often killed one of them without assistance, although they are very tenacious of life. They are more like a fox than a dog; are of a reddish-brown, and have a very thick bushy tail. When one is killed, the tail is cut off as a trophy, and hung up in the hut; the shepherds generally get five shillings from their master for every wild dog they kill. My husband saw a wild dog which was supposed to be dead; its tail was cut off, and in a few minutes it got up and began to fight again with the dogs; but it was soon overcome.

Australia, as is well known, possesses many beautiful birds, and of these we seldom wanted visitors, particularly parrots and cockatoos; but I never heard any sweet-singing bird, such as the

larks and blackbirds of Scotland, and this I thought a great drawback on their elegance of plumage. Some of the birds uttered very strange sounds, as if speaking. I heard one every morning say—"Eight o'clock," and "Get up, get up:" another used to call out—"All fat, all fat:" and another was continually saying—"Potato, potato," which always put us in mind of our loss in having none, nor any other vegetables at all. Parrots are very good eating; many a parrot-pie we had. The white parrots are, I think, the best; next, the white cockatoo.

I now come to the year 1840. Provisions at this time became very high in price. Flour, as I have mentioned, was £80 a ton, and it was scarcely to be had in a good condition; tea, £16 a chest; sugar, 6d. a pound; meat, butter, and cheese, were, unfortunately for the farmers, the only things which fell in price. We could now get only 1s. 10d. for butter, and 1s. for cheese.

Our station had now a great look of comfort about it. We had plastered the outside of our hut with mud, which made it quite close: we had windows and good doors, and a little flower-garden enclosed in front: we had built a good hut for our servants, a new store, a large dairy under ground, a new wool-shed, and had two large paddocks for wheat, potatoes, &c. and we had now plenty of vegetables. We had also put up a larger stack-yard, as our cattle were increasing, and a large covered shed for the calves at night; also to milk in. About five miles from the home station, we had formed an out-station for the sheep, which secured to us a large tract of land, as no new settler can come within three miles of a station. Every one thought highly of our station; and we were well off for water, having several large *water holes* (as they are always called here, but at home we should call them lakes or large ponds); and when the rains come on, these ponds are joined together in a river, which comes down very rapidly. We often had a river running past our huts, where a few minutes before I had walked over on dry land. An immense number of ducks and geese came down with the water: I have seen our man Sandy kill seven or eight at a shot just opposite the huts. We had had a good many visits from the natives lately. They were much encouraged at Mr Baillie's station, and we began not to turn them away so quickly as we used to do; but we never allowed them to sleep at the station, except one big boy, "Tom," whom we had determined to keep if he would remain, thinking he might be useful in finding stray cattle or sheep. Tom was very lazy; but he was always obliged to chop wood or do some work, else he got nothing to eat; which we found to be the only way to make the natives active.

In some of the fresh-water ponds there are found immense quantities of mussels, which the native women dive for. We often saw numbers of shells lying in heaps where the blacks had been eating them. They are also fond of a large grub found generally in the cherry and honeysuckle tree: they can tell, by

knocking the tree with a stick, if any grubs are in it. When they knock the tree, they put their ear close to listen, and they open it with a tomahawk at the very spot the grubs are to be found. It is a large white grub, with a black head. I know a gentleman who was tempted to taste them from seeing the natives enjoy them so much, and he said they were very good, and often ate them afterwards. Manna falls very abundantly from the gum-trees at certain seasons of the year. I think it was in March I gathered some. It is very good, and tastes like almond biscuits. It is only to be procured early in the morning, as it disappears soon after sunrise. We sometimes got some skins of the opossum and flying-squirrel, or tuan, from the natives. It was a good excuse for them to come to the station. I paid them with a piece of dress, and they were very fond of getting a red pocket handkerchief to tie round their necks.

MODE OF LIVING—REMOVAL TO MELBOURNE.

We were visited one day by a very large party of natives; I am sure there were a hundred of them. I happened to be alone in the hut. Some of the men came into it, and examined all they saw very attentively, especially the pictures we had hanging on the walls. They were much taken with a likeness of my mother, and laughed heartily at some black profiles; they said they were "black leubras." I told them to leave the hut, but they would not; and one, a very tall fellow, took the liberty of sitting down beside me on the sofa. I did not much like being alone with these gentry, so I rose to go to the door to call some one, but my tall friend took hold of my arm and made me sit down again; on which I cried out sufficiently loud to alarm my husband, who was building a hut behind. He came in and turned them all out; but they still kept hanging about the station for some time. My husband took his gun and shot some white parrots, which were flying in an immense flock overhead. Some of the natives ran and picked them up, and thrust them into some hot ashes, where they had lighted a fire, without even taking the feathers off. They were soon cooked in this way, and I believe ate very well. I had often seen black Tom cook parrots and cockatoos in this manner. The natives will eat anything that comes in their way. I saw a woman take a piece of sheep-skin, singe the wool off, and then begin to eat it, giving her baby a piece of it also. Much to my surprise, they actually ate a large piece of the skin. All these natives left us before sun-down, and went to Mr Baillie's, where they were always allowed to remain as long as they chose. He was too kind to them, and gave them great encouragement in his own hut. We always expected to hear of some mischief there. At last one of them threw a spear at the groom, which stuck in his arm; it gave him great pain, and he went to the settlement to consult a doctor. In many instances the undue

severities of the settlers lead to reprisals from the natives, who are apt to inflict vengeance in a very indiscriminate manner.

At this time I had a pleasant visit from Mrs Gibson and her brother; they were on their way to a new station about fifteen miles beyond us. I was delighted to have the privilege of talking to a lady again: it was more than a year since I had seen one; and my little girl had not words to express her delight and astonishment. The sight of a "white leubra," as she called her, seemed for a time to take away her speech; but she soon began to question her very closely as to where she came from, and whether there were any more like her in her country. I am sure Agnes dreamed of her all night, for she often spoke of the beautiful lady in her sleep; and the moment she was dressed in the morning, she went to look again at her. Mrs Gibson was much amused at Agnes's admiration. I did all I could to persuade her to remain some time with us, and allow her brother to go on, and have some place comfortable for her to go to; but she would not. Some time after this Mrs Gibson's courage was well tried. She had occasion to go a journey on horseback, and not knowing the road, she took a native with her as guide. When they were at some distance from home, the man wanted her to dismount, and indeed tried to pull her off her horse. He did not know she had a pistol with her; but she pulled out one and presented it at him, telling him that unless he walked on before the horse, and showed her the proper way to go, she would shoot him. Had she appeared at all afraid, most likely he would have killed her; but her courage saved her, and she arrived safely at her journey's end.

When all the gentlemen were from home, one of the shepherds came to my hut door to tell me that, in counting over his sheep, as they came out of the yard, he missed twenty-five. He was a stupid old man, so I asked the stock-keeper to get his horse and ride over the run; but he proposed driving the sheep over the same ground they had gone the previous day, in hope that the lost ones might join the flock. This was done; and when the sheep were again put into the yard, they were found all right. We had many alarms about losing sheep; but, except the time they were taken by the natives, we always found them. One night it had become dark, and there was no appearance of the sheep coming home. At last the shepherd arrived in a great fright, and said he had lost all the sheep—he could tell nothing about them. Every one, except Agnes and I, went out immediately to look for them in different directions. It came on a dreadful night of rain, thunder, and lightning, and was very dark: the men returned one by one, and no sheep were to be seen. I was sitting in no very comfortable state in the hut, and taking a look at the door every five minutes, although it was so dark that I could not see a yard before me. Little Agnes was in bed, as I thought fast asleep; but she called to me, and said, if I

would allow her to stand at the window, she would tell me when they were coming. I put her on a seat at the window, where she had not stood long, listening very attentively, till she told me they would soon be here, for she heard them far away. I thought she was talking nonsense, as I could hear nothing; neither could any of the men; but Agnes still said she heard them coming; and she was right, for in a few minutes my husband sent to tell me they were all safe in the yards. He and one of the men had found them in a hollow about a mile from home; but our next alarm was for James, who was still absent. My husband fired off several pistols, that he might know all were found if he was still looking for them; and we put a light in the window to guide him. He came in about twelve o'clock; but would scarcely own he had lost himself, although we knew very well he had; however, we all enjoyed our supper and a good blazing log-fire, and were very thankful we had the sheep safe.

We often killed kangaroos; they are very palatable, particularly the tail, which makes excellent soup, much like what is called hare-soup. My friend Willy Hamilton declared he never ate better soup at any dinner-party at home. I sometimes made cakes, which were much admired by the visitors at our hut; and it was a fixed rule always to have a large pudding on Sunday, as we were sure to have some of our neighbours with us to dinner. We had an old man who made so good a pudding, that we had it every Sunday for six months; and many came to eat of this mess, the fame of which had spread far and wide. We often gave the receipt for it; but no one made it so well as old Williams.

My husband or my brother read a sermon on Sunday; indeed we kept up the form of a religious service as near as we could. Generally all our servants joined us; but if they did not feel inclined of themselves to come, it was in vain to try to persuade them. I have sometimes seen our neighbours' servants come in also. We had many letters from home, which were a great pleasure to us. We had also received a large box, containing a spinning-wheel, and many very useful things, from my mother. She would certainly have been pleased had she seen us unpacking it, and examining everything in it; it made me think of days gone by, when we were children, at the opening of a New-Year's box. I am sure we were quite as happy. We received soon after this a box of preserves, and some other articles, from the same kind hand, and they were highly valued, as we could get nothing of that kind at Port Philip. Little or no fruit was yet to be met with in the colony; but in our garden we had some young gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes, from which we hoped soon to have some produce. We had also a row or two of strawberry plants.

On New-Year's day 1841, some of our neighbours came to dine with us. I was very anxious to have either a wild goose

or turkey, but none of the shepherds could see one to shoot for me, so I had determined to have a parrot-pie instead: but on New-Year's morning, while we were at breakfast, two turkeys were seen flying over our hut, one of which was immediately brought down. I must describe our New-Year's dinner, to show what good things we had in the bush. We had kangaroo-soup, roasted turkey well stuffed, a boiled leg of mutton, a parrot-pie, potatoes, and green peas; next, a plum-pudding and strawberry-tart, with plenty of cream. We dined at two o'clock, a late dinner for us, as twelve is the general hour; and at supper or tea we had currant-bun, and a large bowl of curds and cream. We spent a very happy day, although it was exceedingly hot: the thermometer was nearly 100 in the shade. Our friends rode home to their own stations that evening: it is very pleasant riding at night after a hot day.

All the stations near us commenced their poultry-yards from our stock. We got 12s. and 15s. a-pair for hens, which was the Melbourne price. Had we been nearer town, we might have made a great deal by our poultry. Eggs are also very dear in town, sometimes 8s. and 10s. a-dozen. I was much annoyed by the hawks carrying off the young chickens. We lost a great many in this way, as we had not a proper house to put them into; but the gentlemen always promised to build one when they had nothing of more importance to do. They rather slighted the poultry, although they were very glad to get the eggs to breakfast, as well as a nice fat fowl to dinner. We never fed the poultry; they picked up for themselves, except when I now and then threw them a little corn to keep them about the huts. They roosted on a large tree behind our hut. I was astonished to see how soon the hen begins to teach her chickens to roost. I have seen one take her chickens up to roost in the tree when they were little bigger than sparrows, and scarcely a feather in their wings. I used often to admire the hen's patience in teaching her family to mount the tree: it took her a long time every evening to get them all up, for many a tumble they had, and many times she flew up and down for their instruction; but she seemed very happy and satisfied when she got them all under her on the branch.

A melancholy accident happened at a station near us. A young gentleman who had lately arrived in the colony went to pay a visit there. He jumped into a water-hole to bathe; the hole was small but deep. He was well warned of this; but nothing would dissuade him from going in, and he was drowned before any assistance could be rendered. His body was not found for several days, although the hole was dragged with chains; but some natives were set to dive for it, and one of them brought the body up immediately, which was buried next day in a wood near the hut. The funeral was attended by several settlers in the neighbourhood, and the service for the dead was

read by the gentleman whose guest the deceased had been. A funeral in the bush is a very rare and a very impressive occurrence. I only know of one other spot where a white man is buried; it is the grave of a shepherd who was speared by the natives some time ago, and the valley where he now lies is called the Murderer's Valley. I never passed through it without feeling a kind of horror. The grave is fenced in by a rough paling.

In the bush no one is ever allowed to go from a hut without eating, or remaining all night, although an entire stranger. We were once sadly deceived by a man who walked into our hut, and introduced himself as a new settler who had come to our neighbourhood. None of us were acquainted with him; but we very soon saw he had not the manners of a gentleman, although he was perfectly at ease, spoke much of his large herds of cattle, and the difficulty he had in bringing his sheep up the country so as to avoid the different stations, as there is a heavy fine for any one driving scabby sheep through a settler's run, except during one month in the year. This pretended gentleman also talked as if on intimate terms with one of the settlers we knew, and told us much news, some of which astonished us not a little. He dined with us, and begged to know how the pudding was made. I offered to write him the receipt, which I did, although I am sure he could not read it. In a few days we heard he was a hut-keeper, and an old prisoner, who had been sent by his master to tell us he had some young bullocks to sell, as he knew we wanted to purchase some; but this message was delivered to us as a piece of news. I was rather annoyed at being deceived in this way; but in the bush it is no easy task to tell who are gentlemen and who are not from their dress, or even manners, as a few of them pride themselves in being as rough as possible.

We began to think that there were too many masters at one station; and my husband's relations at home had expressed their surprise that he did not leave the young men to manage the station, and find something to do near a town. The situation of his family induced my husband to think seriously of this proposal; but the only happiness I had in the idea of leaving the station was, that I should be able to pay more attention to Agnes, who was now four years old, and almost running wild. In short, for one reason and another, it was resolved that we should seek a new home; and for that purpose my husband proceeded to Melbourne to make the necessary inquiries. After an absence of three weeks he returned, having taken a farm in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, to which we were immediately to proceed. This proved a fatal step, and the beginning of many misfortunes; but I shall not anticipate. My husband brought with him our old friend Mrs Scott, who had come to see us before we left the station, and she remained till the day of our departure, accompanying us on the journey.

Accommodated in a spring-cart, which was provided with a few necessaries for our use, we departed from the station on the first morning of sheep-shearing, and certainly not without a degree of regret; for, all things considered, we had enjoyed at it a happy bush-life, to which I now look back with pleasure. It was early morning when we set out, and the first place at which we stopped was the station of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, where we breakfasted, and found a hearty welcome. From this we proceeded to the station of my brother Robert. Fortunately we found him at home, but quite alone; not even the hut-keeper was with him, as he had taken the place of a shepherd who had run away. The two little huts were perched on the top of a steep bank or craggy rock, at the bottom of which was a deep water-hole. It had the strangest appearance possible; at a little distance it looked not unlike a crow's nest, and must have been a very dismal place to be left alone in for such a length of time as my brother occasionally was. I was very sorry for him, and did not wonder at his complaining of being dull sometimes. I told him we had come to lunch with him, but he said he hoped we had brought the lunch with us, as he had nothing to give us but damper. The rations were done, and more had not come from the home station. We were well provided in the spring-cart; so Robert and I laid out a lunch, and he took a damper he had made out of the ashes. We could not remain with him very long, as the day was pretty far advanced, and we wished to get to Mr Anderson's station, where my husband had promised to remain a short time, as Mr Anderson was ill at Geelong.

Before we had got above four miles from my brother's, the wheel of our cart, in going through a creek, got into a hole, and the vehicle was upset. We were all thrown into the water, but were not hurt, and our greatest difficulty was getting the cart up again. We had to take out the horses, and get into the water and lift it up, as it lay quite on its side. It took all the party's united strength to lift it. We were quite wet already, so we did not mind standing in the water to do this duty; it was rather refreshing, the day had been so hot. I undressed my infant, and rolled him in my cloak; but all the rest of us had to sit in wet clothes: we were so much pleased, however, at getting up the cart, that we did not think much of it, and were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, when, in going up a very stony hill, down it went again. I felt much stunned, as I was thrown with my head on a stone; but I was not insensible. The thought of my infant was uppermost; he was thrown several yards out of my arms; but the cloak saved him. He was creeping off on hands and knees out of it, quite in good humour, as if nothing had happened. Agnes was also unhurt, except a bruised cheek; but she was much concerned about a kitten she had got from her uncle Robert, which was squeezed

under a carpet-bag. The most unfortunate of our party was poor Mrs Scott, who was thrown violently on the ground, and lay seriously stunned. On inquiring into her condition, she said that her leg was broken, and in great pain. This was terrible news in such a place as we were; but on examination, the case was not so bad: the knee was out of joint, and her ankle already much swollen from a very bad sprain. By her own directions I pulled her leg till the knee-joint went into its place. She had been thrown with her head down the hill, and she suffered so much pain, that she could not allow us to move her; but we propped her up with stones and a carpet-bag, and what more to do we could not tell.

We were far from help: it was already nearly dark, very cold, and we had nothing to light a fire; in a word, we were in a miserable state. My husband at length remembered an out-station of Mr Learmonth's, not above half a mile from us. He immediately went there for help, and two mounted police happened fortunately to be at hand. One of them rode back for my brother Robert to come to us, and the other assisted my husband to carry Mrs Scott on a hurdle to the shepherd's hut, while I went on before with the children, to try to get a bed ready for her. The walk put my baby fast asleep, so I laid him down in a corner of the hut wrapped in my cloak, while Agnes went to the fire to dry her clothes, not looking very contented. The shepherds were very kind, and gave up their hut to us at once; and the old hut-keeper begged me to let the poor sick lady have the best bed. I looked at the beds, but it was really difficult to say which was best, as one was an old sheep-skin, and the other a very dirty blanket, spread on some boards. I chose the sheep-skin for Mrs Scott, and my husband carried her into the hut and laid her on it. By this time my brother Robert had arrived with a bottle of Scotch whisky, which my husband had left with him. Mrs Scott took a little of it, which appeared to revive her, for she seemed in great agony from being moved. Her knee was continually going out of joint when she moved, so I split up the lid of an old tea-box I saw in the corner of the hut, and bound the pieces round her knee with a bandage made of a part of my dress; and I succeeded better than I expected, as it did not again come out of its place. I never saw any one bear pain with more composure and cheerfulness than my poor friend. My brother rode on to tell Mr Scott, and to get a doctor from Geelong. I bathed Mrs Scott's ankle often during the night with some hot water in which meat had been boiled; it was the only thing I could get. It relieved her for a little; but we passed a sad night, as we had no dry clothes. My husband was also much bruised, and the horse had trod on his foot, which was very painful; but he said nothing about it till next day, when he could scarcely put it to the ground.

The hut to which our misfortunes had thus conducted us was a

miserable place, and I was afraid to try to sleep, there were so many rats running about, and jumping on the beams across the roof. I was, however, very tired, and unconsciously fell asleep for a little; but when I awoke, three rats were fighting on the middle of the floor for a candle I had lighted and placed there stuck in a bottle, there being no candlestick. I rose and separated the combatants. Poor Mrs Scott had never slept: she said a rat had been watching her all night from the roof. The rats here are very tame and impudent, and not easily frightened, but are not so disgusting in appearance as the rats in England; they are larger, and their skin is a beautiful light-gray. I shall ever remember this dismal night, which seemed protracted to an unusual length. Day at last dawned, and allowed those who were able to move about and render assistance as far as circumstances would permit. With the help of the shepherd I prepared breakfast, and afterwards dinner, for the party. We were much afraid, when the afternoon arrived, that we should have to pass another night in the hut; but at four o'clock, greatly to our delight, Mr Scott made his appearance, and soon after a dray, in which a bed was placed for Mrs Scott. It was with difficulty she was lifted into it. I sat beside her with the children, and my husband sat on the other side to keep her steady. Mr Scott was on horseback. In this way we arrived at Mr Anderson's station late at night, as we were obliged to travel very slowly on account of our unfortunate patient.

We found Mr Anderson's hut locked up, and the keys were at Mr Yuille's, three miles off. However, my husband opened the window with little difficulty, as it had no fastening; so it seemed of little use having the door locked. We soon got a fire lighted by his woman-servant, and had tea and nice comfortable beds, which we indeed much required. Mrs Scott was taken home next day; but many months elapsed before she could walk about. We remained at Mr Anderson's station a short time. While there, we went over to dine with Mr Yuille. I saw many improvements about his station; but his own hut was still without windows. I expressed my astonishment at this; but he said that he had been so long without them, that he would still continue so, and he did not see the use of them. We ate some of the largest lettuces here I ever saw. Mr Yuille takes great pleasure in his garden, and keeps it in order entirely himself.

We were now in the Boning Yong district, which takes its name from a very high mountain, on the top of which is a large hole filled with water. It is quite round, as if made by man, and there are fish and mussels in it. Boning Yong is a native name, and means *big mountain*. I like the native names very much: I think it a great pity to change them for English ones, as is often done. Station Peak is also a peculiar-looking mountain, and is the boundary between the Melbourne and Geelong districts.

We spent several days at Mr Scott's station, which is for cattle

and dairy-husbandry. He had some of the finest cows I had seen in the country; and the dairy was well managed by a young woman whom the family had brought from home; and they fortunately did not require to keep many servants, the children were so useful, and never idle. His two little boys managed the cattle as well as any stock-keeper could do, and everything seemed in a fair way of prospering at the station. A large family in these colonies is a blessing and fortune to their parents, if well-doing.

In travelling down to Melbourne we did not require to sleep in the bush, as there are now several public-houses on the road. The first we came to was not at all comfortable; and the keeper performed the paltry trick of hiding our bullocks, thereby compelling us to remain at his house till they were found, which was not accomplished until we offered a reward for them. We heard many complaints of "planting" bullocks (the colonial expression) at this house. We were more fortunate in the next we arrived at, in which we slept one night, and were exceedingly comfortable. It is kept by a Dr Grieve. On leaving next morning, Mrs Grieve gave me a nice currant loaf for the children to eat in the dray.

I was astonished, when I visited Geelong on our way down, to see the progress made in building. I had not seen it since we first landed in the country, at which time three stores were all the buildings in the township. Now, it is a large and thriving place. Such is the rapid way that towns get up in this new and enterprising colony.

FARM NEAR MELBOURNE—CONCLUSION.

Our unfortunate journey from the bush station was at length brought to a close. After remaining two days in Melbourne, to purchase provisions and some articles of furniture, we proceeded to the farm which we had reason to expect would be our future home. I liked its appearance very much; it was agricultural, with ten acres already in crop, and about thirty cleared. The soil was rich and productive, and immediately we got a garden fenced in, and soon had a supply of vegetables. To complete the establishment, we procured some cows from the station, these animals being reckoned my private property. The chief drawback to our comfort was the want of a house, and we were compelled to live in a tent till one could be prepared for our reception. I was assisted in the domestic arrangements by an aged but willing and active woman, whom we had engaged as servant. Our neighbours round called upon us; but all were men, and I saw no ladies while at the farm for a period of eight months.

All went on well with us till the month of February, when the heat became almost insupportable, the thermometer in our tent being at 110 degrees almost every day, and sometimes 120. It was like living in an oven. All around the country was parched up to a degree which I am unable to describe. Everything was

as dry as tinder; and while in this state, some shepherds, either heedlessly or maliciously, set the grass on fire a few miles from our farm, and it came down upon us in a tremendous flame, several miles in breadth. Long before I could see it from the tents, I heard the crackling and falling of trees. My husband was in town, also our ploughman with the dray; and we had only one man at the farm, as little work could be done at this season. This man told me he had seen the fire, and that it was coming down as fast as he could walk, and would be upon us in half an hour, when all our tents, &c. would be burned. For a moment I stood in despair, not knowing what to do. I then thought our only chance of safety would be to burn a circle round the tents. I sent the children to the next farm with old Mrs Douglas, our ploughman's wife. Nanny Douglas, a strong active girl, was with us; so we lighted a circle round the tent I occupied, which was the most valuable. We procured branches, and kept beating the flames, to keep them from burning more than a space several yards broad, that the flames might not pass over; but before we had finished the burning, Nanny, who was naturally anxious about her own property, began to burn round her own tent. The fire was too strong for her to keep it down alone, so I saw her tent catch fire at the back, while she was busy beating out the flames in front. I ran to help her to pull down the tent, which she and I did in a few minutes. The tent was nearly all burned, but nothing of consequence was lost inside. Nanny was in a sad state, knowing that her father had several pounds of gunpowder in a basket under his bed. In trying to save this tent I nearly lost my own, which caught fire; but Nanny, with great activity, ran with a bucket of water she was carrying to throw on the burning tent we had pulled down. She threw it over the part that had caught fire, while I beat with my branch; and we had only a hole about three yards square burned in our tent, and part of our bed which was next that side. We had now got the circle burned, and sat down to rest and contemplate the mischief we had done. We soon found that our exertions might have been spared; for, by the intervention of our ploughed land and a bend in the creek, the fire was divided before it reached us, and went burning and crashing down on each side, several hundred yards from us. It was an awful sight, and I shall never forget it. As it unfortunately happened in the heat of the day, Nanny and I were quite knocked up, and we lay on the ground to rest outside the tent for nearly an hour. Mrs Douglas came home with the children, and began to arrange the beds, &c. in the third tent we had for cooking in.

One of our neighbours, who lived several miles from us, knowing the fire must be near our farm, and my husband not at home, kindly rode over to see if he could assist us. I was glad to see him, as I felt very anxious about my husband, not knowing what might befall him upon his return, as it was now near sun-down,

and the fire very near the road he had to travel. Our kind neighbour offered to go to meet him if I could give him a horse, which we soon did, as I had had them tied in a safe place on the other side of the creek. He fortunately met the dray not very far off, and pointed out a road by which they might still get home ere the fire reached it. Had they been ten minutes later, they could not have got home that night, the fire burned so fiercely, and the horses were afraid of it. My husband and the men sat up all night watching the fire in the woods, which, owing to the darkness, was a most splendid sight, looking like a large town highly illuminated. Next day the conflagration returned upon us in another direction; but we were better prepared for it, and it was kept back by beating it out with branches. All the gentlemen and servants from our farm, and our neighbours, were employed nearly all day in beating it out, and it was again watched all night.

This fire did much damage to several farms in our neighbourhood, in burning down crops and fences. It burned for nearly a week, and keeping it down was very fatiguing work, owing to the extreme heat of the weather. But, fortunately for the country, we had some very heavy rain, otherwise I am sure we should have had no food left for our cattle, the pasture being nearly all burned. It was astonishing how soon the country looked green again. After two nights of heavy rain, the grass began to spring afresh.

This fire was our crowning misfortune; for though it did little damage to the property, it led to personal illness, against which it was not easy to bear up. I caught a violent cold from being overheated while putting out the fire round our tent; Nanny also was ill, and unable to do any work for three weeks. Notwithstanding all my care, I could not get rid of my complaint, as the rains had set in, and our tents, clothes, and beds, were constantly wet. To increase my distress, I was seized one night with asthma, which increased every day. In this exigency my husband had a temporary hut put up for me, which would keep out the wet. It was put up in a week; and although not quite dry, we were very glad to get into it. It was made of young trees or saplings, sunk about a foot in the ground, and nailed at the top to a frame of wood. The saplings were placed quite close, and the walls were then plastered outside and in with mud, and washed over with lime. The roof was of broad paling, and we were very comfortable. Our hut was twenty feet by twelve; but I had a division of canvass put up in the middle for a sick daughter of Mrs Douglas, who had come to try if country air would benefit her. After being three weeks with us, she was advised by our medical attendant to return to the town, where she died in a few days.

I was now very ill, and could not lie in bed with asthma and cough, and my husband was also suffering severely from the

effects of cold. Things were now in such a state, that it was found impossible to go on with the farm, which we therefore let; and my husband being so fortunate as to get an office under government, we removed to Melbourne. At first we could not find a house in Melbourne except a new one, and we were afraid to live in it. We were obliged to go to an inn, intending to look about for another house; but I was laid up there for three weeks with a very severe attack, from which I was not expected to recover.

We were exceedingly anxious now to send the children home to my mother, as I was told if I had many such attacks I could not live. I felt this myself; but we could not make up our minds about parting with the children, although we knew that Port Philip was a sad place for children to be left without a mother to watch over them; but as I got stronger, I could not bear the idea of parting with them, and determined to take great care of myself. We removed to our new house because we could not find another; but it was very damp. I had a threatening of my old complaint, and my husband insisted on my leaving it immediately. He found another, a very comfortable one, and I continued pretty well in it for two months. I had only a few slight illnesses; but I durst not go out if the weather was at all damp. I had great difficulty in getting a servant when we came to town; indeed I was without one for some weeks. At last I got a little girl of twelve years of age, till I could hear of a woman-servant. This little girl would not come for less than seven shillings a-week; and instead of being any assistance to me, was a great plague. She was always leading the children into mischief; and whenever I wanted my servant to work, I had to go and bring her home from a game of romps with some neighbouring children. I sent her home at the end of the week with her seven shillings, well pleased to get quit of her; and that very day an Irishwoman came to the door asking me if I required a servant. She had landed from an emigrant ship three days before. I was delighted to see her, and bade her come in and I would try her. She turned out an honest well-behaved girl, but very slow and very dirty; her wages were twenty pounds a-year. Several ships arrived soon after this with emigrants, and servants began to find great difficulty in getting situations; they were to be seen going about the streets inquiring of every one if they wanted servants. Of course the wages came quickly down: men were now to be hired for twenty and twenty-five pounds a-year, and women from twelve to fifteen. One man I knew, who a month before would not hire under seventy pounds, said he would now be glad of a situation at twenty-five; which he could not get. The servants seemed astonished at the sudden change of things, for which they were not at all prepared.

From compassion, we allowed a number of female emigrants to live in a detached kitchen we had, until they could find situa-

tions as servants. They had little money, and lodgings were very high in price. These girls had come out with most magnificent notions, and were sadly disappointed when they found that situations were so difficult to be procured. Affairs, generally, were beginning to wear a threatening aspect; yet, in this country there is a lightness in the air which seems to prevent one feeling misfortunes so deeply as in England.

Most people like Port Philip after giving it a fair trial, as the delightful and healthful climate compensates for many disagreeables which one has not been accustomed to. The great thing is to get over the first feeling of surprise and disgust. Many find it impossible to do so, and return home to disgust others with their story; but I never yet met one who said, after being in the colony two years, that he would wish to leave it to return home, except for a visit. And this, certainly, notwithstanding what I suffered, is my own feeling towards the country.

To conclude these rough notes: I now commenced a school in Melbourne, and had great encouragement to go on with it, having been offered a number of boarders, indeed more than I could have taken charge of. After a short trial, I was unpleasantly reminded that my health was too uncertain to attempt carrying my plans into execution, otherwise all would have been well. Misfortunes did not fall singly. We had received at this time a severe and unexpected pecuniary disappointment from home, which, I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the fine light air of Port Philip, made me very ill. My husband insisted on my going home to my mother with the children until his affairs were arranged, and I may consider myself very happy in having such a home to go to. Had I not been leaving my husband behind me in bad health, I could almost have considered our misfortunes a blessing, as it gave me the unspeakable delight of again seeing my mother—a happiness I had for some time ceased to hope I should ever enjoy, and which had been my only serious regret after leaving home.

I left Melbourne on the 10th September 1841, with the intention of returning; but that must be determined by my health and other circumstances.





WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

SURROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inaccessible valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat against oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these persons, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was

chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and, by a most unjustifiable stretch of ambition, wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the Waldstatte, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them at the same time to renounce their connexion with the German empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

Proud of his great rank, uniting, as he did, in his own person the dignities of the house of Austria and the imperial throne, Albert was indignant at the refusal by which his propositions were followed, and forthwith resolved to hold no measured terms with what he deemed a set of rude peasants. His first impulse was to decide the question by the sword; but the result of any sudden attack was doubtful, and he finally resolved to proceed cautiously in his movements. Disguising his intentions, therefore, he confined himself, in the first instance, to introducing as governor Hermann Gessler of Brunegg, along with small parties of Austrian soldiers, after which his design of subjugating the district became too manifest to its unhappy inhabitants.

Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. The seat of his assumed authority was at Altorf, a small town near the head of the lake of Lucerne, on which the Waldstatte bordered, and surrounded by some of the most romantic scenery in Switzerland. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man; as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did a part of Switzerland, under the vice-regal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL. Not much is really known of this patriot, but the little that has been wafted by history and tradition to our times is interesting, and possesses all the charm of poetry and romance.

William Tell, according to the best accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions, and earnestly requesting him, with his latest breath, to work diligently for his subsistence, and to die, should it be needed, in his country's service. These admonitions, addressed to a highly sensitive mind, were not disregarded. Having consigned

his father's body to the tomb, he gave himself up to the labours of the field, and by his assiduous industry, is said ever to have reaped a plentiful harvest.

Rising at dawn of day, he stood behind his rude plough, and left it only when darkness summoned both man and beast to repose. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his small boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was prodigious, being, it is said, double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all out-door sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. Meanwhile, in his humble home, he remained without a mate; and desirous of finding a partner who might grace his little domain, he fixed his attention on Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. His advances being well received by both father and daughter, Tell in due time called Emma his wife, and henceforth his mountain home was the scene of happiness and contentment. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, carried him to the fields and pastures to instruct him in the works of nature, and spared no pains at home to cultivate and enlighten his mind. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing a friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwald. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character, there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, was capable of very great actions, without being prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter,

Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the joys of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost license to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried, "What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?" History records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. "How long," exclaimed she, "shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?" The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but settled, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchies, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and explained to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from

the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonized friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest intreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Rhigi. This mountain rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragging old Melchthal before Gessler, he ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Rhigi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for Rhigi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Rhigi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. "Go," said my father, "and tell Arnold of this new villany of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwald for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli."*

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and

* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of honour, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. "Werner Stauffacher," cried Tell, "the time is come for action;" and without a moment's delay, he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero's hand, "Friend, let us begin; I am ready." After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when the whole were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured. Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. "Arnold awaits us," cried William, "and the fate of our country depends on this interview." With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common

in these mountain lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shown to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added—"We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people."

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a signal fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

"Wherefore," demanded the incensed bailiff, "hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?"

"Verily," answered Tell with mock humility, "how this happened I know not; 'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart."

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner's name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so much respected throughout the whole canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. "While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good fortune to bear away the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, our hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were

handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him:—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but," added he, "tell me, what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough." Tell replied, with some slight evidence of embarrassment, "that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;" an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. "Nay, nay," said he; "tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son." At these words the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: "I am about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences."

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little

port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe conduct of his armed dependants, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal fire to rouse the cantons; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which, giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, who were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives: the wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, pale and horror-stricken, prayed for life; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers

of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. "And see, my lord," said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—"all, even the pilot, are paralysed with terror, and he is totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well-skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?" Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master's hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemming in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offered not a single platform where human foot could stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to Gessler, who, with angry voice, demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, turned the helm hard a-port, which brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his faithful bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang lightly on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for

the heights which border the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and choosing a small hollow in the road, hid himself under cover of the brush, intending to remain in ambush until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. It appears that the governor had the utmost difficulty to save himself and his attendants after this sudden disappearance of their pilot, but at length succeeded in effecting a safe landing at Brunnen. Here they provided themselves with horses, and proceeding in the direction above alluded to, advanced towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as "the hollow way," and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death. He instantly, therefore, showed himself, and seizing an opportune moment, pierced Gessler to the heart with one of his arrows.

This bold deed accomplished, the excited hero effecting his escape, made the best of his way to Art, and thence soon gained the village of Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. The news, however, which Tell brought, removed the necessity for further immediate action, and prompt measures were taken to arrest the progress of their allies. A joy, which deeply proved the wrongs of the people, spread over the whole land, and though they delayed to strike the blow for universal freedom from the Austrian yoke, the final decision of the conspirators was only the greater.

On the morning of New-Year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was adroitly taken possession of, and its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, during the earlier hours of the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, marched towards the lake Lowertz, and destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously dis-

playing an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hill-sides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete route, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

All that remains to be told of the Swiss hero's life is the immortal tradition, that Wilhelm Tell, the same who shot Gessler in 1307, assisted at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337, and perished in 1350 by an inundation which destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. According to Klingenberg's chronicle, however, written towards the close of the fourteenth century, when many of his contemporaries were still living, Wilhelmus Tellus of Uri, as he calls him, the liberator of his country, became, after the battle of Morgarten, administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, where he died in 1354.

Switzerland owes more to the archer of Bürglen than, at a rough glance, she might be supposed to do. It was his bold and decisive act which first roused within its people that spirit of independence, before slumbering, and since so great in its results:

Tell showed them, by his example, what courage and prudence could effect, and gave an impulse to his countrymen of which they have not failed to take advantage.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons : the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom : about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation ; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able ; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. We shall not pursue the history of the events which immediately followed, for they disclose a sickening scene of war and bloodshed ; but at once state the conclusion, that at the battle of Sempach, fought on the 9th of July 1386, the Swiss were again victorious over the Austrians. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the convention of Sempach. A further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with her other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural pursuits, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris : war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon

further strengthened by the addition of Argovia. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours: the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton: the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people, than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole

delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some

shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovia, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose, sounding a bugle at ten at night for a departure, and on the following morning reaching the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The

weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying, "Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory!" The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Lemman. The route was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long

remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold* :—

“There is a spot should not be passed in vain—
Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument.” * *

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535 the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese ; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated ; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles, and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a

portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. In 1830 a considerable reform of abuses was generally effected, and since that period Switzerland has been, politically, not only the most free, but also one of the most prosperous and happy countries in Europe.

It now comprehends twenty-three cantons, as follows:—Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle-town, Basle-country, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva; the whole containing about two millions and a half of people. The cantons, though in some cases not larger than an English county, are each independent states as far as internal government is concerned; and are united only in a confederacy for mutual protection and general interests.

deputies sent by each meet and form a diet or parliament, the seat of which is alternately at Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich.

In Uri, Schweitz, Unterwalden, Zug, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, and Geneva, the constitutions are democratic; in the remaining cantons they are of a mixed aristocratic and democratic character. Neufchatel possesses a peculiar constitution. Although enjoying the name of a canton, and admitted by representation into the diet, it is in point of fact a principality, under the control of Prussia, in virtue of a hereditary family claim of the Prussian monarch. This claim, by which an annual tribute is imposed, is the last wreck of arbitrary authority within the Swiss territories.

Some cantons are Roman Catholic, and others Protestant. Except in Geneva, there is little practical toleration of any belief not generally professed; and this intolerance is perhaps one of the least pleasing traits in the Swiss character. German is the language of the greater number of the cantons; French is spoken only in Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel; and Italian in part of the Grisons and Tessin. Elementary education is widely established, and the country possesses some learned societies; but, on the whole, Switzerland has made a poor figure in literature, and the public mind is more occupied with the real than the imaginary or the refined.

SOCIAL CONDITION—MANUFACTURES.

The principal towns in Switzerland are Berne, Basle, Zurich, Lucerne, Lausanne, and Geneva. Berne is generally esteemed the capital: it certainly is one of the most elegant and wealthy of the cities. In the different towns and villages throughout the country, manufactures are carried on to a considerable extent for home consumption and export. The manufacturing industry of Switzerland in some measure takes its tone from the distinctions of race in the population. The Germans engage in the manufacture of iron and machinery, linens, ribbons, silk, cotton, pottery, and some kind of toys; while the French, from their superior artistic tastes, employ themselves in making watches, jewellery, musical boxes, and other elegant objects. Iron of a superior quality is found in one of the cantons; and coal is also dug, but it is of a poor quality, and wood forms the chief fuel. Salt is now made within the canton of Basle, and in the Valais. From the prevalence of rapid running streams, there is an abundance of water-power in almost all quarters.

Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence

of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages:—

“As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil. Our mountaineers were frequently compelled, before the introduction of the above-named industry, to seek for work during the summer months among the people of the surrounding country. They rejoined their families in the winter, being enabled, from their economical savings, the moderateness of their wants, and the produce of a small portion of land, to supply themselves with the necessaries of life. And it must be remarked, also, that the entire liberty which they enjoyed, united to the absence of any description of taxation, greatly tended to relieve the hardships of their lot.

For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed;

several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period, also, that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neufchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of the produce of our industry into other countries, and notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked, that, from the upper valleys of Neufchatel, where it originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neufchatel."

It is very pleasing to know that the watchmaking trade of Neufchatel continues to prosper in spite of all the restrictions of surrounding states. In 1834, the number of watches manufactured annually in the canton was about 120,000, of which 35,000 were of gold, and the rest of silver. When to this we add the watches manufactured in the adjoining canton of Geneva, an idea may be obtained of the magnitude of this flourishing branch of trade. It is extremely probable that not fewer than 300,000 watches are exported annually from Geneva and Neufchatel. The greater proportion are necessarily smuggled out of the country, in consequence of the heavy duties or positive prohibitions of France, Austria, and other nations, through which they must go to find an outlet to America, England, Turkey, and countries still more remote. Latterly, by the lowering of import duties, many Swiss watches are imported in a regular way into England.

The manufacture of wooden toys, such as small carved figures and boxes, is also carried on in the mountainous parts of Switzer-

land, many of the rural labourers employing themselves on these articles at leisure hours, and particularly during the winter season, when out-door labour is stopped. Among the hills near Unterseen and Interlaken, we have observed a number of these interesting domestic manufactories, by which, at little cost, many comforts are procured.

Appenzell takes the lead in cotton manufactures, and Zurich in the spinning and weaving of silk. It is most extraordinary how the manufacture of these bulky articles should prosper, considering the distance of the country from the sea. Surrounded by hostile, or at least rival and jealous neighbours, and with a long land-carriage, on which heavy tolls are imposed, to and from sea-ports, the Swiss still contrive to carry on a successful foreign trade, and even outdo the French and Germans in point of skill and cheapness. The whole social condition of the Swiss is curious. The bulk of the country is divided into small possessions, each cultivated or superintended by its proprietor. There are few persons with large estates; and "landed gentlemen," as they are termed in England, are almost unknown. The rural population, therefore, whether agriculturists in the valleys or plains, or sheep or neat-herds among the hills, are, for the greater part, only a superior kind of peasants, few of whom possess the wealth or comforts of modern Scotch farmers. In some districts the people unite the character of agriculturists and artisans. On certain days or seasons, or at certain hours, they work on their little farms, and the rest of their time is employed in weaving, toy-making, or in some other handicraft. Instead of confining themselves to towns, the Swiss operatives prefer working in villages, or in cottages scattered on the faces of the hills; for there they are near the gardens or fields which they delight in cultivating, and there they can unexpensively keep a cow, goat, or pig. A great number have goats, for the sake of their milk, and because their keep is next to nothing in the way of outlay.

The diligence with which the families of Swiss workmen pursue their labours in and out of doors at these rural retreats, is spoken of by all travellers as a kind of wonder; and in the neighbourhood of Zurich it appears in its most captivating form. Wandering up the slopes of the hills, we perceive numerous clusters of cottages, inhabited principally by weavers, from which the sound of the shuttle is heard to proceed. Here, as elsewhere, the cottages are chiefly of wood, but substantial, and are generally ornamented with vines clinging to the picturesque eaves of the roof. All around are patches of garden, or small enclosed fields, sufficient, probably, to pasture one or two goats, with some ground under crops of potatoes. Industry is everywhere observable. If the husband is at the loom, his wife is out of doors at the potato-ridges; a girl is winding bobbins, and a boy is attending the goat. Baby leads the only sinecure life, and is

seen sprawling at his ease on a cushion laid on the ground at a short distance from the mother. The people, in this way, are constantly at work. They may be seen labouring in the fields before sunrise and after sunset. With all their labour, in and out of doors, families do not realise above eight or nine shillings each weekly. Provisions are cheaper than in England, and the taxes are few and light; but, with these advantages in their favour, the Swiss do not realise so high a remuneration as English operatives. Yet, with their few shillings weekly, they are generally better off than workmen in this country, because they are exceedingly economical. The Swiss operative employs his spare hours in making his own or his children's clothes, and his wife and children are all productive in some humble way; so that, being frugal and easily contented, the family is never ill off. All contrive to save something. With their savings they build or buy a cottage, and purchase a piece of ground; and to attain this amount of riches—to have this substantial stake in the country—is their highest ambition. That a large proportion of English and Scotch workmen could in the same manner, and with their comparatively high wages, attain the same degree of wealth and respectability, there can be no reasonable doubt. The sixty millions of pounds spent annually in Great Britain on intoxicating liquors, could buy many a comfortable cottage, surrounded by a productive field or garden, the seat of health and happiness.

The most remarkable point in the social economy of Switzerland, is the universal principle of freedom in trade, in which respect it has no parallel on the face of the earth. While in Great Britain the principles of a free exchange of commodities are still nothing more than a theory, in Switzerland they are a practical good. A free export and import are permitted. The government has no custom-house establishment, either in reference to the general frontiers, or the frontiers of the respective states: the only impediment to the transport of goods of any description, in any direction, is the exaction of tolls, at the rate of about one penny per hundredweight, for the benefit of the cantonal revenues; from which, however, the roads are kept in repair. At all the great outlets from Switzerland, strong bodies of *douaniers*, or armed custom-house officers, are stationed by the authorities of other nations, for the purpose of rigorously examining and taxing all articles that come out of the Swiss territory; but within the Swiss side of these outlets, there are no officials to pay the least attention to anything that comes into the country; and, in point of fact, the French, Germans, and other neighbours, export to Switzerland whatever goods they please, including all kinds of foreign produce, without being charged any duty whatever. This very remarkable state of things is partly ascribable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others

contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. Another cause, perhaps, is the vast expense which would be necessarily incurred by attempting to watch a widely-extended boundary beset by active contrabandists. It is at the same time fair to state, that in all the deliberations of the Swiss authorities for a number of years, there appears to have been a great unanimity of feeling on the propriety of abstaining from restrictions on commerce. A committee appointed by the diet in 1833, to consider the subject of foreign relations, made the following report, one of the most extraordinary ever uttered by the members of a legislative body:—

“First—The Swiss confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and manufacture. Second—Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian commercial league, or the custom-house line of any foreign nation. Third—It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade. Fourth—It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbourly, and border traffic and market transactions. Fifth—Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms. Sixth—When exceptional favours can be obtained, they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed; so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with. Seventh—In the interior of Switzerland, it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse; taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers.”

All restrictions on the importation of articles from other countries being thus removed, it might be supposed by some that the country would be deluged with foreign manufactures, greatly to the injury of native capitalists and workmen. But this does not appear to be the case. In several branches of manufacture the Swiss excel; and the opportunity of buying certain kinds of foreign produce, at a particularly cheap rate, enables the people to encourage the growth of other manufactures in their own country. The peasant who buys an English-made knife at half what he could buy a Swiss one for, has a half of his money remaining wherewith to purchase a native-made ribbon; hence, Swiss manufactures of one kind or other are sure to be encouraged.

FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

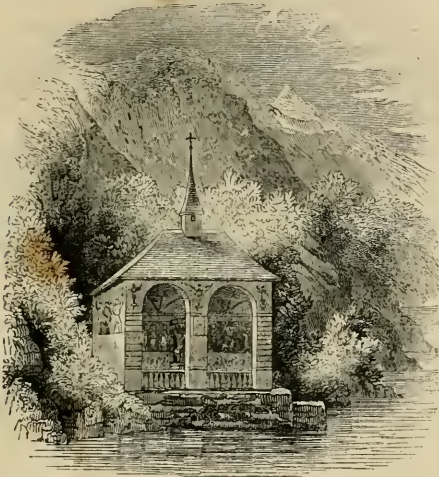
Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England; these generally reach it by ascending the Rhine in steam-vessels as far as Strasburg, and thence by railway to Basle. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from twenty to thirty miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now daily traversed by a small steamboat.

The thing which imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connexion with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked. In the true spirit of a poet, Rogers has referred to the sentiment which thus clothes the rugged headlands and steeps of Lucerne with hallowed recollections:—

“That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
 Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
 Built by the giant race before the flood;
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
 From god-like men. * *
 That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
 Training a band of small republics there,
 Which still exist, the envy of the world!
 Who would not land in each, and tread the ground—
 Land where TELL leaped ashore—and climb to drink
 Of the three hallowed fountains? He that does,
 Comes back the better. * *
 Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,
 Graven with records of the past,
 Excites to hero-worship.”

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons, from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schweitz, as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the

water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only



Tell's Chapel.

means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Küssnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a-year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles farther on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finisterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. We present in next page a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direc-



tion from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. *Cretins* occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently *goitres* than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial

pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

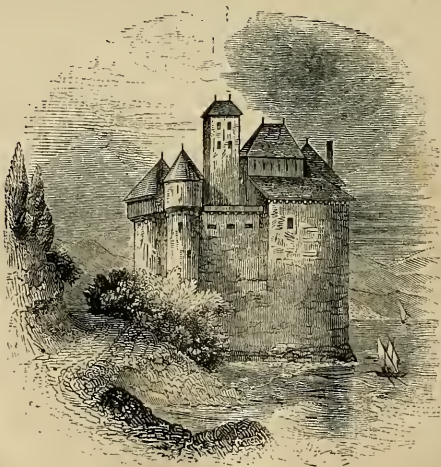
The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steamboats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a *dépôt* for military stores. The buildings are entire, but uninhabited. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shows on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice, overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the "Prisoner of Chillon" of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of

this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic license has therefore been taken in the forcible lines—

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod—
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God!”

The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron, may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS CROWE, AUTHORESS OF "SUSAN HOPLEY."

ICANNOT encourage a boy of your age in begging, said a gentleman to a little lad about ten years old, who intreated him to give him a halfpenny; "you should work, not beg." "I have not got any work," answered the boy. "Would you do it if you had?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the boy.

"What are your parents?" asked the gentleman. "My father's dead," replied the child, "and my mother begs, and sends me out to beg; but I keep away from her, because she beats me."

"And where do you sleep at night, when you don't go home?"

"Anywhere I can—under a hedge, or in a doorway; sometimes I get into a stable-loft or an empty cart."

"That's a miserable life," returned the gentleman; "come with me and I'll give you a trial. What is your name?"

"George Macmahon."

"Come along, then, George Macmahon. Now, if you are wise, this may prove the turn of your fortune; but remember, beginnings are slow; you must work first for small wages till you are stronger and able to earn more; but if I see that you are willing to work, I will do what I can for you."

This gentleman, whose name was Herriott, was the overseer of some public works; so, as George's capabilities were yet but limited, he put a hammer into his hand, and set him to break stones, promising that if he were diligent, and broke as many as

he could, he should have eightpence a-day, and a place to sleep in at night.

George Macmahon set to his work apparently with a good heart. The stones were not very hard, and they had already been broken into small pieces—his business was to break them still smaller; and when he exerted his strength and struck them a good blow, he could do it very well. However, when he had worked a little while, he began to make rather long pauses between his strokes, and to look a good deal about him, especially when any well-dressed persons passed that way; and once or twice, when he thought no one was looking, he threw down his hammer, and applied himself to his former trade of begging for a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. When he had in this way made out some three or four hours, he was accosted by an acquaintance of his, a boy about his own age, who was also a beggar. The only difference in their situation was, that the mother of the latter was very sickly, and unable to support him; but she did not beat him, and would not have sent him to beg if she could have done anything better for him.

“What!” said the new-comer, whose name was John Reid; “have you got leave to break stones?”

“Yes,” answered George, “a gentleman has given me a job; I am to have *eightpence* a-day and a place to sleep in;” and George at that moment felt himself a person of considerable consequence.

“I wish he would give me a job too,” said John; “do you think he would?”

“You can ask him if you like,” answered George; “that’s his office, and I saw him go in there just now.” So John presented himself to Mr Herriott, and said he should be very glad if he would give him a job as he had done to George Macmahon; and after asking him a few questions, Mr Herriott supplied him with a hammer, and set him to work.

It was quite evident, from the way he set about it, that it was John Reid’s intention to break as many stones as he could; and accordingly, by night his heap was much larger than George Macmahon’s, although he had not worked so long; but then he hit them with all his might, did not make long pauses between his strokes to look about him, and when any well-dressed persons passed, instead of slipping away to beg for a halfpenny, he only grasped his hammer with more firmness, gave harder blows, and appeared more intent upon his work; for, thought he, it makes one look respectable to be employed, but everybody despises beggars. At night they each got their eightpence; for although George had not worked as hard as he could, Mr Herriott did not wish to discourage him; and having bought themselves some supper, they were conducted to a shed, where they passed the night on some clean straw—a much more comfortable bed than they were accustomed to. On the following morning they both repaired to their toil at the sound of the bell

—John Reid with rather augmented vigour; but after the first half hour, George Macmahon's strokes became lighter, and his pauses longer, till at last he threw down his hammer and burst out into a fit of laughter.

"What's the matter?" said John; "what are you laughing at?"

"Why, I am laughing to think what fools the gentlefolks must be to suppose we'll work for eightpence a-day at breaking these stones, when we can earn a shilling a-day by begging, and our food besides; for people give us enough to eat at their doors, and then we can spend our money in drink."

"But, then," said John, "we are only beggars, and that's such a disgrace."

"Disgrace!" said George; "pooh! who cares for that? Surely it's better to live without working, if one can?"

"I don't know that," said John: "besides, you know, if we go on begging, we shall never get to be better off—we shall always be beggars to the last; but if we work when we are young, we may grow rich by the time we are old, and live like the gentlefolks."

"It's a long time to wait for what may never happen," replied George; "besides, I'm tired of work—it makes my arm ache. There's a carriage coming down the hill with some ladies in it!" added he suddenly, and away he ran to beseech the ladies to give him a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. They threw him sixpence. "Now, look here," said he to his comrade; "here's nearly a day's wages just for the asking; one must break a pretty lot of stones before one earns sixpence. Come along; throw down your hammer, and let's be off before Mr Herriott sees us."

"No, I shan't," responded John; "I shall stay here and break the stones; but I wish, if you mean to go, you would call and tell my mother where I am, and that she shall see me on Sunday."

"Sunday!" cried George; "you don't mean to stay here till Sunday, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said John; "I'll stay as long as they'll keep me."

George went away laughing at the folly of his companion; and when he met Jane Reid begging, he told her she might expect to see John before Sunday, for he was sure his arm would be so tired that he would soon give up breaking stones.

But George was mistaken: John's arm was tired at first, it is true, but it soon got accustomed to the labour, and then it ceased to ache, and grew daily stronger. Mr Herriott paid him his eightpence every night, and let him sleep in the shed; but he took little more notice of him, for he looked upon it as pretty certain that he would follow the same course as George Macmahon had done, and disappear; and he was justified in thinking so, for he had put several beggar boys to the same proof, and

not one of them had held out above a couple of days. However, when a week had elapsed, and John Reid was still hammering away as hard as ever, he began to think better of him—spoke to him encouragingly as he passed, showed him how to do his work with the greatest ease to himself, and occasionally sent him out a slice of bread and meat from his own kitchen. In short, John Reid grew into favour, and Mr Herriott began to think of putting him into some employment more fit for him than breaking stones, which he was scarcely strong enough to do yet with advantage to himself or his employer. He therefore took him off the road, and set him to remove some earth where they wanted to make a drain; and when this was done, he was sent amongst the carters, to help to load the carts, and learn how to manage the horses. Thus, as is always the case with boys who are industriously inclined, John got on from one thing to another, till he found the way to make himself really useful; and as he always did whatever was given him to do to the best of his abilities, his services were soon in general request among the men; and John's place became no sinecure. He worked hard all day, but then his wages were raised to six shillings a-week; he had enough to eat, and he could afford to pay for half a bed, which was a comfort he had very seldom enjoyed; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was getting on, and gaining the confidence of his employers. It is true he was often extremely tired after his day's work, yet he felt contented and happy, and rejoiced that he had not followed the example of George Macmahon; for he had earned a treasure that George knew nothing of—the treasure of hope—hope for the future—hope that he might some day have good clothes and a nice house, and live comfortably “like the gentlefolks,” and be called *Sir*, as Mr Herriott was; for John thought it must be very pleasant to be respected and looked up to. And John was quite right—it was a very legitimate object of ambition; and it would be well if it were more generally entertained amongst the poor, because there is but one road to success, and that is by the way of industry and honesty. John felt this, and that was the reason he liked his work: he saw that it made him respectable, because it is respectable to be useful. Indeed the being useful is the source of the only true respect mankind can ever enjoy; all the homage which is yielded to their other attributes—wealth, station, and power—unless these are beneficially exercised—that is, made useful—is only factitious; a sentiment compounded of fear, baseness, and self-interest.

Amongst the persons under Mr Herriott was a young man called Gale, who acted as clerk and bookkeeper. His connexions were in rather a superior condition of life; but having been himself imprudent, and reduced to distress, interest had been made with Mr Herriott's employers, who had appointed him to the situation he held. But adversity had not remedied the faults

of his character; he was still too fond of company and convivial parties, and not unfrequently, for the sake of yielding to their seductions, neglected his business.

One Saturday, about three months after John Reid's first introduction to Mr Herriott, that gentleman had desired Gale to go to the town, which was about two miles distant, and bring back the money that would be wanted to pay the men's wages at night; but in the morning Gale forgot it, and in the afternoon there was some amusement in the way that made him dislike the expedition. So he looked about for some one to send in his place, and at last fixed upon John, because he could be the best spared, and was the least likely to be missed; his work being of such various kinds, that if he were not seen busy in one spot, he would be supposed to be busy in another. So he despatched John with a note, desiring the money might be given to the bearer; and although the agent thought *the bearer* rather an odd person to be intrusted with so large a sum, he did not consider himself justified in withholding the money; and consequently John received a bundle of bank-notes, which he buttoned carefully up in his pocket, and set off back again. On his way he fell in with Maggy Macmahon, George's mother. She was begging; and seeing that he looked decent, and no longer wore his beggar's rags, she told him that she supposed, now he was grown such a great man, he could afford to give a poor body a penny. John had some pence in his pocket; and more, perhaps, from a little pardonable vanity than from charity—for he knew Maggy to be a bad woman—he unbuttoned his pocket in order to comply with her request; but he had no sooner done so than she caught sight of the bank-notes, and made a snatch at them, calling him, at the same time, a young thief, and asking him where he had stole all that money from. Failing, however, in her object, she tried to seize him by the collar, but John slipped through her fingers and took to his heels. She ran after him for some time, calling "*Stop thief*"—but as there was nobody at hand to stop him, and as, being half-intoxicated, she could not overtake him herself, she soon gave up the chase, and John arrived safe with his charge, and delivered it to Gale. But Maggy, who had heard from her own son where John was employed, was shrewd enough to guess that he had been sent to fetch the money to pay the week's wages, and that, probably, on the following or some other Saturday, he might be employed on the same errand; and as the road was not much frequented, it occurred to her that, with a coadjutor, if not alone, she could hardly fail to obtain the booty.

It happened as Maggy had expected. John having been found a faithful messenger on the first occasion, the next time Gale's engagements made it inconvenient for him to go himself, he despatched him again. John went, accordingly, and received the money; but remembering what had happened on his former

expedition, and having the fear of Maggy before his eyes, he hid the money this time in his bosom, resolving to run all the way back, and not to answer her if she accosted him. But Maggy was too cunning for him; she had watched him up to the town; and not doubting the purpose of his errand, she waylaid him on his return, selecting for her purpose the most lonely part of the road, and taking her son George with her as a reinforcement. Thus, when the poor boy approached, she suddenly darted out from her concealment, and seizing him by the arm, told him that if he did not give her the money he was carrying she would kill him; but instead of doing what she desired, John cried out for help, and struggled hard to get away; and as he was an active boy, he did at last succeed in releasing himself from her grasp; but unfortunately, just as he was taking to his heels, his clothes having been loosened in the scuffle, the bundle of notes fell from his bosom to the ground, and were in an instant picked up by George, who had been hitherto an inactive spectator of the conflict. As soon as Maggy saw that her object was attained, she made no further effort to detain John; but, deaf to his intreaties to restore him the money, she, with her son, started off in an opposite direction, declaring that if he attempted to follow her she would take his life. But John, too much alarmed at his loss to heed her threats, persisted in following her, hoping to meet some one to whom he could appeal for assistance; but Maggy obviated this danger by cutting across the fields, till at length, finding she could not get rid of him, she turned suddenly round, and with a savage blow felled him to the earth. By the time John had risen and wiped the blood from his face, Maggy and her son were far out of his reach, so there was nothing left for him but to pursue his way home, which he did with a heavy heart, greatly fearing that this misfortune would bring him much trouble, and perhaps be the occasion of his losing his situation.

As may be imagined, Gale, when he heard John's story, was extremely frightened, and, consequently, extremely angry, for he knew very well the fault was his own, and that his neglect of duty would now be disclosed to Mr Herriott; and as fear and anger are apt to render people very unjust, he refused to believe John's account of the matter, accusing him in one breath of carelessness, and in the next of dishonesty, threatening to turn him off, and to have him up to the police; but as he could not do either of his own authority, he began by dragging him to Mr Herriott's office, and presenting him to that gentleman in the guise of a culprit brought up for chastisement. After reproving Gale severely for delegating a commission of such a nature to another, and especially to a boy who had so lately been taken off the streets, Mr Herriott turned to John to hear what he had to say for himself, not doubting that the temptation had been too strong for a lad brought up under circumstances so unfavourable, and that he was really guilty of appropriating the money. "But

who has given you that blow on the face?" inquired he, on observing that John's nose had been bleeding, and that his mouth was swollen.

"Maggy Macmahon," said he, "because I ran after her to try to get the money back; and after she had knocked me down, she ran so fast that I could not overtake her; but if you'd be pleased to send to where she lives, perhaps you might catch her, and get it yet."

This suggestion, whether honestly offered or not, Mr Herriott thought it right to follow; so, having hastily gathered an outline of the case from John, he despatched him, with three of his most trusty workmen, to look after Maggy, giving the men strict orders not to let John escape, nor even to lose sight of him for a moment. But neither Maggy nor George was to be found at their lodgings; neither did they return there all night; so on the following day, the police having been put upon the alert, the expedition presented themselves before Mr Herriott with John still in their custody, but without any tidings of the money. The disappearance of the mother and son was in some degree a confirmation of the boy's story, and disposed Mr Herriott to listen with a more believing ear to what he said. Still it was possible that there might have been collusion amongst the parties, and that John's share of the booty was somewhere secured for him till he could accept it without danger; and then it occurred to Mr Herriott that very likely it had been given to his mother. The police were therefore desired to investigate the matter, and keep a close eye upon Jane Reid's proceedings; but, on inquiry, it appeared that Jane Reid was in the hospital ill of a fever, and had been there for some days. So far the circumstances were favourable to John, as was also the discovery that he had brought the money safely on a former occasion; therefore, though still uncertain what to think, Mr Herriott did not turn him away, but merely kept him under strict *surveillance*, desiring the men he could trust to lose sight of him as little as possible. Thus John went on as before, doing his duty as well as he could; but he was not so happy, because he felt he was suspected; and he saw little hopes of his justification, for Maggy and George returned no more to their lodging, nor did the police succeed in tracing them.

However, fortunately, when people intend to do right, being watched is much to their advantage; and so it proved with John, for the more narrowly his conduct was observed, the more reason Mr Herriott saw to approve it; and as time advanced, and his acquaintance with John increased, he became thoroughly satisfied that the account the boy had given of the notes had been correct, and that he had actually been robbed of them. This conviction was accompanied by a great increase of interest for John, who, he felt, had been injured by the suspicion, and had thus had an additional difficulty thrown in his upward path, and one that, in a less well-disposed boy, might have discouraged

him altogether from welldoing; for, besides the mortification of being doubted, John had many crosses to bear from Gale, who resented the loss of the money as the cause of his own exposure, and took many opportunities of making the culprit feel the weight of his displeasure. But Mr Herriott's favour and good opinion were the road to fortune, and John seeing that, bore Gale's ill-will with patience; and accordingly, in spite of it, he rose from one thing to another, till he found himself in a situation of trust and authority, being employed as clerk and overseer under Mr Herriott, with a salary of one hundred pounds a-year. This happened when John was twenty-five, exactly fifteen years after the time when he had found George breaking stones, and had asked Mr Herriott to let him have a hammer and give him a job.

John Reid was now a very happy young man, and his mother was a happy woman; for, having recovered from her fever, she was now kindly provided with every comfort in a neat and decent house by her dutiful son, and did not any longer need to lower herself by begging for a subsistence. John was the more happy from the contrast betwixt the present and the past, his comfortable and respectable situation being very unlike the prospect that had opened itself to him in his early years, when, a beggar born, he saw no hopes of ever being anything else; and nothing else would he ever have been, had he not had the wisdom to seize upon fortune, and having once laid hold of her, taken good care not to let her go again. The opportunity had offered—John had *seized* it—George had *refused* it—and these reflections led him often to think of George, and to wonder what was become of him; the more especially as he could not but remember that George was, in fact, the humble instrument of his own good fortune; for had he not seen him breaking the stones, it never would have occurred to him to make the application for himself.

It happened, on the occasion of some public rejoicing, that the men were allowed to leave work early, and some indulgences were given to permit of their spending the evening convivially together; but Mr Herriott particularly charged John to see that there was no drunkenness or disorder; and with this view, John put on his hat and cloak a little before midnight, in order to ascertain that the party had broken up, and that the men had retired peaceably to their beds. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was very cold, and the snow was lying three feet deep upon the ground. Having seen that the place where the men had supped was empty, and that all was apparently quiet in the cottages where they slept, Reid gladly turned towards his own dwelling, for the cold gusts of wind that seemed to blow through him, and the sharp sleet that drove against his face, brought out in bold relief the comforts of his tidily-furnished room, bright fire, and wholesome bed; but as he passed a temporary building which had been run up to defend some stores from the weather, he

fancied he heard a groan. He listened, and it was repeated. "Ah!" thought he, "after all I am afraid they have not been so steady as I had hoped; this is some drunken fellow, I suppose, paying the penalty of his excesses;" and he turned into the shed to see who it was. He had a lantern in his hand, and by its dim light he perceived a bundle of rags in one corner, whence the sounds proceeded, and on touching the object with his foot, a face was lifted up from the heap—a face on which death was imprinted, and which, with its hollow eyes, stared upon him with a meaningless stare, that showed that the senses were paralysed by the wretchedness to which the body was reduced. Seeing that this poor creature must die if he remained exposed to the cold of the night, John called up one of the workmen, and with his assistance removed him to a warmer situation; and there, after a little while, the heat of the stove, and a glass of warm brandy and water which they procured from Mr Herriott's house, restored the sufferer to consciousness. John then offered him something to eat; but he shook his head, and said if it had come earlier it might have done him good, but that now he believed he was past eating. And so he was—and yet he was but a youth; but intemperance when he had money, and want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather when he had none, had done the work of years, and he had reached the last stage of his pilgrimage upon earth. In the morning, Mr Herriott, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, and perceiving that death was fast approaching, he asked him where he came from, and if he had any friends? The man lifted up his heavy eyelids on hearing the interrogation; but when his eyes fell on Mr Herriott's features, a ray of intelligence and recognition shot from them. "Ah, sir!" said he, "I know you, but you have forgotten me."

"Did I ever see you before?" said Mr Herriott.

"You once gave me a job, sir, and said you'd be a friend to me," answered the miserable creature; "but I hadn't the sense to see what was for my own good. There was a boy, called John Reid——"

"Ah!" said Mr Herriott, interrupting him, for he recognised at once who the stranger was, and saw the importance of seizing the opportunity to clear his friend John's character from the shadow of an imputation—"I remember you now, and John Reid too; but John got into trouble about some money that he lost betwixt this and the town. Did you ever hear anything of it?"

"Did he lose his situation for it?" said the dying man, making an effort to raise himself on his elbow—"that was hard—very hard, for he couldn't help it; we took the money from him, I and my mother—but it did us no good; it was soon gone, and then she took to thieving to get more, and made me thief too. It's too late now; but if I'd stayed and broken the stones, it might have been different with me this day; but I was idle, and let the

THE WIDOW'S SON.

chance slip by me, and I never got another. I wish I could live my life over again, and I would behave differently; but that is impossible. I can now only hope that God will have mercy on me." In a few minutes the poor wretch breathed his last, presenting a melancholy sight to those who saw him expire.

And such was the dismal end of George Macmahon, the beggar, who refused to work because he could get a shilling a-day and his food without the inconvenience of labour.

But John Reid, who reflected that a beggar can never be anything but a beggar, and who thought it must be pleasant to be respected, and wear good clothes, and be called "*Sir*," like the gentlefolks," lived to see his honest ambition realised; and after passing his existence in peace, plenty, and contentment—having risen step by step, till, at Mr Herriott's death, he was appointed to that gentleman's situation—died at a good old age, on a bed surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, to whom he left a comfortable provision, and the blessed inheritance of a *good name*.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A TALE.

BY MRS STONE, AUTHORESS OF THE "COTTON LORD."

"COME, Susan, do not take on so; it is true the death of your husband is a sad loss; still it is your duty to submit."

"I know that," said Susan to her visitor; "I know that; but it is main hard." And the new-made widow wrung her hands, and wept in the extremity of grief. Just then a gentleman entered the cottage.

"I'm glad you're come, sir, for Susan's in a sad way; mayhap you can make her hear reason."

"She must have time, poor woman; she must have time. Don't bother her, Betty; let her weep; it will do her good."

So saying, the gentleman, who was Mr Fenton, the master of the free grammar-school, sat down, took the widow's only child, a boy of about four years, between his knees, and began to talk to the visitor on indifferent topics.

By degrees the paroxysm of the poor woman's grief subsided; though she still wept, her tears fell calmly, and she was able to look about her, and to pay some attention to the conversation of those who were around.

Mr Fenton, though he appeared to take no notice, had observed her from time to time, quietly waiting till she would be in a state to "hear reason," as her friend Betty termed it, before he ad-

dressed her ; and when he did so, to Betty's great surprise, it was to talk hopefully of the future, not to lament over the past.

"What a fine boy Tommy is grown," said he, stroking the boy's head ; "how old is he now?"

"I am five year old," said Tommy, quite manfully.

"Five years! why, you're growing quite a man. What do you mean to do with him, Susan?"

"I know not, sir; he's owre young yet for aught. He's a good child, but a sore burden for a lone woman to have to keep."

"A sore burden! not at all, if you train him up well, and make him useful. He might do something now."

"No, no; he's owre young yet for aught but play."

"My good woman, the plays children find for themselves are far harder and more toilsome than any work I would put him to. The habit, the early habit of industry and usefulness, is what you must try to give your child; and that habit alone is the best fortune he can have. But, as I said, he is not too young even now to achieve something useful, as well as to gain a habit of industry. He can pick up stones, I warrant."

"Yes, to be sure," said the widow.

"Yes, and I'll be bound he could weed out the groundsel and chickweed in a garden bed, if he were kindly and plainly shown which they are."

"Yes, he's a sharp boy, and minds what's said to him."

"Sharp and attentive, and five years old! oh, never tell me he can do nothing. I hear you begin your charring again on Monday, and Mrs Fenton says, that now the school's so full, she can find you almost constant employment at our house. Now, Susan, listen to me. Bring your boy with you; I have a small field I want cleared of stones; I have some rough but very easy and light work in my garden. I will take care that the child is properly set agoing. Thus he will be out of harm's way; he will be acquiring a habit of industry, besides learning his letters; and he will be even earning a trifle towards his own support. You will mind what I say?"

"I will, sir, and I offer you many, many thanks."

The good effect of this judicious kindness on the poor woman was immediate; for the remainder of the funeral week, instead of being passed in vain tears and lamentations, was busily occupied in mending up Tommy's clothes, that he might "go decent o' Monday."

Monday came, and Tommy was duly initiated into the mystery not merely of filling a little basket with stones, and emptying it again (for in that he was, like the rest of the world of children, a tolerable proficient), but he was taught always to empty the basket at one spot, so as to make a heap; and he directly felt a laudable pride in the size of his heap, and worked manfully.

It was no very long time before Tommy became really useful, for he was docile, and attentive, and industrious. The school-

master—whose servant, before her marriage, Susan had been, and who respected her for her strict integrity and steady industry—kept, amid his own important avocations, an observant eye on her boy, and took care that some sort of work, suited to his age, should always be found for him. In due time Tommy was elevated to the post of errand-boy and shoe-cleaner to the school, and there was now no need to seek out for work for him; his own vocation brought him abundance; but the principle of industry was already securely inculcated; the boy never shirked his work.

It was about this time that Mr Fenton frequently observed Tom and his own son, who was a year or two younger, in earnest conference apart from the other boys. Their usual rendezvous was the steps of a dry-well in the playground. One day he came upon them quite unexpectedly, and both boys started, whilst his own endeavoured to huddle something into his pocket.

"What is that you are hiding, Harry?" said Mr Fenton. "Give it to me."

"Please, father, it's only this," said the boy, holding out a tattered horn-book.

"Why do you hide this, Harry? What are you doing with it?"

"Only teaching Tom to read, father."

"Which is creditable both to you and him. You need not be ashamed of it, either of you. So, you wish to learn to read, Tom?"

"I would give all I have in the world to learn, sir."

"Well, my boy," said Mr Fenton, smiling, "it shall not cost you so much as that; nevertheless, you must pay for it."

Tom stared at the idea of *his* paying, and so did Harry.

"What I mean is this, Tom: you are hired here to perform certain duties; you are paid for doing them; and I must have none of them omitted, or even neglected. But, by *working a little harder*, you may contrive to have a spare hour in the afternoon, and that hour you may spend in the schoolroom. This extra work, Tom, this coming an hour earlier in the morning, or working in your dinner hour—for one or the other you must do—this is the way in which you must pay for your learning; and, as you grow older, you will find that nothing great or important can be achieved without self-denial and exertion; you must begin to practise both *now*, even to learn to read."

A proud day was it for Tom Multon, and for his happy mother, when, with newly-washed hands, and a face as shining as soap and water could make it, he made his first appearance in the schoolroom as a *scholar*. He blushed scarlet, and felt painfully confused as he glanced timidly round and saw the jeering and quizzical looks that were cast on him; but Harry Fenton smiled kindly on him; and the usher, who had been previously instructed by Mr Fenton, called him to a form near himself, and immediately set him to work.

From this day Tom never once missed his afternoon attendance at school; his time of entering became earlier and earlier, till at last he habitually came in almost as soon as the bell rang. Mr Fenton at first made some remark, as, "Are you not too early, Tom?" but the invariable answer was, "I've done my work, sir, every bit of it;" and as the answer was always true, as nothing of his regular employment was ever neglected, the schoolmaster ceased to notice the matter.

He could not shut his eyes, however, to the extraordinary progress Tom made in his schooling. The usher, who began to take quite a pride in the boy, frequently called his attention to the fact, and begged him to enlarge the circumscribed plan which he had laid down for his learning. For a long time Mr Fenton refused to do this. He was afraid of entailing misery on the boy, by giving him tastes beyond what his station in life would permit him to gratify. His mother was earning her bread by the sorest drudgery; the boy had no prospect but of doing the same; and he thought that, by enabling him to read English, to write a little, and cast common accounts, he was giving him learning sufficient to make him respectable in his own station of life, and even to elevate him moderately above it. He was not proof, however, against the repeated hints of his usher, the solicitations of his own son, and more especially the patient perseverance of the boy himself, when he found that he had absolutely, against orders, been secretly toiling at the Latin grammar. Moreover, he began to feel that, possessing, from his own position, every facility to help Tom forward, he might himself be doing wrong to repress, determinately, the evidently strong bent of his disposition. The boy was quiet and docile, perseveringly *industrious* in all he had to do, but above all, *fond of his book*.

So, having at length made up his own mind, the schoolmaster betook himself to the widow, to induce her to dispense with the present profit of her son's labour, and to let him give himself entirely to the school. She remonstrated sorely: "she saw no good so much learning would do him; she was a lone widow; she had nobody to work for her; and she could not afford to keep a great boy like him in idleness."

The schoolmaster urged her to try, for her boy's sake, for his future good; and at length, but not without considerable difficulty, he obtained her consent, promising that she should be at no expense about books, and that he would endeavour to help her in the matter of clothes.

These latter stipulations Mr Fenton managed in a peculiar way; for, with a heart open as the day to charity, he had not a purse wherewithal to second his wishes.

"I have a great favour to beg of you, Mr Courtney," said he to a gentleman who had come to take his son home for the holidays.

"Pray, name it, Mr Fenton; I shall feel much pleasure in obliging you, if it be in my power."

"It is quite so; easily so. I have a *protégé*, a poor lad, humble and industrious, but with such an irrepressible love of books that it is useless to attempt to curb it. I am willing to give him the run of the school; his mother, a hard-working woman, consents to give up his time; but we are at a loss for clothes and books. Your son is about a year older, and my petition to you is, that I may have Master Edward's cast-off suit, at the end of each half-year, for poor Tom Multon."

"Oh, willingly—most willingly."

"And perhaps I may be permitted to take Master Edward's school classics as he relinquishes them: truth compels me to say, they will hardly grace your library shelves after they have done duty here."

There is hardly need to add, that ready permission was granted, and, moreover, that a lasting interest in his fortunes was thus awakened for Tom in Mr Courtney's breast. Similar applications were made, as they became requisite, by Mr Fenton to other parents, and with the like success. Thus was the errand-boy provided regularly and permanently with clothes, with books, and placed in the path of scholarship. And he became a scholar; not a great, not a shining one, but a safe, a sure, a correct one. He was always assiduous, always attentive, always industrious. If he made no great or sudden steps forward, he never retrograded; and thus gradually and surely winning his onward way, he was fully qualified in a few years to succeed, in the post of usher, the young man who had so kindly and cordially co-operated with Mr Fenton in his education. And it may be doubtful whether Tom Multon himself, now called Mr Thomas, was more proud of his advancement than was his ever kind patron, Mr Fenton, or his fast friend, Harry Fenton, who was now bound for the university.

But there was yet another who, silent, unobserved, unsuspected, watched Tom Multon's progress with a far deeper interest than either his patron, his school-friend, or even she who watched his cradle, and fostered him with a mother's love. This was a young girl of domestic habits and retired manners, gentle and unobtrusive, who had been nurtured from infancy in the house which now, since he assumed the duties of usher, was also his home. Rose Fenton was an orphan, but not a destitute one, for her good uncle and guardian had taken care that the little patrimony bequeathed to her should not diminish in his hands. She was kind and good-tempered, a clever housewife for her years, obliging to those about her, and very good to her poor neighbours. Her uncle used to say jokingly, but most kindly, that she was "cut out for a parson's wife;" but at present all Rose's hopes and wishes seemed to be centred in the home of her childhood. But ere long they began to stray, and

it could not escape the notice of so observant a person as Mr Fenton, that a warm and mutual attachment was ripening between his usher and his niece.

At first this sorely grieved and perplexed him; for he felt, naturally enough, the inequality of their stations; for though bred up in a homely and domestic way, Rose Fenton had a right to look to a much higher marriage than one with the child of charity, the son of his charwoman, Susan. But when, again, he reflected on the youth's course of conduct even from his cradle until now; his unvarying integrity, industry, and docility; his good temper, his kind disposition, and the advance in station which his own unwearied perseverance had already achieved—he thought perhaps he might rather congratulate his niece than otherwise. He determined to let matters take their course.

But whatever hopes Thomas Multon might secretly cherish, he was too prudent as yet to give any expression to them. True, he had made his way wonderfully; but he felt he had yet much to achieve ere he dared to whisper his hopes to Miss Fenton, or seek the approbation of her uncle. His mother was yet drudging as a servant; she, who had for years deprived herself of every superfluity, in order to procure him the necessaries of life whilst he was a schoolboy—a mere burden on her hands. His first object must be to place her above want. He had, from the moment he received a fixed allowance as assistant teacher, set aside a part of it for her; but she, with the energy which had characterised her, placed it, with her other little savings, to accumulate. “She did not need to rest yet,” she said. Nevertheless, her son hoped to see her rest before long.

So some years passed away, whilst he continued patiently toiling through his duties as usher, but devoting, unremittingly, his private hours to study, with a view to qualify himself for the function of a clergyman. Mr Fenton would fain have dissuaded him from the last step, as he saw little prospect of advancement for him; but in this one instance Multon's wishes were too powerful to be persuaded away. Ordination at that time, and in that district, was easily obtained, without those fitting and decent preliminaries which are now indispensable; and being fortunate enough, through Mr Fenton's influence, to obtain a nomination to an adjoining curacy, the duties of which would not interfere with those of the school, he was ordained by the bishop of the diocese. And this great point being achieved, our errand-boy, now the Rev. Thomas Multon, asked and obtained Mr Fenton's consent to a union with Rose, so soon as he should have obtained the means to support her in respectability and comfort.

These came suddenly, as good fortune generally does, and from an unlooked-for quarter. On entering the little parlour one day at tea-time, a few months after his ordination, Mr Multon was surprised to find an elderly gentleman whom he

did not know, and a young man in a military undress, whom he was some time in recognising as Edward Courtney, the youth to whose library and wardrobe he had himself been indebted for several years. The gentleman had been making a tour in the northern counties, and at the earnest desire of the younger one, had turned aside to visit his old schoolfellow. His greeting to Mr Multon was frank and cordial, that of the old gentleman was kind and even respectful, for Mr Fenton had been preparing the way for his young friend's appearance.

No allusion whatever was made to his circumstances that night; but a few weeks afterwards, a letter arrived from the elder Mr Courtney to Mr Multon, presenting him the rectory of Northerton, in ———shire, worth £200 a-year, with a commodious parsonage house. And thus was the poor widow's son rewarded for his perseverance in well-doing.

A few years ago, a friend paid me a morning visit, bringing with her a young lady of most prepossessing appearance, and of gentle manners and speech; and who, I was informed, was Rose Multon, the daughter of the rector of Northerton—one of six children, united and affectionate, and as much respected as their parents.

"And what of old Susan," inquired I, "as her old acquaintance here still call her?"

"Old Mrs Multon," replied my friend, "lives happily in a small cottage near her son, which, partly from her own former savings, and partly from his liberality, she is able to keep in very comfortable order. I hear but of one dissatisfaction in the family."

"What is that?"

"It is the rector himself, who complains that his children have quite superseded him in his mother's good graces, and that he really often fancies that she does not think half so much of him now as she did when he was an ERRAND-BOY."





SELECT POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

LET not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.



MY loved, my honoured, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end :
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough :
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun':
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame perhaps to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
 "And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappin' youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave :
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Oh happy love !—where love like this is found !
 Oh heartfelt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !
 I've pac'd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 " If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !—
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride ;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says with solemn air.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How HE, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; [mand.
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's com-

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

Oh Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

Oh Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

—ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to talk o' wark ?
Mak haste, set by your wheel.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Is this a time to talk o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck awa;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our goodman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat:
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain goodman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
Have fed this month and mair,
Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my goodman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain goodman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath's like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

The could blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe;
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa:
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
A mutual flame inspires us baith—
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and tak my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WINIFREDA.*

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke:
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

FIRESIDE COMFORTS.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

* The name of the author of this beautiful address to conjugal love, written upwards of a century ago, is uncertain.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs ;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot.
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given ;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequered paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

—COTTON.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn ?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

* Motherless child.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammy is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

—WILLIAM THOM.

DUTIFUL JEM.

THERE was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got;
Her windows were broken, her walls were all bare,
And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were thin;
And bread she'd have wanted, as many have done,
If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he lovèd her well, like a dutiful lad,
And thought her the very best friend that he had;
And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew
Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,
While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,
And he thought it his duty, and greatest delight,
To work for her living from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,
And worked all day long in the fields till 'twas dark:
Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,
And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him! how great was her joy!
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy:
Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled fast.

Oh, then, was not little Jem happier far,
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?
For as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and joy,
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

—JANE TAYLOR.

IN THE SEARCH OF GOOD HUMOUR.

In the search of good humour I've rambled all day,
And just now honest truth has discovered her way;
When rubbing his telescope perfectly clear,
Called out, "I have found her," and bade me come here.

I'm grown weary of wit, who but dresses for show,
And strives still to sparkle as much as your beau;
For, if he can shine, though at dear friends' expense,
He will raise contributions on feeling and sense.

Then learning is proud, nor can trifle with ease,
Though in this little life 'tis oft trifles that please;
Unbending austerity, wrapt up in self,
Is so like a miser when hoarding his pelf.

Strong reason's a warrior that fights out his way,
And seldom has leisure to rest or to play;
Nay, so rough has he grown, unless great things are done,
He thinks that all useless went down the bright sun.

Oh! 'tis gentle good humour that makes life so sweet,
And picks up the flow'rets that garnish our feet;
Then, from them extracting the balsam of health,
Turns the blossoms of nature to true sterling wealth.

—MISS BLAMIRE.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

—DAVIDSON, AN AMERICAN POET.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.*

"YOU took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in wo?
No; I would rather share *your* tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD
TO ME.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, 'Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him
whole!'

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no
wrong:

* The above admirable lines, we understand, originally appeared in the Monthly Repository for May 1834, under the signature of M. L. G.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;
 I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind ;
 I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
 But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
 Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something
 know ?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me ;
 Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
 If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think when you're away ;
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers ;
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your
 mind."

CASA WAPPY.*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy—
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy ?
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,
 Casa Wappy !

* * *

Thou wert a vision of delight
 To bless us given ;
 Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven :
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art
 Even less thine own self than a part
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy !

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
 'Twas cloudless joy ;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy !
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
 That found thee prostrate in decay,
 And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy !

* From "Domestic Verses, by Delta" (D. M. MOIR, Esq.) 1842. Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled ;
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child !
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight ;
 There dost thou glide before me still—
 A form of light !
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
 Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth ;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health :
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
 Thy clasping arms so round and white,
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat, thy bow,
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;
 But where art thou ?
 A corner holds thine empty chair,
 Thy playthings idly scattered there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word—
 To glad, to grieve—
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve ;
 In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy !

* * *

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring-bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below,
 The silent tomb.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?

Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were wo,
And Truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

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Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!









CHAMBERS

MISCELLANY

OF

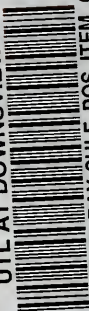
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